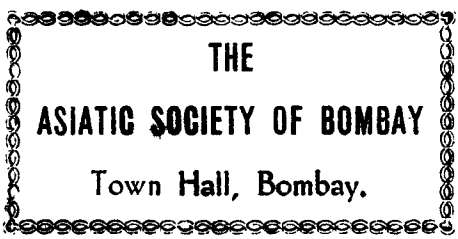
00060432



Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

FROM AN EASTERN EMBASSY

MYSELF IN TURKISH DRESS

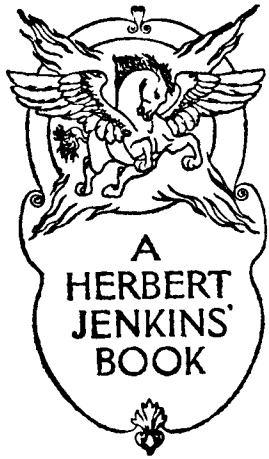
:: FROM AN ::
EASTERN EMBASSY

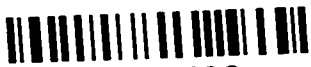
MEMORIES OF LONDON
BERLIN & THE EAST
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

2150

60432

HERBERT JENKINS LIMITED
3 YORK STREET ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W. 1 ✿ ✿ MCMXX




00060432

WM. BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

TO THE MEMORY

OF

LUCIEN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	HOME LIFE IN A TURKISH EMBASSY . .	1
II.	COURT AND SOCIAL LIFE	25
III.	MIDNIGHT CHATS	40
IV.	INCIDENTS OF LONDON LIFE	60
V.	DEATH OF RUSTEM PACHA	77
VI.	FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN . . .	95
VII.	MAKING FRIENDS: SOME OCCULT EXPERIENCES	103
VIII.	GERMAN COURT FUNCTIONS	122
IX.	INCREASING LUXURY IN BERLIN . . .	135
X.	IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN GERMANY . . .	155
XI.	MEMORIES OF ARTIST FRIENDS: LAST IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN OFFICIAL LIFE . .	166
XII.	BUCHAREST AND CONSTANTINOPLE . . .	183
XIII.	THE CALL OF THE EAST	203
XIV.	A TURKISH AFTERNOON CALL: FAREWELL TO THE HAREM	225
XV.	RETURN TO LONDON	238
XVI.	VAGARIES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON . .	250
XVII.	VISIT TO BERLIN	262
XVIII.	THE LAST TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO LONDON VISIT TO BERLIN AND SERVIA . . .	271
XIX.	LAST VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE: FINAL NOTES	283

ILLUSTRATIONS

Myself in Turkish Dress	*Frontispiece*
	TO FACE PAGE
My Husband and Son	2
Rustem Pacha (Count de Marini), Turkish Ambassador in London from 1886–1895	6
One of the Drawing-rooms at the Turkish Embassy in Bryanston Square	14
Rustem Pacha's Mother, the Countess de Marini	50
Rustem Pacha as a Child	56
Mandrake Roots sent to Queen Victoria in 1893	82
Rustem Pacha in European Dress	86
Exterior of the Turkish Embassy at 1 Bryanston Square	90
Costaki Anthopoulos Pacha, Turkish Ambassador to England in 1896	92
Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, with his Staff	140
Princess Helene von Racowitza	170
The Sultan Abdul Hamid as a Young Man	202
Ihsan Bey	216
My Son when Attaché to the Turkish Embassy in 1907–1912	236
Etienne Musurus Pacha, the last Christian Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's	246

FROM AN EASTERN EMBASSY

:: FROM AN :: EASTERN EMBASSY

CHAPTER I

HOME LIFE IN A TURKISH EMBASSY

AT the big round table in the centre of the dining-room at the Turkish Embassy in Bryanston Square, the Ambassador, Rustem Pacha, his fez a little on one side, presided at the luncheon prepared by Aristide, his cook, who preferred to be spoken of as the "artiste." The imperturbable butler and the three footmen seemed oblivious of the curious family party which they waited upon there daily.

I was the only woman present, and my place was on the right of the Pacha. On his left sat my tiny son, his godchild, whom he insisted on having next to him every day at luncheon, except when guests were present.

The little face, framed in soft yellow curls, would frequently be turned towards the old man, and the dark eyes watched him as he peeled his peaches at dessert, and dipped them into a glass of port before eating them.

On my right sat the first secretary, a dreamy, taciturn man, with mournful Oriental countenance, not unlike that of his namesake the Sultan Abdul Hamid. His thoughts were probably upon a translation of Shakespeare into Turkish upon which he was engaged, or perhaps busy with some of those charming and graceful poems which, later, became Turkish classics, to be recited in the schools at Stamboul.

Next to him sat Chekib Bey, the second secretary. He had a round, cherubic face and anxious eyes full of psychic dyspepsia. He seemed to have been born middle-aged, and worried a great deal about possible ailments, whilst consuming his food with solemn deliberation.

Beside him sat the Naval attaché, a bluff, rubicund man, fond of discussing his various missions to different Consulates in England, and to different ports, in order to purchase ships for the Ottoman Navy. The Imam in his priestly turban, sat between the Naval attaché and the newly-arrived third secretary, who wore a monocle in his left eye, and whose languid glance would wander with a puzzled expression from one face to another, resting finally upon my husband, the Councillor, sitting between him and the child.

My husband's French nationality was apparent at a glance, in spite of the red fez he always wore in common with all Turkish officials. He was a member of the old French nobility, of the family of the Comtes de Sauville and of Baron Rey, one of Napoleon's generals who figures in one of the battle pictures at Versailles. Born in Paris, where he was educated, he later on went to America. At the time of which I write he had

MY HUSBAND AND SON

collaborated with the Ambassador for over thirty years, and had become his right hand.

He first joined him at Florence as private secretary when quite a young man. He often talked of the delightful days he spent in the then capital of Italy, of the interesting daily life, of the picnics made with various English friends, among whom were the famous Colonel Burnaby and his sister, Mrs. Manners-Sutton.

Later, he was officially attached to the Legation, and accompanied his chief in all his subsequent missions, promotion following in the usual routine.

When the post of Ambassador to London was offered to Rustem Pacha, my husband was on the point of accompanying the famous Ghazi Moukthar Pacha in an official capacity to Egypt. But as Rustem Pacha would not accept the portfolio to London unless joined by my husband as Councillor, he refused the advantageous and lucrative Egyptian post in order to remain with his lifelong friend and chief.

Most of the higher diplomatic functionaries of Turkey were foreigners. The Ambassador, the Italian Count de Marini, adopted the name of Rustem (the Glorious) when he entered the Turkish service as a young man under the famous Fuad Pacha. During his long lifetime he represented his Imperial Master with distinction in various great capitals of Europe, and before being appointed to the Court of St. James's, he was for ten years Governor-General of the Lebanon, a post subject to the election and approval of the six Great Powers of Europe.

Although in my native land, I often imagined myself to be in some Far Eastern city. Racial

instincts and prejudices, dating from the nursery, although unvoiced, seemed ever-present when all the members of that cosmopolitan Embassy were gathered together.

Conversation at meals was practically *nil*, for the Pacha, who in some respects was *plus turc que les Turcs*, preferred the younger officials not to talk unless he first addressed them. In Turkey age is venerated more than anywhere else, and youth defers to it as a matter of course.

He would tap his wine glass with his forefinger, whereupon the servant standing behind his chair promptly refilled it. He glanced approvingly at his little godson as he placed a quarter of an unbaptized peach upon the child's plate.

"His manners are so good he could eat at the Queen's table!" he would sometimes say.

When we rose from table a little soft hand would be slipped into mine, after the Pacha had solemnly offered me his arm, and we three passed the secretaries grouped near the door. The Ambassador's slight bow they would acknowledge with the graceful *temena*, bending the hand towards the ground before touching lips and forehead (I kiss the ground on which you walk).

My husband would accompany us up the broad staircase while the others turned down the passage to the right of the dining-room leading to the Chancery.

On the landing a large stuffed bear, standing erect on a wooden pedestal, mounted guard over the entrance to the spacious drawing-rooms facing the Square. The Pacha was fond of telling the story of that bear, which in 1870 clawed him, and ate two of his fingers, when, as

Ambassador to Russia under Alexander II, he took part in the Court hunting expeditions.

Crossing the rooms we would pass over to that portion which was arranged as the Pacha's sitting-room. Here he had collected his personal belongings, a number of books, a large proportion of which were French and Italian novels, trophies of arms, and ancient accoutrements displayed upon red shields, quantities of ladies' photographs in silver and platinum frames, and a curious, large, transparent glass clock, hung before a square of black velvet. This *horloge mystérieuse,* the works of which are hidden in the hands, was invariably noticed by visitors, who wondered how it worked, and were always told that it was wound up by Phœbus Apollo.

The window niche contained a large aviary of little green parrots and other exotic birds, which the Pacha amused himself by feeding with meal-worms, things I particularly disliked.

The rooms, furnished by the Turkish Government, were all panelled in white stucco, the big white folding doors being always open. Tall mirrors and big fires at each end added to the spaciousness of the apartments. There was in their manner of decoration little suggestive of the East. Flowered Wilton-pile carpets, divans and sofas in loose flowered cretonne covers, tables covered with photographs, and silver and china ornaments. Large old-fashioned glass chandeliers were suspended from the ceilings; the only touch of colour upon the walls was given by life-sized portraits in oils of all the Sultans of recent years. That of Abdul Hamid was painted from memory by a famous French artist, who for several weeks watched him when

he went to and fro to the Selamlik for his Friday devotions. The picture was a curiosity in its way, as the Turks have a prejudice against portraits from life. There is a saying amongst them that part of their soul passes into each picture.

After luncheon we would stand chatting for a few minutes, when my husband would go down to his office to superintend work that must be ready for signature for the afternoon mail.

After feeding the birds, the Pacha would go to his large, square writing-table facing the window, and with a sigh seat himself in his round-backed, leather arm-chair. Taking up a dispatch left there for perusal, he would soon fall fast asleep. He was long past the age when British diplomatists retire. He was seventy-six when he received his portfolio to London. In spite of his advanced years his mind was singularly clear. His intimate knowledge of European politics and Eastern methods caused him to play a considerable rôle in diplomacy until the day of his death.

While he was in dreamland, the child and I would curl up in the corner of a sofa in the centre room, where I watched the expression in the dark eyes grow rapt and mysterious as I led him down the realms of fancy to the "Land beyond the Blue Mountains."

Then a door from the end-room would open, a footman would enter to replenish the fires, and I would sign to him not to go into the Pacha's room until he awakened. He, in turn, would tell the Turkish valet, who must always be within earshot of the Pacha's summoning hand-clap, and whose life seemed chiefly to be passed waiting on landings.

About three o'clock I would take the child

upstairs to his governess for the customary walk in the Park, while I would go down to my husband's office to help him for a few hours, either by writing dispatches at his dictation, or by translating into French Gladstone's speeches, which were sent to the Porte in the *Comptes rendus*. It was not an easy task to give an accurate foreign rendering of the famous documents, as a point dwelt upon in one paragraph was so often modified or even contradicted in the next.

Correspondence with the Porte was mostly in French. On every Embassy staff there are always one or two of the personnel who work, and several who do not; the latter rely upon making a career by being purely ornamental. The Turkish secretaries at our Embassy were certainly not overburdened with work, and had little or nothing to do with the French dispatches, which were left entirely to my husband. When Turkish ones were sent or received, the first secretary was summoned to the Ambassador's room, where they were read and discussed, and afterwards copied in the Chancery.

Hamid Bey would sit to the right of the Pacha's desk, and read aloud from the foolscap covered with Turkish script running from left to right, while the Pacha sat back in his chair, elbows on the side, and finger-tips lightly pressed together. His eyes were usually fixed on the window while he listened attentively to the phrases, which, to one not knowing the language, sounded singularly soft and musical.

Then discussion of various points followed—the Pacha conversing in Turkish; a word or two would be written with the wooden Turkish quill on the manuscript resting on the reader's knee;

ceremonious bows would be exchanged, and Hamid Bey would then rise and retire to recoup from these strenuous exertions.

For half a century the representative of the Sultan of Turkey at the Court of St. James's had been a foreigner and a Christian. The post seemed indeed almost a monopoly of the Greek family of Musurus, who preceded Rustem Pacha. Madame Musurus died while returning from a Court Ball, and after her death the honours of the Embassy were done by her three daughters, who were very English in their ideas and sympathies.

A son of Musurus Pacha came to London after the death of Costaki Anthopoulos Pacha, who succeeded Rustem. He also was of Greek extraction.

It was part of Abdul Hamid's diplomacy to choose most carefully his representatives to European capitals, especially his Ambassadors to England, and to keep them at their posts as long as possible. It was the most difficult thing for a Turkish Ambassador to obtain leave of absence. Many of them died in harness, acting under orders of little varying policy, which left but scanty scope for personal initiative.

Viewed from the peephole of an Eastern Embassy, Society life in London was interesting and varied, and sometimes the less prominent officials obtained a more complete bird's-eye view of it than the principals.

In the Victorian days we attended all the Drawing-rooms, State balls, concerts, and Garden parties of the season, which began about the end of February, and ended about the middle of July. The first Drawing-room was usually held in

bitterly cold weather at three o'clock in the afternoon. The gala coach with the coachman in knee-breeches and cocked-hat, adorned with the Turkish red and green cockade, and the two tall powdered footmen, also in knee-breeches, strap-hanging behind, drew up at the Embassy shortly after two o'clock.

In this chariot, swinging to and fro in a manner suggestive of a ship at sea, the Ambassador, my husband and I were driven down Great Cumberland Place, through the Marble Arch and the Parks to the private entrance at Buckingham Palace.

Leaving our cloaks in the long corridor of the entrée, we mounted the wide staircase, beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, to the room next the Presence Chamber, where the *corps diplomatique* assembled previous to the opening of the Drawing-room. Here the map of the world seemed indicated in the various uniforms and national dresses. The Austro-Hungarian and Russian Ambassadors often looked very picturesque in bright velvet trains heavily embroidered with gold or trimmed with fur. The wife and daughter of the Chinese Minister appeared in Court robes of their country, and were accommodated with seats on account of their tiny feet.

Conversation was very animated until the doors opened and the Foreign Secretary and his wife passed into the Throne Room, when the Ambassadresses, with the ladies of their Embassies, were named in order of precedence.

We all remained in the Throne Room, standing in the embrasure of a window to the right of the Royal dais and facing the door of entrance. The

Ambassadors and their secretaries then passed the Queen and took up their positions, standing behind a row of officials facing the Royal party. The Queen, who nearly always wore black, received standing in front of an armchair placed in the centre of the dais, and usually left at the end of an hour, when her place was taken by the Princess of Wales. Her benevolent, motherly smile at the nervousness of debutantes, who were privileged to kiss her hand, has lived in the hearts of many who have now reached distant milestones of life.

Although it was very amusing to watch the people enter and file past, it was also very fatiguing to stand through a long Drawing-room which sometimes lasted for over three hours.

At one of these functions, while snow was falling in the Quadrangle outside, and many of the ladies in the window niche had drawn their trains over their shoulders for protection from the draught, Lady Salisbury whispered with a smile: "It will be a long Drawing-room, and I am glad that I put on two pairs of stockings, and elastic-side boots."

I glanced down to try and see the effect, but her black satin heavily beaded skirt touched the ground and effectually hid her feet.

When Miss Cornwallis West married Prince Pless, her appearance at one of the Drawing-rooms evoked great admiration. Her slender blonde beauty was the cynosure of all eyes—and many people at the time deplored the fact that she had married a German.

The twilight fell early, and the lights from the big glass chandeliers gleamed softly in those pre-electric days, lending a subdued brilliancy to

the scene. When the last guest had passed, we were free to join our men folk and return home to tea. No refreshments were ever offered at the Palace in those days of austere dignity and stately repose, a detail which implied that presentation was considered chiefly as an act of homage, and did not necessarily imply admission to Court entertainments.

The Pâcha was always very tired after these functions, and his heavily embroidered uniform, covered with decorations, seemed too weighty for his frail body. He usually tried to avoid evening engagements for these dates. The Turkish secretaries were most interested in the splendour of the Court functions, for to the Eastern mind ceremony is the language of power. They talked of the whole picture of uniforms and decorations, of womens' jewels and their beauty, and wished it could be wafted to the Bosphorus for the delectation of their Imperial Master.

At the State balls and concerts we had reserved seats to the left of the Royal dais, and it was most interesting to watch the various foreign potentates assembled there on different occasions. The ball programme contained about twenty dances, twelve of which were waltzes, the others being quadrilles, polkas and lancers. Much of the dance music was by German composers: Millöcker, Strauss, Waldteufel, etc. Beginning at eleven these balls lasted until about one o'clock, there being an interval for supper. In the supper-room, where the famous gold plate hung upon red cloth on the walls, hot soup and a cold buffet were served at three long tables placed T-fashion. At intervals down the centre of these tables stood dishes containing charming little souvenir boxes

in hand-painted silk, filled with bon-bons. These were taken away by the guests.

At the first ball I attended, General Bourtouline, of the Russian Embassy, and Captain Seymour, a Queen's messenger, showed me the different State apartments and pointed out objects of interest. I danced several of the dances with my brother, a British officer, a fact which caused my husband to be questioned by a friend as to the identity of my assiduous cavalier! Even State balls are not above the breath of scandal.

Then there were the State concerts. Here all the guests were seated on scarlet and gold benches placed in rows down each side of the ballroom, which was 139 feet long. The artists' platform was erected at one end of the room below the musicians' gallery, and faced the Royal dais at the other end.

One had to be at the concerts in good time, to take one's allotted place before the arrival of the Royalties, upon whose entrance into the ballroom everybody rose to respond to their greetings.

The first gracious bow was accorded to the diplomatic body, whose places were to the left of the Royal dais. This was acknowledged by deep curtseys on the part of the ladies, and deep bows from the Ambassadors and their personnel. The second was for the duchesses and members of the highest nobility, whose seats were placed to the right of the platform—and so forth.

One evening when these formalities were over, and the Royal party seated on the platform prior to the commencement of the programme, the Duchess of Leinster arrived, and halted at the door with a deprecating glance in their direction.

The Princess of Wales made a gracious little

movement, and the charming and beautiful duchess, then at the height of her ethereal beauty, crossed the room—made a deep curtsey before the platform, and took her seat in her allotted place. It was an ordeal which only a woman of her consummate grace could have transformed into an incident unforgettable by all who watched her. Not long afterwards she died, a victim of the malady which even then had painted " churchyard roses " on her cheeks.

At these delightful functions, now obsolete, I have heard at different times, Albani, Lloyd, Eames, Ben Davies, Edouard de Reszke, Calvé, Guilia Ravogli, Santley, Clara Butt, Mademoiselle Landi, Alvarez, Plançon, and other great artists.

Court etiquette did not permit applause. The nearest approach to it which I heard was at the State concert of July 15th, 1887, when a young Swedish singer, Sigrid Arnoldson, sang. Her birdlike trills, rising in pure soprano ever higher and higher, were followed by a rustling of programmes, general movement, and mild clapping of hands.

Madame Albani was always a great favourite, and when the Princess of Wales stopped the supper procession to thank the artistes, she was always singled out, when present, for especial notice. The diplomatists waiting *en queue* behind, were in full view of the guests on either side, and freely discussed during the interim.

Among the Embassies of the Great Powers *la diplomatie sauvage et des pays chauds* was spoken of with a certain amount of condescension. Our Ambassador, ever anxious to uphold the prestige of the monarch he represented, would never admit that he could be included, even

remotely, in that category. His dinner parties and balls held their own with any of the most brilliant social functions of the time.

For the first large dinner party he gave in London, he decided to get the whole of the menu from Chevet's in Paris. After it was ordered we all wondered whether bad weather in the channel would cause any hitch in the arrangements. Chevet had sent dinners to most of the great capitals of Europe, but this venture across the channel was regarded as a little risky. However, Neptune was propitious, and by an early boat an army of cooks, supervised by a major-domo, arrived at the Embassy, bringing large trunks containing their own *batterie de cuisine*, and delicate dishes in various stages of preparation. The kitchens were given up to them, and the menu evolved from their culinary efforts was much talked of in London at the time.

The round table in the dining-room was lengthened to an oblong, capable of seating twenty-six people. Florists arrived about six o'clock to decorate it in the Turkish national colours—red and green—with quantities of deep red roses, trails of smilax, and delicate ferns. These were woven in and out the tall silver candelabra and épergnes which are the official Embassy table decorations. The Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury and various diplomatic colleagues were the chief guests.

At these official dinner parties politics were rarely touched upon, but I have often been amused at the skilful sleight of tongue exercised by foreign representatives, when any of the secrets which they carried *in petto* happened to be touched upon. The French Ambassador was

ONE OF THE DRAWING-ROOMS AT THE TURKISH EMBASSY IN BRYANSTON SQUARE

fond of chatting with my husband on their mutual hobby—Numismatics. M. Waddington's coin collection is, of course, world famous. My husband's more modest one of all the Seleucide kings of Syria was unusual and interesting. He had collected it during his ten years' sojourn in the Lebanon, when he was there with Rustem Pacha during his Governorship. He found great recreation in classifying these coins in the pierced trays in the drawers of his coin chest, and had necklaces and bracelets made for his friends from duplicates.

The Embassy dinner parties were sometimes followed by a reception, but these were never very large. The spacious ballroom overlooking Upper George Street was thrown open only once or twice, when the Ambassador was prevailed upon to give a ball to his numerous women friends. He always received at the head of the Grand staircase, and many people will remember him as he stood there in fez and stambouline, all smiles and amiability, for he loved nothing more than entertaining his friends. After the departure of the guests he talked everything over with us, and not a detail of dress, or facial expression seemed to have escaped him.

On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887 a special Turkish mission was sent to London to represent the Sultan.

At its head was the aged Ali Nizami Pacha, who was so ill and feeble, that, during the greater part of his stay, he rarely left his hotel or even his bed. He told us that he did his best to evade being sent to London on account of ill-health, which would prevent him from doing himself full justice as Special Envoy. In answer to his

plea, he was informed that his Imperial Master admitted no excuse of illness. So he rose from a bed of sickness to come to England, and was accompanied by his son, Osman Bey, who later on, as Osman Nizami Pacha, occupied the post of Turkish Ambassador in Berlin.

He was a kindly, courteous Oriental of the old school, and belonged to the Turkey that is passing away. On the few occasions when he came to the Embassy, he spoke with affection of his Austrian wife, who had remained at home, and of the pleasure it gave him to watch his children and grandchildren grow up in the peaceful seclusion of the old seraglio on the Bosphorus.

Other members of the mission were deeply interested in the wonderful Jubilee ceremony at Westminster Abbey. Nubar Pacha had arrived from Egypt, and I drove with him in an open carriage in the procession to the Abbey. He was loud in his praises of England and everything English, and when leaving the historic pile after the ceremony, he stood watching the Queen, who was accompanied by the Princess Imperial of Germany, and the Princess of Wales, enter her carriage drawn by eight horses. He thought that the Scotch livery of the two servants seated at the back of the carriage was rather like the Greek Albanian dress.

We had been given places in the gallery reserved for the *corps diplomatique*, and the wonderful ceremony so fully described in the chronicles of the day, was one never to be forgotten by any of those who were privileged to assist at it. Among all the representatives of foreign Powers who knelt in the church below, the beautiful pale face of the Russian Grand Duchess Serge has always

remained in my memory. The tragedy of her life was clearly written there.

The Grand Duchess Serge, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, was the sister of the ex-Czarina, and resembled her very much in the clear cut of features and expression of countenance. She suffered during the whole of her married life from the rough treatment of her husband, and it was an open secret that physical violence and want of consideration in every form on his part did much to embitter her existence.

When the Czar named his uncle and brother-in-law to the post of Governor-General in Moscow, it was a difficult one to fill, as his predecessor, the venerable Prince Dolgorouky, who had been in office for so many years, had endeared himself to the Muscovites by his fatherly kindness and interest in their welfare. Therefore, the Grand Duke Serge's want of tact, harshness, and arrogance, coupled with his haughty treatment of the people, offended all those whose favour he should have tried to win.

The Grand Duchess, however, charmed them by her gentleness and sympathy, and she gained the affection of the Russians to the extent of being known as the "Queen of Moscow." When her husband was killed, many people thought it was a matter for congratulation, as far as she was concerned. Her popularity, however, did not last, as her German origin, and marked German sympathies later on, turned the tide of public feeling to detestation.

The Holy Synod protested against her introducing the German custom of establishing Homes for Deaconesses in Russia, when she herself became a deaconess. It was not in accordance

with the religious customs of the country, and this act, coupled with others equally tactless, at last made her position in Russia a most unenviable one.

She brought the proverbial Hessian ill-luck to the House of Romanoff, and when one remembers the fate of her husband and her brother-in-law the Czar, and compares it with the violent end of Paul I and Alexander II, both of whom had Hessian Princesses for consorts, one cannot wonder that the entire Russian people look upon that German House as a bird of ill-omen.

After her husband was killed in Moscow in 1905 by a bomb thrown by the anarchist Kadaeff, she tried to interest the Czar and Czarina in occultism, which she herself studied with much enthusiasm. The two sisters, both of rather morbid tendencies, were an easy prey to the peasant priests who practised hypnotism and even occupied themselves with black magic.

The effect of this was seen in the undue influence of Rasputin, whose story and violent end are so well known.

My husband, who as a young man had been for some years attached to the Turkish Embassy in St. Petersburg, often told me of the séances held in Court circles there by Hume, and the influence he had over the Czar's predecessor.

My husband was always very sceptical about occult phenomena, but confessed that Hume's performances filled him with astonishment. He believed they were chiefly based on *prestidigitation* and the possession of extraordinary personal magnetism. He has seen people with head and feet just barely resting on chairs stiffen and become impervious to pin pricks and blows, and

the body lifted in this cataleptic condition into mid-air, following the magnetism of Hume's outstretched fingers. He also saw an arm-chair in which a woman friend of his was seated, transported bodily from the ground-floor to an upper story of the house. Knocks, ringing of bells, violent noises attributed to *Polter-geiste*, were of common occurrence, and chords struck in a closed and locked piano were heard at the command of the medium. Hume's followers were legion. A wave of mysticism swept the Court, and only diminished when he finally fell into disgrace and was banished from the capital.

The members of the Turkish mission all agreed that the " business of pleasure " of the social life of London was no trivial matter, but a question of hard work. They never ceased to wonder at the endurance of delicately nurtured high-born ladies who drove at night from one crowded party to another, either to be half killed in trying to penetrate the masses of humanity on the staircases, or to remain in solitary glory in their carriages, realising the impossibility of attempting to reach their hostess.

The special Envoys returned to their native land more than ever convinced that the lives led by their own women folk were far more in accordance with nature's original design for the happiness of the female species.

We all went to the Naval Review held at Spithead, and were sent down from London to Portsmouth in special trains, and taken to the different ships as guests of honour. The imposing sight of the noble line of warships made a great impression on all the members of the Mission, who made copious notes for subsequent official reports. On

previous occasions, when men had been sent from Constantinople to London to negotiate the purchase of ships for the Ottoman Navy, the result had been so pitiful that they were now convinced the buyers must have cultivated a special talent for picking out "duds."

My husband and I spent a delightful day on board the *Plassy*, which had been reserved for conveying a portion of the *corps diplomatique* up and down the lines. The officers on board explained different points of interest, and were most courteous and kind. Admiral Roustan, the French Naval attaché, was particularly interested in all details, and I noticed that his professional attention did not flag all day long, in spite of his assiduous attentions to his women friends—with whom he was a great favourite. He chatted gaily with the Countess d'Aubigny, Madame de Zuluetta, and myself. He brought us sandwiches and hock cup, after finding us comfortable seats in a corner of the deck, but the eye of his mind was evidently photographing every naval detail for transmission to his Government. Luncheon and tea had been provided for the guests, but there was no question of dinner, as we were supposed to arrive home in time for this meal. We were, however, unable, owing to miscalculations regarding time and tide, to land until late at night, and it was three o'clock next morning when we reached London, very hungry and tired. The Ambassador had arrived home much earlier, and was wondering what had happened to us, as the ship which had taken the *chefs de mission* had returned punctually to harbour.

Among the public functions of that year the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute was

laid on July 4th by the Queen, in the presence of ten thousand people. It was to be a Memorial of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign, and to serve as a receptacle for samples of every kind of Indian and Colonial art. At the same time it was to be a Museum, an Exhibition, and a locality where Indian and Colonial subjects could be freely discussed.

Five years later, a reception was held in connection with the informal opening of the building. In 1893 twenty thousand invitations were issued in the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales for an evening party there, to commence at nine o'clock. Shortly before eight, the main approaches to the edifice were blocked with carriages, one of the files extending half-way across Hyde Park.

A buffet nearly three hundred yards long was erected in the North Gallery, and here four hundred girls in mob caps and "Institute" aprons, served light refreshments. Over forty thousand sandwiches and thirty thousand ices were dispensed during the evening. Cake and strawberries and cream were consumed by the ton, and several hundred gallons of claret cup and champagne were drunk. In the spacious dining-rooms upstairs three thousand suppers, ordered by the consumers, were served. All this sounds like the Football Final at the Crystal Palace, nevertheless, these details were sent to Constantinople in one of the Reports, as, although non-political, they were considered to be useful in conveying an idea of the vastness and ramification of social life in London.

I remember that the dresses worn on that occasion were of the most varied description. Several of the guests who had arrived from the

country appeared in travelling costumes and bonnets, others wore evening dress with hats, others again red or white opera cloaks over morning gowns. Side by side with these were many London ladies wearing full evening dress and jewels.

Many people will doubtless recall the appearance of "Her Royal Blackness" Queen, Kapiolani, of the Sandwich Islands, who, with her sister, Princess Liliokalani, were among the Royal visitors to London during the Jubilee year, when they drove through the London Parks in open carriages with the servants in the English Royal red liveries.

We were at a reception given in the dusky Queen's honour at the Hawaiian Legation in Hyde Park Gate, by the chargé d'affaires, Mr. Sidney Francis Hoffnung, who married a daughter of Lady Goldsmid.

The Queen sat on a dais *en grand' decolleté* blazing with jewels, and took herself quite seriously in the rôle of reigning sovereign. Various members of la grande diplomatie, Madame Waddington among others, were asked to stand in circle behind her while the guests were introduced, and filed past after curtseying in the same manner as at a Drawing-room.

The Hawaiian national hymn, a curious minor chant, was played during the ceremony. The expression on the faces of the ladies behind Her Majesty was a sight not easily to be forgotten! I had a long interpreted conversation with her. She appeared to be enchanted with all she had seen in England, and invited me to visit her if ever my wanderings should take me in the direction of her distant kingdom.

The official parties of that year were crowded with members of foreign missions and included many Royal personages, exotic and otherwise.

The Shah, who had arrived in London by water, and with his suite occupied Dorchester House, amused a great many people by the open manner in which he discussed the appearance of many well-known London beauties. A woman over twenty was spoken of by him as a " monster."

The manners and customs of the members of the Shah's suite were a revelation in the matter of Persian table etiquette, and so different from the impression gained from intercourse with the Shah's Envoy, Prince Malcolm Khan and his wife and daughter, Princess Sultane Malcolm, who were familiar figures in London for so many years.

I was privileged to see the diary of one of these Far-Eastern visitors. It contained impressions of ladies well known in the social world, who would, no doubt, have been greatly surprised had they known what mental registration of themselves lay behind the impassive manner of their guests.

One hostess, whose amiability was proverbial, was described thus: " She is large and square, her laugh is like the cackle of a hen that has been trodden upon, her hair does not grow upon her head, and her voice resembles the tone of an old drum beaten for the amusement of old men."

They marvelled at English ladies' dresses, and took back various specimens to be kept at home as curiosities.

From a woman's point of view it was certainly interesting to watch the little innovations and changes in Court dress and fashion as the years succeeded each other.

One Season trains were fastened in the centre of the bodice, their heading spreading out above it in the form of a fan. There were Watteau trains, square trains, round ones, trains thick and thin. One year they were heavily embroidered in silk or tinsel flowers, the linings as beautiful and costly as the outside texture. I remember one made of mandarin-coloured velvet trimmed with birds of Paradise, and another of white silk lined with flame-coloured velvet. For several years flowers were worn as edging and trimming of dresses, and one year bouquets of natural flowers were mixed with long ostrich feathers. Worn with these were bodices with long basques reaching to the knees, others with paniers. Sometimes bodice and Court trains were cut in one, and gave very graceful curves to slim figures.

If one glances at the varying decrees of fashion, and brings one's mind to the present day, one cannot help wondering whether the first Court functions to be held after the War will countenance the scanty draperies which just now serve rather to reveal than to drape the human frame.

CHAPTER II

COURT AND SOCIAL LIFE

THE men of our Embassy were compelled to wear the fez when attending Society functions, and a great many people had no idea that a Western head was very often inside an Eastern covering. It was a useful landmark for me in crowded gatherings, as it enabled me always to identify my husband, who was the tallest wearer of the picturesque scarlet cap with its black tassel.

We have often laughed at an incident which occurred when we were on the way to one of the Easter banquets at the Mansion House. Our carriage, unable to cut the file in spite of the coachman's card, was waiting in the long, slowly advancing *queue*. Suddenly, a befeathered Whitechapel lady took umbrage at the sight of the fez, put her head inside the carriage window, and violently shook her fist at it, calling out angrily: "Come out, you lazy devil!"

My husband pulled up the windows, but she followed our snail-like progress with lowering glances and very audible imprecations. The impression of her senseless ire was with me, when at last our names were roared out at the entrance of the reception-room. Here the Lord Mayor in his robes of State stood with the Lady Mayoress,

the Sheriffs, Aldermen, Mace and Sword-Bearer, while the numerous guests were presented and filed past the majesty of Civic power.

That evening the Lord Mayor escorted the wife of the Bishop of London to the Banqueting-Hall, the Lady Mayoress following on the arm of the Duke of Cambridge. Precedence was fixed by table plan, the centre board being reserved for official and diplomatic guests. Husbands and wives were placed side by side.

We were quite near the Civic chair, and could observe all the details of the ceremony. During the banquet, which lasted three hours, endless toasts were proposed. The stentorian voice of the toastmaster rang out almost deafeningly just behind us. Appropriate music and songs were performed after each toast, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," for instance, accompanying the one for the Army and Navy.

After bowls of rose-water were served at the end of the dinner, and the guests stood up two by two to drink from the loving cup, Rustem Pacha glanced apprehensively at it, and smiled at me. Before leaving the Embassy he had told me a friend had informed him that the *râtelier* of an aged official had once dropped into the huge silver goblet, causing consternation to both guests and servants who happened to be near him.

The big official parties at the Foreign Office were always interesting. We tried to arrive early, and secure a place on the landing, from which we could watch all the celebrities of the hour mount the noble bifurcated staircase, at the head of which the wife of the Prime Minister stood to receive the guests.

Knowing all the secrets of the Embassy, I had

to be always on my guard. At one of the Foreign Office parties I was taken unawares and behaved rather foolishly. A certain official, Mr. O., recently returned from Constantinople, sat chatting with me in the big reception-room which led to the supper-room. He was a materialist by instinct, and prided himself on his knowledge of women. He thought every one of us devoid of discretion.

In the course of conversation he asked me suddenly if I had copied the letters relative to the Stamp business with which he was connected, as he thought he recognised my hand-writing.

If I had reflected for a moment, I should have known that he could not possibly recognise it, as he had never seen it, but I fell into the trap, and acknowledged that I had copied them, realising at that same moment that the contents of them were very much in opposition to his policy. He stopped the conversation abruptly when my husband joined us and gave up his place to the Countess d'Aubigny, who amused me very much with her sarcastic remarks on the various people who hurried past her in the search for food. She was always surrounded by clever men, and when her shadow of the moment claimed her, my husband and I agreed that she was one of the most interesting women it was possible to meet.

In spite of her numerous social duties she always managed to fit into the full days one thing or another which appealed to her intellectual or artistic tastes. That afternoon she had been to a literary lecture given by Mademoiselle Blaze de Bury, and while discussing it we touched upon the question of a French translation of Goethe,

which I had ridiculed, and which she considered extremely good.

She laughed whilst speaking of the wife of one of her husband's colleagues, whose sole ambition was to be spoken of as dining out every night, and who, rather than remain "ignominiously" at home, invited herself to one house or another when she happened to have an evening disengaged.

At another of the Foreign Office receptions, the guest of the evening was Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, then a vassal of Turkey. This, his first visit to London, had given rise to certain discussions at the Embassy. The Prince had recently been promoted from being a cavalry officer in Austria to his present dignity. He was the true son of his Bourbon mother, Princess Clementine of Orleans, wife of a Coburg Prince of the Austrian branch, who was notably one of the most ambitious women of Europe. He resembled her both in appearance and disposition.

He was received by Lord and Lady Salisbury, and, with the latter, headed the procession to the supper-room, followed by certain members of the diplomatic body and other guests. An attaché, with outstretched arms, walked backwards before him to clear a way through the crowd. No royalties were present on this occasion, and Rustem Pacha was conspicuous by his absence.

The question of precedence would have made the *placement de table* very difficult. Rustem Pacha was very touchy about these matters, and the visits both of Ismail Pacha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who were both vassals of Turkey, called upon all his

tact to manage a difficult situation. On one occasion he left the Foreign Office before supper, as he was not satisfied with his seat.

Later on when he became doyen in London, the question of precedence arose in connection with a Drawing-room. The Turkish Embassy was first on the diplomatic list, but the Ambassador was unmarried, and had no daughter. An official from the Foreign Office came to the Embassy to discuss the question of placing the Councillor's wife, and arranged with the Ambassador that the Italian Ambassadress, Countess Tornielli, who was next in order of precedence, should enter the Throne Room first, and I was to follow immediately behind her, and before the ladies of the Italian Embassy. Countess Tornielli was an old friend of Rustem Pacha's and was always most kind to me. She realised that in this matter I was merely a pawn on the chess-board of etiquette, which Girardin describes as the "convention of weariness."

Her kind-hearted advice and vast experience of life were mirrored in her pleasant chats, when she dropped in at the Embassy to tea, that genial hour of *confidences et médisances.*

I often think of her little talks upon the difficult art of cultivating happiness—not easy to find within ourselves, and impossible to find elsewhere. She had a mania for chiromancy, and, as all my life I have been greatly interested in the study of this much criticised science, she often made me read her hand. She was much impressed when at one time I foresaw the Ambassador's and her own departure to a near capital just after their furniture had arrived from abroad, and the Embassy in Grosvenor Square arranged as they

wished it. If obliged to leave London, they hoped to be sent to a far-distant post, but they were transferred to Paris about a month later. Years afterwards when we were at the Berlin Embassy, she wrote to me there, asking me if it were possible for me to "sense" things for her through the medium of her hand-writing, to which I replied in the negative.

Mr. Sinnett tried once to prove with me the power of projection of the mind. I was calling on Mrs. Campbell Praed, and the conversation turned on our varied occult experiences, and the power she had to make me "see"—Mr. Sinnett was announced, and was much interested on hearing the subject of our talk, and asked me to prove it by an experiment, no matter how trivial. Mrs. Praed put her hand on mine, and I fell asleep. Mr. Sinnett said:

"Send her home."

He recorded the following:

"How tiresome of you, Mary, to have forgotten the candles on your master's dressing-table." Then: "No, Rustem Pacha will not remain at Belvoir till Friday, he is returning to-morrow."

"That will do," said Mr. Sinnett. "Just as a test."

The hand was withdrawn, I awoke, and was shown the paper.

When I returned home Mary was full of apologies, when I asked her about the candles, and said the master had rung for them, as she had forgotten them.

Then I told my sceptical husband that the Pacha would return before the stated time. He laughed at my "nonsense," but the next day,

when he really *did* arrive unexpectedly, he said it was, of course, a mere coincidence.

I tried to persuade the Italian Ambassadress to go with me to one of Madame Blavatsky's Friday evening receptions in Avenue Road, which I attended more or less regularly.

Madame Blavatsky, dressed in a long, loose black silk garment which fell in straight lines from neck to feet, presided at these meetings, seated at one end of the room down the sides of which the guests were placed on rows of chairs. There was generally rather a dim light, and the sibyl's curious eyes, deep-set in the square impassive face, and her mobile hands, holding the inevitable cigarette, seemed the only things alive in the strange silhouette.

Countess Wachtmeister, Mrs. Besant, Baroness de Pallandt, Captain Sergeant, and Mr. Sinnett were nearly always at the Friday receptions.

I remember how startled I felt when one evening, while the hostess was lecturing about auras, her weird eyes rested on me, and the deep Russian voice said : " You have a tired, irritable aura just now, grey, and full of little dots." I replied that I was feeling less irritable than apprehensive of blackbeetles, one of which was just crawling across the carpet, and had filled me with shudders of disgust.

After this description Countess Tornielli decided not to venture into the house in Avenue Road. She, too, like Madame Blavatsky was of Russian origin, but had the heart of a cosmopolitan, and a deep insight into the psychology of people and things.

After her husband's death she made her permanent abode in Paris, where her modest

surroundings were in the greatest contrast to the brilliancy of her official days.

She was one of so many widows of men in high public positions who have had to learn one of the most difficult lessons in the school of life—contentment with memories of varied and brilliant days, and the need of sympathy, when least likely to find it.

Every great capital contains many such women, who are pathetically careful in trying to hide their disillusion from the prying eyes of a callous world.

In those days musical parties at the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square were always charming. There was no lack of Italian artists in London who were only too delighted to be engaged for the evening or to give gratuitously of their best, when invited as honoured guests.

At one of these *musicales*, given in honour of the Duchesse d'Aoste, who was staying there, Tosti sang a number of his own songs, accompanying himself. He had not much voice, but his diction was perfect. Signor Simonetti performed on the violin, and Signor Gambatti at the piano.

The Duchesse d'Aoste had just been staying with the Queen at Windsor, and with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough. Hers was a romantic story. Daughter of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and of Princess Clothilde of Savoy, eldest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, she had married her uncle, Prince Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of Aosta, and brother of King Humbert. A special dispensation of the Pope had been necessary in order to celebrate the marriage which, though of short duration (the Duchess was a widow at twenty-

three) proved a happy one in spite of the disparity of age.

The charm of music seemed enhanced when listened to in beautiful surroundings and wealth of flowers. I always revelled in the gorgeous floral decorations which were particularly beautiful at most of the Foreign Embassy functions. I remember at one of the "Small and Early" receptions at the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place, the staircases and rooms were full of countless pale yellow and pink roses, which seemed to have been chosen to tone with the peach-coloured brocade worn that evening by the beautiful Grand Duchess Serge, whom everybody admired so much.

The entertainments at the Austrian Embassy under Countess Karolyi, and later on under Countess Deym, were among the finest in London. At one of the evening parties there, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present with their daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the entrance hall and staircases were transformed into great beds of ferns and lilies, and the exotics in the ballroom must have cost a fortune.

Sunday evenings at the French Embassy were always delightful. Madame Waddington was an ideal hostess, and one of the few in London whose social gatherings were in the nature of a *salon*. There was always music, and one always met there artistic and literary celebrities, who were at their best in the genial atmosphere.

At one of the dinner parties there, I sat next to Lecky, the historian, and we drifted into the most abstruse discussions upon thought-transference. He declared that the time would come

when human beings would be able to read each other's thoughts by focussing their gaze and interest upon the brow of the person with whom they were talking. Heaven be praised, I see as yet no particular prospect of his assertion becoming materialised!

Count and Countess de Florian, and pretty Madame Heurtel helped the Ambassadress to entertain her guests, while the Councillor's wife, the Countess d'Aubigny, attracted everybody in her own deliberate, indifferent way.

She and I became friends, and I often accompanied her on expeditions to various London museums, where she copied old designs which she used for frame embroidery. With this hobby she passed a good deal of her leisure, and she carried it to a fine art. I had many pleasant chats with her while she worked in her drawing-room at Wilton Place. Her little dog Waspy, I remember, gave us a lot of trouble by howling most dismally at street organs, which came the more frequently because they were so well paid for going away.

At the Far Eastern Legations local colour was largely to the fore in the matter of floral decoration. At one of the receptions at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, masses of red and white peonies were used. Great balls of these blossoms hung from the ceilings and balustrades, shields and festoons of them covered the banisters. Looking upwards from the ground-floor, one saw quaint little figures in national costume peeping down from the upper landings. It looked like a picture of old Canton.

Sir Halliday Macartney, the Scotch Councillor of the Legation, told me an amusing story in connection with the Jubilee reception there.

Among the numerous invitations some belated ones were sent, as an act of diplomacy, to some people in the country, who had large commercial dealings with China. The usual formula, "10 o'clock," was in the left-hand corner of the invitation card. When Sir Halliday arrived at the Legation from his house in Harley Place at eleven o'clock in the morning, he was surprised to see half a dozen people standing in the hall in evening dress. In answer to his questions, they said they preferred to be on the safe side, as the card did not state whether the reception would be in the morning or the evening. The notice had been very short, and they did not like to question their friends and betray ignorance of social matters. They reappeared among the first arrivals in the evening. They were interested in everybody and everything, particularly in the shields upon which black Chinese inscriptions stood, cut upon a white background. They were loud in their admiration of the ingenious ballroom decorations, among which were large hollowed blocks of ice, lit from the centre by multi-coloured electric lights.

Lady Macartney, who was of French origin, invited me one afternoon to meet the wives of the Minister, and their various babies. Five of the latter were carried in by Chinese nurses, who followed the Minister's two wives. The children all looked about the same age, their little heads shaven at the crown, and their serious little faces unmoved in expression. Their mothers were in national costume, and before tea signified their desire to see all over the house. They touched everything, expressing curiosity and wonderment at the nursery arrangements, turning down all the

beds, and fingering the mattresses. Tea was afterwards partaken of with unlimited gesticulations and very limited vocabulary.

Looking back upon the numerous crowded London functions, I always remember that at the Prime Minister's gatherings in Arlington Street, Lady Salisbury was so genial and kind in her manner that she imparted a personal note of welcome to the innumerable guests who attended her receptions. One never saw upon her face the peculiar abstract stare affected by some prominent hostesses which almost bordered upon the offensive.

During the period when the Marquis of Ripon was Secretary of State for the Colonies, the political parties at his residence on Chelsea Embankment were very interesting. I remember being adroitly questioned here by one of my husband's colleagues upon matters then under discussion with the Porte. He fondly imagined that every woman, if cleverly "stalked," must inevitably chatter. When the conversation had yielded nothing but commonplaces, he left me with an air of disappointed fervour, and the remark, that it was always delightful to listen to my little "twitterings"—a term which my husband and I laughed about on more than one occasion.

In the light of subsequent events it is interesting to remember the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to London in 1891. The *corps diplomatique* was commanded to Buckingham Palace to be presented to their Majesties in private audience. The men, in full uniform, were introduced to the Emperor by Count Hatzfeldt. The Kaiser wore the uniform of the Queen's Own Dragoon Guards. In another room the ladies, in

high dresses and hats, were placed in a row, according to precedence, and awaited the entrance of the Empress. I stood next to the Austrian Ambassadress, Countess Deym, who headed the line. The Russian Ambassadress, Madame de Staal, passed in front of it with the Empress, who was accompanied by Countess Eulenburg, wife of the Master of the Ceremonies of the Berlin Court, and introduced us to her in turn.

The Empress was very *plantureuse*. She was dressed in grey silk trimmed with frills and *paniers*, and wore a grey bonnet with strings tied in a bow under her chin. She looked very shy and good-natured, and fingered her parasol while talking. One cannot imagine how one so accustomed to live in the fierce light of publicity could have been so shy.

Remarks exchanged on such occasions cannot be called conversation. A few words in German were said to Countess Deym, and I was asked in French after Abdul Hamid's health. I replied that His Imperial Majesty was quite well, as I had been informed of this fact before leaving home.

The same question was put to me by her some years later when I was introduced at the Berlin Court. I was then struck by the alteration in her appearance. The ample proportions of figure had given place to a slimness and elegance usually the prerogative of very much younger women or girls. As the Emperor had a particular dislike to *embonpoint*, she had taken a long course of thyroid glands of sheep to reduce her figure, and with most marvellous success. But during the process her hair bleached, and her face aged most palpably.

At the State ball given in their honour, the Emperor headed the Royal procession, leading the Princess of Wales, who wore a wonderful gown of golden tissue. Immediately behind them came the Prince of Wales leading the German Empress, who was wearing her favourite colour—pale blue—the low bodice crossed with the broad yellow ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle.

During their visit on the day of the garden party at Marlborough House, an enormous crowd collected in the Mall. There was such a block of carriages that we, among many of the four thousand invited guests, got out at St. James's Street, and walked behind the police, who made way for us through the crowd. When the German royalties, preceded by outriders, drove through the Mall, the cheers of the spectators were deafening. The Prince and Princess of Wales escorted them through the house and into the gardens through the drawing-room windows.

The Emperor wore a grey frock-coat and white hat, and the Empress a blue silk dress trimmed with cream lace, and a cream and gold bonnet with blue feathers. The Princess of Wales was also in blue : the Queen, who appeared later, was in black with a white lace shawl.

Introductions were made in the marquee reserved for the Royal party, while the bands of the Grenadier Guards and the First Prussian Dragoon Guards played alternately. All seemed *couleur de rose*, and no one in all that brilliant assembly would ever have dreamed that the object of all these friendly demonstrations could one day inspire such well-earned animosity and hatred.

Rustem Pacha was very devoted to the French

Ambassador and Madame Waddington, whom he counted among his more intimate personal friends. He was sincerely sorry when, in 1893, it was known that they were leaving the London Embassy. All their colleagues vied with each other in giving them a *diner d'adieu*. The Pacha's entertainment was nearly the last one they attended before leaving the land where they had made so many friends, and which they left with so much regret.

One of the guests invited to meet them was the American Minister, Mr. Lincoln, who also was soon to leave London and return to the United States. The conversation therefore turned upon the advantages and disadvantages of diplomatic life—the facilities the career offers for making friends in every land, and the inevitable partings which belong to the less sunny side of it. Several of the guests that evening felt more or less *sur la branche*, as a shuffling of the political cards was on the tapis, and one could only hope to meet one's friends again in some other part of the world. It was in the April of 1893 that the American Legation was raised to the status of an Embassy, and henceforth the Representative of the President ranked with the Ambassadors.

CHAPTER III

MIDNIGHT CHATS

ALL the members of our Embassy were made especially welcome at the houses of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, when she received either at Stratton Street or at Holly Lodge. She loved Turkey and the Turks, and to this day her name is a household word in Constantinople, where in many Turkish families she is quoted as a model of that true charity which is above nationality and prejudice.

She is the only woman who has received the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh. The Sultan bestowed it upon her in recognition of her extreme generosity to the Turks during the Crimean War. A life-sized portrait of her, wearing the broad red and green ribbon of the Order from shoulder to waist, hung in the dining-room of her London residence, and people often compared her with it as she stood in the same attitude receiving her guests.

After she had received this decoration, one especially for women was instituted—the Chefakat, or Order of Mercy. This has been bestowed upon various English women, wives of diplomatists, famous generals, etc. There is another "extra special" decoration for our sex which is reserved for Sultanas, Princesses, and favourite Ambassadresses, and consists of a large eight-pointed

enamel star, heavily studded with diamonds. Lady O'Conor, formerly British Ambassadress in Constantinople received it from the Sultan.

The Chefakat looks very well on evening dress. It has a decorative white watered-ribbon edged with narrow stripes of red and green. The large gold and enamelled octagon star contains the Sultan's cypher in its centre, and in the higher classes of it the points are filled with diamonds.

It came as a great surprise to me when the Ambassador handed me one day a large red velvet box containing the brevet and the decoration for myself. He had asked for it at headquarters for the help I had given him in cyphering and decyphering telegrams at a time when important political negotiations caused them to rain upon us almost hourly.

While the secretaries were kept busy in the Chancery I often worked for hours in the Pacha's room, using his code book and key, and, as word by word of some important dispatch was decyphered, he leaned over my shoulder, or walked up and down the room thinking out the solution to various problems.

He did not make very many nearer personal friends, as his time was too fully occupied to admit of this, and his strength barely sufficed for the necessary official and social duties incumbent upon his position. But he liked nothing better than informal visits from those admitted to his friendship, and cosy chats round the tea table or little dinner parties were welcomed by him as relaxation from work.

He liked the German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, very much, and when the Countess, from whom he was legally separated, came to London,

they dined together with us at the Embassy, apparently on the best of terms with each other. She was American by birth, and a very beautiful woman, but her face looked weary when in repose, and the expression of her eyes testified to a certain discouragement of heart.

When their two beautiful daughters married the Princes Hohenlohe, Count and Countess Hatzfeldt re-married, previous to their daughters' dual nuptial ceremony. Their son, Count Herman, was a very good musician, and he delighted us by his pianoforte playing when he came to the Embassy. The younger daughter, Countess Baby Hatzfeldt before her marriage, sometimes stayed with her father in London while he was living *en garçon* in Carlton House Terrace. He was devoted to her, but complained whimsically that he had not the slightest control over her, and that she played the maddest pranks. "As for her extravagance," he would exclaim, holding up his hands, "it is beyond description, and when I scold her for running up bills, she merely laughs and says, 'Oh, all the Hatzfeldts make debts!'"

One evening the Pacha, my husband and I were at one of the theatres in a box exactly opposite the one in which Count Hatzfeldt was seated with his daughter and an intimate girl friend of hers. In the interval when her father had left the box, Mademoiselle Baby amused herself by making little paper pellets from her programme and flicking them adroitly from her thumb-nail at the bald head of an old gentleman seated in the stalls. The two girls leaned forward to watch the effect, and it really was rather comical to see the surprise of the bombarded individual. He was *touché* several times, and looked round with

irate glances to try and discover the cause. Although several people were watching with amusement this performance, nobody gave the girls away. I heard, although I did not see it myself, that the exuberant young lady astounded the natives by driving tandem donkeys down Park Lane in the height of the season.

About this time all London talked about Rustem Pacha's probable marriage with a prominent member of the British aristocracy, and he more than once hinted to us that this was impending.

However, his terror of making a mistake—knowledge of his own jealous temperament, likely to clash with the same fault in the lady concerned—prevented the definite proposal ever being uttered. After a little *froid* due to this, the friendship with the said lady continued until his death.

But there was one woman of whom he was really afraid, and later when we were at Oakhill Park, he made me promise that I would never allow her to get near him—living or dead. Once I remember he hid in an upper room when he fancied that she was a caller at the house.

In speaking of a certain pushing woman in Society who wrote to him regularly every week to remind him that she was at home every Wednesday afternoon, he said to me: "Does she imagine I doubt the fact, that she is continually telling me of it? She can rest in peace quite certain that I shall not disturb her in the enjoyment of her tea." The woman in question was certainly thick skinned, as she did not in the least mind certain verses being written by a French diplomat on her sudden success in London

society; in fact, she was rather proud of them, and showed them to her friends.

"It is much more clever to make a big position out of small beginnings," she would say, "than to just swim along in a ready-made one, and then come to grief on the rocks as so many people do."

She rather flaunted her obscure origin, and boasted of it, saying that she was a true democrat, with every social instinct doubled.

One of the most interesting of Rustem Pacha's intimate friends was Mrs. Singleton, who later on, as Lady Currie, became British Ambassadress in Constantinople.

She possessed in a marked degree the magnet of personal sympathy, and was much discussed at the time, when, under her pseudonym, "Violet Fane," she gave the story of her own romance to the world, in her articles: "Two Moods of a Man," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.

At the time of its publication, Sir Philip Currie was said to be wavering in his allegiance to her. He lived then in Connaught Place, and, after the appearance of the articles, a repertoire of songs written by Violet Fane and set to music by well-known composers was sung outside his house at ten o'clock every evening during several weeks.

A magnificent tenor had been engaged for the purpose, and we could hear him distinctly at the corner of Bryanston Square. The programme usually ended with Tosti's passionate and rather harrowing song, "For Ever and For Ever." I often wondered how the spell had worked, and was delighted to assist at the final unravelling of the psychological skein, which culminated in their marriage.

At the time Lady Currie laughingly said that, with the aid of a tiara and a bottle of hair dye, she hoped to hold her own as Ambassadress in Constantinople. She was disappointed in her first post, and said, more than once, that she had been too long accustomed to reign supreme in her own circle to be able to fit easily into the trammels of official routine. She published a charming volume of verses, entitled *Under Cross and Crescent*, and the following lines from one of the poems point to her disillusion with life in later years, which no doubt can be echoed by many women with whom love has been the supreme motive power of existence :

"True, I know
That which I call my heart goes beating on,
But Life, as Life was once, with fervid glow
Of passionate abandonment is gone,
Maybe for evermore. Yet would I end
This equable placidity of mood
And brave again the ills that might transcend ?
Nay—this is rest—and surely rest is good." [1]

Later on, when she was Ambassadress in Rome, she whimsically admitted that the alteration of her pseudonym by a malicious colleague to *Violette fanée* was only too appropriate. She had a genius for friendship and realised that one must *be* a friend to *have* a friend. She often quoted an old Turkish proverb, which runs : " Friendless surely he remains who demands a faultless friend."

One evening in May my husband and I and

[1] She published another volume of verse, *Betwixt Two Seas*. These poems and ballads were written at Constantinople and Therapia, and *Winter in Armenia* is a passionate appeal to the ladies of England for help for Armenian victims.

Hamid Bey went to the New Club to see Kate Vaughan and her company in "Moths."

We dined there previous to the performance, and at another table Ismail Pacha was entertaining a large party of guests, who were all much discussed by different members of the Club giving little dinners at various tables.

Hamid Bey had invited a certain rich Australian and her daughter, who had taken a large house in Piccadilly. We sat together for the performance of the play, and I soon realised that the mother had the real Colonial adoration of Royalty. In a moment of expansion, and with the air of conferring upon me a priceless favour, she offered to exchange places with me in order that I might have a better view of the Prince of Wales, who was conversing with Mrs. Brown Potter.

She talked incessantly of her social engagements, her presentation at Court, etc., and when I asked her if she were not fatigued with so much going out, she replied in a surprised tone: "Oh, no! I never walk farther than to my carriage." She had a statuette of herself in Court dress, and this was always placed in a prominent position in her drawing-room, and went with her to every hotel she stayed at. She framed her invitation cards according to the rank of her hostess.

Both mother and daughter informed me that they never partook of anything as "common" as butcher's meat; game and poultry were their chief form of nourishment, which, judging by their ample proportions, they must have partaken of very freely. Of course many people dislike meat, but for other reasons than the one they mentioned.

We all found enough material for observation

in the very crowded days and nights which were scheduled into sections of interesting work and interesting relaxations, if indeed the latter term can be applied to the numerous social engagements which dovetailed one into the other.

The Ambassador heartily disliked the usual enormous London reception or standing soirées, where serried crowds of guests moved in procession through the *salons*, or fluttered like human moths round some particular star. He preferred smaller and more intimate gatherings, where people had room to circulate and chat in different groups, and beyond the few necessary large official parties he confined himself to them.

He laughed very much when telling us what a very pretty girl answered him when he expressed his regret to her that he was not twenty-five, and able to win her regard. She looked him up and down, hesitated, then said with a charming smile :

" Well, as I cannot truthfully say I would like to be fifty-five, I can only say that I think you are *very* well as you are."

" She took twenty years off my back," said the Ambassador, squaring his shoulders, and turning to the big mirror in the drawing-room so alertly, that the black tassel on his fez made quite a curve, and the fez itself, always too large for his head and balanced on one ear, nearly fell off on his shoulder.

His English sometimes got slightly mixed with other languages, and I remember his ordering the servant to whistle for a " dirt-wheeler " (" *dürt* " being the Turkish word for four). Also, in speaking of a foal, he persisted in calling it a *fowl*, in spite of many laughing remonstrances from his friends.

When we returned from parties, or after his own guests had departed from an entertainment at the Embassy, he liked to sit and chat about the people he had met, and the personal experiences of the day or evening. He became more and more wide awake and talkative after midnight, and we often sat well into the small hours chatting or listening to his reminiscences of people and episodes of his past, which he called the " Courage of Recollections."

Sometimes, but not often, he discussed political matters. He realised to the full the drawbacks of the intolerable spy system in Turkey, which just then was in full swing under the régime of Abdul Hamid. Later on, when the question of the evacuation of Egypt pressed heavily upon him, he was often terribly worried by the vaccillations and procrastinations of the Government he represented. Of course he was careful to hide this in his public dealings, and perhaps nobody realised how cognisant he was of the insecurity of the political barque he was endeavouring to steer through waves of passion and prejudice.

In discussing the idea of his marrying an English lady, he said that the extreme difference of their ideas regarding personal liberty and family life fortunately prevented what undoubtedly would have proved a catastrophe to both parties.

" You have evidently been a terrible flirt," I said one evening, " and have surely broken many women's hearts." This after a particularly long dissertation on some of the portraits in his gallery of reminiscences.

He laughed delightedly at this remark, and said :

" There are so many solutions to the problems

of existence, but women complicate them all. If my beautiful friend, Lady X——, of the St. Petersburg days had learned a little more the difficult art of self-control, who knows whether I should still be a bachelor, or indeed be in London now! She was not more heart-broken than I was, when I left Russia after refraining from asking her to do me the honour of sharing my existence. Ah! there are abysses in the heart over which life can build no bridges."

The lady in question had bestowed upon him as a parting gift, a beautiful table centre-piece worked in Russian embroideries by her own hands, in the middle of which was the phrase in Russian characters: "All for Ambition, nothing for Love."

I had wondered what romance had been interwoven with the scroll. I have since often thought of the disillusion and disappointment he must have inflicted upon those who cared for him, by his inordinate suspicion and dread of being "betrayed."

He had concentrated too much on each new object of affection, and had always been on the look-out for a rival. He had made the mistake of not looking enough to his own laurels, but of disparaging in a thousand little ways the merits of the other suitor, forgetting that, as a rule, such a line of conduct has a knack of turning out to the rival's advantage, and of adding to his importance.

When he talked with a sigh of a beautiful Swedish Countess B——, "a lovely blonde, with the eyes of a dove and the mouth of a Messalina," he said, "I should never have been able to allow her out of my sight!"

As the breath of vanished days hovered in the room, fraught with the pathos of departed times, I could hardly associate these reminiscences with the speaker, and wondered if one ever would be able to fathom the secret of preferences!

He often talked of his mother, the Countess de Marini, who had lived with him in the Florence Legation in the far-off Italian days. She was then quite an old lady, but strongly tenacious in her desire still to appear young and beautiful.

He had evidently been the kindest and best of sons, most solicitous for her happiness, and in upholding her position in the diplomatic world.

She dressed most unsuitably, and my husband told me that on one occasion the Pacha had respectfully but firmly refused to accompany her to the Opera unless she first changed her dress. She was well over seventy, and had appeared in diaphanous white muslin adorned with a wide pale blue sash, her coal-black wig surmounted by an azure wreath of forget-me-nots.

After her death, hundreds of rolls of uncut material—silk, velvet, muslin, grenadine, countless rolls of ribbon of all widths, endless lengths of lace and other trimmings were found in her wardrobe, enough to provide for the trousseaux of any amount of daughters had she been fortunate enough to possess the latter.

Sometimes the Pacha discussed the extravagance in the lives of the wealthy families of England. He was always careless of money, though fully alive to its obvious advantages. "Extravagance is the privilege of a rich country," he said, "just as economy is largely a question of standards."

He did not care much for country visits, which

RUSTEM PACHA'S MOTHER,
THE COUNTESS DE MARINI

always tired him. He went on one or two occasions to week-end parties at Hatfield House and at Belvoir Castle. It was at one of these mansions—it is wiser perhaps not to say which—that an amusing incident occurred in connection with the growing abuse of tips to servants. When about to depart after sleeping there two nights, he proffered three or four sovereigns to the butler. This lordly functionary bowed with the greatest dignity and said: "We never take anything but paper here, Your Excellency." (There were, of course, no one-pound Treasury notes in those days.)

"Oh, very well," replied the Pacha, who pocketed his despised gold and departed.

When he was commanded to dine and sleep at Windsor, he returned delighted with the graciousness of the Queen towards him. She always accorded him a long conversation when she held *cercle* after dinner, and he never failed to utilise the opportunity of cementing the good-will and friendship existing between Turkey and England, and of assuring Her Majesty that he was fully alive to the necessity of maintaining the same.

He had the greatest admiration for Gladstone, and the astuteness of his mind, despite what he termed "his evasive policy" with Turkey.

He said it was always difficult to get a definite reply to any proposition. There was always a loophole left.

With Lord Salisbury he said it was easier to deal, as he did not *camouflage* his ideas and policy with double meaning. His own mind, trained equally in the Eastern and the Western world, felt how wide and far reaching his own

experience and influence might be, if only he had been allowed a free hand in his diplomatic dealings.

His probity was proverbial in a land where corruption and disaffection lay at the heart of so many things, and he was known in England as a man of high-minded, independent caste of character, not at all smitten with the malady of money. He threw away many opportunities of amassing a fortune, even when in the matter of the Rothschild loan he was offered a large amount of shares below par, which was considered quite legitimate. He had even voluntarily renounced half his salary when Governor-General of the Lebanon, because the financial affairs of Turkey were at a very low ebb. Yet he was fully alive to the power of wealth, especially in a country like England.

It amused me to listen to his impressions of English women, for whom he had the greatest admiration in the abstract, tempered with the strongest disapproval of the freedom allowed to them. Although an ardent admirer of the fair sex, he was convinced that no woman was to be trusted.

When we took a house of our own in London we found that we were able to be very little in it, and until we again took up our abode under the Ambassador's roof he was continually contemplating the possibility of marriage, even at his advanced age. I believe he really refrained chiefly on account of what he called the "secretive" nature of the women he knew best.

"They make a mystery of everything, even of the most trivial matters," he said. "If they go to the next room to drink a glass of water, they

smile mysteriously, or draw themselves up in *hauteur*, if questioned, or if one attempt to discuss the most trifling personal matter. Even if there be absolutely nothing of any importance behind it all, it is an 'intrusion.' These 'nothings' would gain inordinate importance, and become a matter of pre-occupation, and would end by filling my mind with the feeling of being thwarted. Reserved English women dislike expansiveness of any description. My affections would have to be doled out to them just in the limits they prescribed, and how very tiresome this would be!"

On such occasions, I wisely refrained from speech, and merely made reassuring noises, while "shaking a smile" from my closed lips.

We laughed when discussing the extraordinary letters which often arrived at the Embassy from all sorts and conditions of people. Some of them were begging letters, others full of vituperation or suggestions for national reform in Turkey. Others, again, requested personal interviews for the disclosure of wonderful secrets which were to turn the tide of European politics.

Every week one strange old lady, whom none of us ever saw, wrote the Ambassador a long rambling letter, a weekly resumé of political happenings, upon which she proffered her valuable advice, coupled with the request that it should be forwarded to the Sultan. Once or twice, the Ambassador had her gracious permission to utilise her brain-waves for himself, if he thought they would be useful to his personal advancement. She added that, as far as *she* were concerned, she would never resent his "picking her brain." No efforts on our part could stem the torrent of her

eloquence. Death alone, at long last, was the means of arresting her all-too-busy pen.

The Pacha was one day most indignant when the post brought him an elaborately worded advertisement from a well-known firm of funeral furnishers. He was informed that if during his lifetime he engaged the services of this firm for cremation or any other form of burial, he would receive the personal attention of the head of the establishment, and he could die convinced that the obsequies would be carried out in accordance with his rank.

"Do I look as if I needed these attentions?" he demanded of me fretfully. "At my age one has enough to do to keep one's self alive without being reminded of Death." He shuddered at the thought of dissolution; the idea of treading the road which leads to the terminus was always abhorrent to him.

He never could understand the breezy attitude of mind of his old friend, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, who made fun of an incident that would have annoyed the Pacha into a fever.

Sir Patrick was an eccentric old gentleman with his own ideas of hygiene, and who, winter and summer, wore white duck trousers. He was a most highly educated and interesting man, with extraordinary hobbies. He liked prowling about in the less frequented parts of London—mingling with the crowd, bargaining for eatables, and often carrying home weird parcels, which his own housekeeper would have scorned to bear.

One day, while strolling in the Edgware Road, he saw on huge posters the announcement:

"DEATH OF SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN."

"*Tiens!*" he ejaculated, surveying the poster with an amused smile. "Are there *two* of us?"

He bought several papers and walked with them round to Bryanston Square, and told us he had something funny to show us.

He spread out the papers, and chuckled audibly as he read out to us his own obituary notices.

"What a chance!" he exclaimed. "Few are privileged to see themselves as others see them! I could never have thought of half the things now said about me."

"*No, really,*" he replied to an unspoken question of the Pacha, who was looking at him with raised eyebrows. "It is no hoax of mine—all I can say is I must try and live *up* to this!" And he put the bundle of papers under his arm and said good-bye.

Our chats together, helped to cheat the loneliness of old age of which the Pacha had the greatest dread. Like very many old people, he loved the charm of extreme youth, and was never more delighted than when the youthful daughters of some of his friends came, duly chaperoned, to tea with him, and remained for an hour or two. He kept quite a collection of jewellery, bracelets, pendants, brooches, etc., for these occasions, and handed them out as little surprise packets when bidding them good-bye. His especial favourite was the Countess of Cottenham's charming and gifted little daughter, Lady Mary Pepys, then a beautiful child noted for her delightful acting in French plays, and for her recitations both in English and French, which she spoke with no trace of foreign accent.

Next in his order of preferences were Lady Mary Sackville and Miss Aimée Lowther, who,

though no longer children, charmed him with their brightness, intelligence, and vivacity.

After their departure, when speaking of age, he often said with a sigh: "*Ah, mon enfant, c'est dommage qu'on ne peut pas toujours avoir soixante ans!*"

I privately wondered if that advanced milestone of life would be considered by everybody as the most perfect term of measurement.

He was not superstitious, yet he was terribly upset whenever he heard a dog howling at night. He believed that animals are more psychic than human beings, and capable of sensing future events—especially death, before they actually take place. He shrugged his shoulders and said that all things were possible when I told him the story of a large wooden Buddha, which a friend of mine had brought to London, in spite of admonitions and warnings.

It was almost life-size. The gilt on the wood was worn in places, a string of amber beads hung upon its neck, the eye in the centre of the forehead was missing. The empty socket had a strange effect, and seemed to follow one about the room. The missing eye was formerly a large diamond, which had been stolen and sold by a soldier who had looted an Indian temple. It was predicted that this diamond would always bring misfortune to the possessor.

The woman who told me the story said that one day when her husband, who was an analytical chemist, had left the house for his laboratory in order to make some experiment, a cloud of smoke suddenly issued from the socket, and for a second seemed to be lit up by a thousand gleaming lights. At that very moment her husband was injured

RUSTEM PACHA AS A CHILD

while trying the Lavoisier experiment upon a marvellous diamond he had recently bought, and which was traced afterwards as the missing eye.

The stone had been placed beneath a glass bell filled with oxygen gas. The sun's rays were focused upon it by means of a lens and directed upon the stone which suddenly took fire. When the glass over it was removed, nothing was found beneath it but carbonic acid—a combination of oxygen and carbon. As a rule the fumes were harmless, and the doctor who was hastily summoned could not explain the cause of the scientist's collapse. A verdict of death from heart failure was pronounced by the medical faculty.

Many people in London talked about omens when, at the wedding of Mdle. de Staal, daughter of the Russian Ambassador, with Count Alexis Orloff-Davidoff, the bridal veil caught fire. The fact was recalled when later on her marriage was dissolved on account of family dissensions, and the Count married *en secondes noces* Madame Maronisma Poirré.

Count Alexis was always greatly influenced by superstitions, and it is said that his second wife owed her influence over him to her occultism. Before his divorce was pronounced, it was continually predicted by crystal-gazers that a second marriage would bring him perfect happiness, and the Count was quite convinced that his divorce and remarriage were inevitably arranged in the unseen world, and that it would be quite useless to fight against Destiny.

In all my intercourse with Turks I cannot say that I found them superstitious in the same sense as the term is generally used here. They are all imbued with the feeling of fatality—Kismet—

and this lies greatly at the root of the wonderful heroism displayed by their soldiers on the battle-field, and their patience under hardship, want of due payment, and privations of all sorts.

There are many soothsayers and fortune-tellers in Turkey, but they are more or less confined to a class who practise as a profession. There are not the same ramifications of it in all classes of society like there are here. Turkish ladies steal out concealed by *feridjé* and *yashmak* and consult the diviners who read fate in sand, and in eggs, in the wriggling of worms, in the intestines of fowls, and in consultation with the stars; but one does not meet in the harem the visitor who is ready to practise chiromancy or to lend himself or herself, as the case may be, to the holding of séances and the assertion of occult power.

Madmen in Turkey are regarded as Holy Men, touched by the gods, or punished by guardian spirits. It is really astonishing that it is all far more general in northern *triste* climates, and less practised among the mysterious beauties of Nature in the East.

Perhaps it is because in the East people are all the more or less seers by nature, full of intuition and imbued with a sense of fatality, so that only the class which makes it a lifelong study is able to convince people at all. Mere dabblers, and those who practise it for amusement or self-interest have no importance at all with them.

None of the secretaries at the Embassy took my personal experiences *au sérieux*, and they and the Pacha chaffed me unmercifully when I told them of the ghastly noises I heard in my bedroom at the Embassy a few days before I became very ill with typhoid fever.

One evening, while I was dressing for dinner, an explosive noise took place in the mahogany wardrobe in which some of my clothes were hanging, and the door flew open. At the next moment the large Victorian mirror over the mantelpiece cracked right across with another explosive noise. Then I heard a sound as if all the chimneys were falling in. Trembling with agitation, I went down to dinner and told them what had happened. The Pacha laughed and said: "Monsieur Hamid Bey must have been playing practical jokes!" He of course denied this. Later on, when I lay at death's door in the Embassy for months, they often spoke of the "coincidence."

CHAPTER IV

INCIDENTS OF LONDON LIFE

DURING the season invitations poured in from all the people we knew, and from many we did not know. In the latter category letters and cards arrived for me addressed in the oddest manner, such as: "Madame Ottoman" or "Lady Bey." We laughed at them, and realised that, in the eyes of strangers we were identified with the East by people who had but little knowledge of its customs.

Among charming hostesses of the day was the Duchess of Sutherland, then in the height of her beauty. One evening in June my husband and I arrived rather early at a party given at Stafford House. After chatting for a little while with our host and hostess, we wandered into the noble picture gallery, then almost empty. Upon one of the red satin sofas lay a forgotten doll and a skipping-rope, and we smiled, suggestive of the children of the house playing there before the arrival of guests.

Later on when the rooms became very crowded, a few people sought the comparative seclusion of the boudoir, where shaded light filled the room with a soft glow. It gave one an impression of broad divans—cushions of pale shimmering brocade, and patches of delicious pink Malmaison carnations. There was a writing-table with

photographs on it, a low well-filled bookcase, and a table arranged with daily newspapers and periodicals.

When we entered it two friends, who had evidently long been parted, met here. I turned to go, after catching sight of the woman, when incredulity, recognition, and rapture chased each other rapidly over an intense little pale face, which in repose looked like that of so many broken-hearted women who are not meant to have happiness in this world, and who, if they try to steal it, must pay too heavily.

I thought what an ideal setting for a romance the shaded room looked, and I felt angry when some Americans strolled in, handled books, and took some carnations, exclaiming: "Why, we would never leave out all these photos in New York."

In 1891 we were at a ball at Lady Londonderry's when the ballroom ceiling caught fire. The room with its white stucco walls was lit by gas jets let in from the ceiling, and covered in from below by cone-shaped glasses to prevent overheating. The fire brigade was called up when the flames spread to a bedroom above.

The Princess of Wales suggested that dancing should not be discontinued, so quadrilles were danced at one end of the enormous ballroom, while water from the firemen's hose fell on the floor at the other end.

Balls at Lansdowne House and Devonshire House were always on a magnificent scale. I remember one evening at Lord Rosebery's when the ballroom was panelled half-way up the wall with red roses and green leaves. It was so crowded that dancing was the least of pleasures. The King

of Greece was the guest of the evening, and chatted amiably in English with the various eminent people who were presented to him. He talked a good deal about pictures, and admired very much the life-sized portrait of the daughters of his host, the Ladies Margaret and Sybil Primrose, and became quite enthusiastic in his praise of the lights and shades in Millais' wonderful painting of Gladstone in his University gown.

He watched with the greatest amusement a well-known arrogant old lady, whom I will call Lady X. She had eyes like blue marbles, which seemed able to ferret out any secrets, and her mouth reminded one of a camel's. She wore a scarlet wig and was dressed always in the very latest fashion. Her face had a vacuous expression of would-be patronage, and her voice carried far, *very* far, as she advised a lady who had recently lost her husband not to look *too* cheerful—just at first.

She once asked me most impertinently if my husband were not really the son of Rustem Pacha, as they had been inseparable for so many years, and most people said he was. I advised her to look up his family tree in Paris, if the matter were of any importance to her—and she gushingly promised to do so.

Lady X. was one of the many idle people who cannot realise or believe in any true disinterested affection or lifelong devotion. She enjoyed nothing so much as making people feel uncomfortable, and she loved to depreciate the social prestige, characteristics, sentiments, or motives of others. If the opinion of that vague, shadowy being called the World is but the echo of an indifferent or malicious crowd, why do

people ever make themselves unhappy over its pin-pricks and gossip?

To leave the crowded rooms and go out into the garden was like finding some spot remote from the treadmill of pleasure. There you could think of cornfields where silver was just turning into gold, and of pink clover deepening to brown from sheer luxury of living.

Baroness de Reuter gave many interesting parties at her house in Kensington Palace Gardens, where literature and the arts were fully represented. I met there Mascagni and Adelina Patti, accompanied by her husband, M. Nicolini. Patti was a great friend of the hostess, and sang two songs during a musical evening, but was not at all liberal in the matter of encores. She was very charming to me, when my husband introduced me to her, and reminded her of his former friendship with her in the far-off Russian days, when as a young man he was secretary at the Embassy in St. Petersburg, and she, the fêted Marquise de Caux.

Many people in the Russian capital had then regretted that the rigid laws of Russian etiquette had prevented the *diva* from going to Court. The Czar sent her the most magnificent furs, etc., and on more than one occasion spoke of the pleasure it would give him to welcome her at the balls in the Winter Palace, "*quand elle aura quitté la scène.*"

One of Baroness de Reuter's daughters, Baroness von Donop, was seen at all official parties, in spite of her delicate health. I remember seeing her go backwards up the staircase of the Foreign Office, at a crowded reception, in order

to lessen the strain upon the heart. The brilliancy of her dark eyes belied the idea of illness, and many people admired the tall, slim figure in its dress of white filmy lace, the only touch of colour given by a large trailing bouquet of deep red roses. She was buried not long afterwards in her wedding dress, and when in her coffin looked as if she were on the point of going into the big world to which she had said the everlasting farewell.

Lady Goldsmid, a friend of my husband's in in the old days in Florence, received every Friday evening at her house in Piccadilly, when one or another of her eight daughters assisted in welcoming her numerous guests. All the girls spoke Italian perfectly, and were brought up in the most practical manner by their beautiful, clever mother.

One always met there interesting artists and heard delightful music. Mr. Isidore de Lara was one of the *habitués de la maison*, and I first heard his famous song, "The Garden of Sleep," at one of Lady Goldsmid's Friday evenings. Tivadar Nachez, the famous violinist, was also frequently to be met there, and the cosmopolitan character of the receptions attracted all the members of foreign missions in London.

In those days young girls were not allowed to go to balls and parties unattended by a chaperon, even although the term might become an elastic definition. I often "mothered" six or eight girls of different families, and was besieged by requests to take under my wing damsels often very much older than myself. I still loved dancing, and had not then arrived at the stage when a woman is politely offered a chair instead

of an arm. As my husband cordially disliked balls, he was pleased when I departed with a merry lot of girls, some of whom in fact took advantage of my good nature to the extent of over-flirting, and of my being expostulated with and held responsible for by their mothers.

Afternoon parties then, as now, were chiefly frequented by ladies, men having little time or inclination to attend them. Hostesses vied with each other in trying to find novelties to make them attractive. Although the "Black Art" was among offences punishable by law, it was freely used as an attraction in private life, and fortune-tellers by hands or tea-leaves were engaged, and paid anything from two guineas to ten guineas an afternoon. Fashionably dressed women often stood in queues outside the tent or room in which the sybil was enshrined, patiently waiting their turn to enter.

For a long time beautiful Miss Nina Kennedy was very much *en vogue*, and I remember meeting her at a large afternoon party in a well-known house at Ashburn Place, when she was besieged by people anxious to discuss that most engrossing of topics—themselves. On that occasion she bade me pause and beware of a prominent man among the guests whom she mentioned by name.

"He pretends to have your interests at heart," she said, "yet he would not cross the road to save his best friend from crucifixion." She then prophesied a sad end to his brilliant career, which was certainly fulfilled. The incident was interesting on account of her powers of clairvoyance about a person of whom I had at the moment been thinking.

My experience of a "Tea-leaf Sybil" was made

at the house of a popular hostess, Lady Z., who had engaged a woman named Clarke, whom I vainly endeavoured to trace a few years later.

When my turn came to enter the room where she was seated with her paraphernalia, I advanced to the table, upon which stood a large family brown earthenware teapot and several cups. After shaking the teapot and pouring a little tea into the bottom of a cup, she fixed two mournful dark eyes upon me for a minute, then directed her gaze to the bottom of the cup which she turned to and fro as she spoke :

" I see the letter M, and a mansion in which is an empty room. Beneath this room are honours destined for your household, which, however, you are powerless to lift. Only one person could do this for you; his initial is H., and the four corners of the letter are tipped with gold (Hamid). Early in the year you will move from this mansion and travel to another country. I see trunks being packed, and a journey by water to a place which is not the one you would prefer to go to. Later on you go a very, very long journey over land and sea, which is connected with great sorrow, and after many years you return to England. This will be in the winter, for I see the wheels of the train moving rapidly between high banks of snow, and yourself wrapped in furs. Your life is and will be a most eventful one, and you will touch heights and depths known to very few people."

This prophecy was uttered some months before the death of Rustem Pacha and my husband's nomination to Berlin, a post he hesitated for some time before accepting, as he was not acquainted with the German language, and had never felt

particularly attracted towards life in the Fatherland.

Subsequent events in my life often reminded me of Mrs. Clarke and her clairvoyant powers.

When I think of the crowded afternoon parties of those days I see in my mind's eye the funny little figure of Mademoiselle Van Der Meersch, with her performing birds and her little wand, whom one met at one house after another, also the trumpeting lady, who produced the most remarkable sounds from her hideously twisted lips, to a pianoforte accompaniment, and *la belle Siffleuse*, a lady of ample proportions and a defiant manner, whose extraordinary rendering of airs from different operas astonished rather than pleased the long-suffering audience.

Musicians, dancers alfresco, phrenologists, etc., were less tiresome than being called upon to admire the performances of the children of certain households, the latent genius of whom was exhibited to the boredom of the guests.

There were the charming garden parties at Fulham Palace, Lincoln's Inn, Osterley Park, Holland House, Ham House, and many other historic and beautiful places, while among the public functions the private view at the Academy seemed to me very interesting.

I always tried to reach the Academy early, and spend a long afternoon there. The invited guests were met at the head of the staircase by two janitors in red robes, who offered a catalogue to the elect in exchange for their invitation card. The galleries were the fullest at about three o'clock, and the pictures were the excuse for chatter which filled the rooms like the droning of bees.

Prominent among the silhouettes of one of these characteristic crowds, I see in my mind's eye Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and his pretty wife, Lady Spencer, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Herkomer, Marcus Stone, Whistler, Miss Braddon, Kate Greenaway, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, with many other celebrities of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, who arrived, to come and go, to pause, chat, look at the pictures, and to exchange impressions.

I once saw there a well-known Jewish financier, much patronised by the Royal Family, take up his position firmly in front of his own full-length portrait, where he remained all the afternoon. He bowed affably at all the praise which was meant more for the artist's work than for the model. Before tearing himself away from the contemplation of his picture he shrugged his shoulders and ejaculated with a sigh: "*Die elenden Dinger dauern länger wie wir!*" ("The wretched things last longer than we do"). In those days the language of the Fatherland was not taboo—quite the reverse.

In connection with the Academy Soirées, I remember attending one of them with Lady Sandison, wife of the chief dragoman of the British Embassy, at Constantinople, who was on a short visit to London for the first time. She was a most vivacious foreigner, keenly interested in everything and everybody, and bent on utilising to the full every moment of her holiday.

We had spent the afternoon together at a garden party given by Mrs. Walford, the well-known authoress, at her charming home, Cranbrook Hall, Ilford, where many famous people

had been introduced to Lady Sandison. She was very tired in the evening, and said she would prefer sitting still in the first room at the Academy, and watching the people come and go, but begged me to *circuler un peu* and talk to my friends.

I complied with her request. On rejoining her after a time I was surprised to find her in animated conversation with six or eight people, as she was an absolute stranger here.

Her explanation amused me very much. She said that everybody had watched her, and wondered who she was, until one lady approached her and asked her if she were the French Ambassadress. When she had replied that she came from Constantinople, the unknown lady had said: "Then perhaps you are the Countess de Montebello" (whose name she had doubtless never heard, but who happened to be the one being most envied and admired by Lady Sandison).

"At last I told them who I was," she said, "and of course they knew all about me."

She quite believed this little fiction, and I took care not to undeceive her.

Another visitor to London that year was a certain Madame de Hobe, wife of one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp at Constantinople. She was a great deal at our Embassy, but, although German, she did not go near the German Embassy, as her husband had fallen into disfavour on account of a certain amount of friction in social matters at the German Embassy at Constantinople. She was much interested in London life and said she would like to pass the "evening of her days" in England, a wish that of course will now hardly be possible.

The Turkish secretaries often accompanied my

husband and myself to evening parties. When these were in the neighbourhood of Bryanston Square, we frequently walked home through the Park on beautiful summer nights, or to speak more correctly, mornings, for very often the small hours were growing big, and the Covent Garden carts were rumbling citywards.

I remember one of those walks when we were returning from Dudley House, after Park Lane had begun to be spoken of as "Kaffir Lane."

We had received invitations for the first entertainment given there by a South African millionaire and his wife, coupled with the name and compliments of the chief social promoter of the day.

The floral decorations that evening were carried out in mauve orchids, the exquisite blossoms of which entirely covered the banisters of the staircase, all mantelpieces, etc., and gladdened the eye with touches of the delicate colour wherever one looked.

The gorgeously dressed hostess wore a magnificent diamond tiara, the height of which rather reminded one of a nursery fender. She was all smiles and graciousness, and was evidently keenly interested in the arrival and welcome of the numerous guests, the majority of which she now met for the first time.

The best artists of the day, including Sarah Bernhardt, Albani, Lloyd, etc., had been engaged at fabulous prices, and performed on a large white platform, on which stood a white grand-piano.

After the concert hot supper was served at little round tables in the dining-room. Each table was most artistically decorated with flowers, in the midst of which were fixed shaded bulbs of

electric light—then a novelty. "All London" was there, and at one time the heat and the crowd were quite overpowering.

It was quite a relief to emerge at last into Park Lane, and cross the road to enter the Park.

A brother of one of the Turkish secretaries who was on a visit to London, was with us, and the moon floating high above us in midsummer pomp appealed to him in a manner which opened the flood-gates of his speech, and revealed a side of the Turkish character which hitherto had been a sealed book to me.

He was evidently suffering from nostalgia. He dwelt upon the "nightingale-haunted cypresses" which stood sentinel in the picturesque cemetery that enfolded his dead.

The woman he had loved had answered to the distant call of the "Unavoidable One."

"Useless the presence of others, when we lack the one we need. Memories but increase the ache of loneliness," he said mournfully.

He looked like any other well-dressed fashionable man of the world, but the veneer of the West merely cloaked the intense passions of the East, which so seldom found utterance when in company with Westerns.

As he looked up at the moonlit sky he sighed for the wonder-nights of that Queen of Cities on the Bosphorus, where this same moon in a deep indigo sky threw her gleaming mantle over hills and trembling waters, the purple depths of which were strewn with glittering stars.

He told us as we sauntered towards Great Cumberland Place, that an old soothsayer, who sat daily in the bazaars near the Mosque of books, had prophesied his coming to London long before

he had thought of doing so, and had given him a dissertation on life and ambition in the form of the following legend:

"Some men are searching all their lives for the Singing Tree, the music of which has been wafted to their ears. It vibrates in the most secret chords of the heart, and sings of Ambition, of Riches, of Love. It is the voice of Destiny, and everybody follows its call.

"A certain man did not wait for this, but went out to look for it, which is a mistake. At last he beheld it far away, and heard the rustling of strange music in the wings of the flying wind, music which spoke to the dweller in the depths of him. At last he reached up and tore off one of the branches, all of which were singing of Joy and Pain.

"'I shall carry my happiness with me, wherever I go,' he exclaimed joyfully as he wandered on, his eyes fixed upon the branch which he held aloft, and the music of which entranced his soul. He did not see the precipice which he was nearing, and suddenly his feet stepped into a void, while the wind carried the branch away from him."

"I suppose your romantic soothsayer was thinking of the land of the Impossible?" I suggested. "And really that which we dream is sometimes more important than that which we do. Illusion is Life."

"Perhaps he wanted to convey a salutary lesson regarding the wisdom of focusing one's gaze on the road one is called upon to tread," added my husband, always level-headed and sensible.

"It's all Kismet," said Ali Bey, as the Embassy

hall-porter left his comfortable hooded chair in the entrance-hall to open the door to us.

In spite of the lateness of the hour, we all three remained for a time chatting in the reception-room to the left of the grand staircase, trying to find for our melancholy friend, who took his pleasures so sadly in this fit of spiritual indigestion, consolations which unfortunately did not console.

"This London life," said Ali Bey, "in spite of its novelty and excitement, never absorbs my thoughts, and in the densest crowds I feel always a mere spectator, while my brain is incessantly occupied with the problems of life, and the curse of thought which has become my master instead of my servant."

"Why not take life simply as it presents itself, without so much analysis?" said my husband. "Everybody can school himself to be master of the strange guest we must all carry about with us—our inward soul."

"You always strike me," he continued to the man who had given us a glimpse of his inner life, and who was the victim of passion, of absence, and of separation, "as if you were robbing the present by harking back continually to some past grievance or past sorrow. Often this is due to a habit of thought, and some people like rocking themselves in a cradle of grievances. The mind has such power over the body that it can sap bodily health, and the subtlety of the human brain is so great, that one often persuades one's self that one is badly treated by Fate on account of a grievance one would not part with at any price."

"You are quite right," said Ali Bey, laughing. "I suffer agonies of torment quarrelling mentally

with an absent friend, until the paroxysm of discord has reached its highest pitch. Then suddenly I mentally forgive, and without a word having been spoken, the brain seems miraculously clear of its misery."

"He sounds to me rather hysterical," I said to my husband as we mounted the staircase leading to our own rooms, "and his brain is evidently addled by some *idée fixe*."

"Not necessarily that," he replied; "the intricacies of the Oriental mind swing like a pendulum between subtlety and childlike simplicity."

"Which sounds a paradox," I laughed, dismissing the subject of Oriental mentality from my mind, and reflecting that I would never waste time by quarrelling with my *amis de songes* when meeting them in my inner life.

We heard the sleepy hall-porter cross the hall to go downstairs to his room. No doubt some of the servants were still amusing themselves, and not thinking of going to bed.

The question of domestics in most Embassies is complicated by many difficulties, as different nationalities mix, but do not mingle, below-stairs.

At our Embassy an elderly housekeeper, who ultimately discussed matters with me, managed the female portion of the community. Most of the women-servants would not remain longer than two years, no matter how comfortable they were. They said it would make it too difficult for them to settle down in other places if they did. The butler managed the men, and one saw new faces often enough.

The Turkish valet neither sought nor found companionship with the other servants. I often

wondered at his imperturbable self-possession and inscrutable placidity when he was roundly scolded by his master, while the most terrible Turkish imprecations were hurled at him about his ancestors and maternal relatives. Some of these phrases grew so familiar to my ears that, without knowing their meaning, I rapped them out when my husband and I were playing bridge with the secretaries. Their amusement and horror I shall never forget, nor the real scolding my husband gave me afterwards. "But I heard it daily," I answered, "and never dreamed what it could mean."

When Rustem Pacha first arrived in London, several ladies wished to give him the benefit of their experience regarding domestic matters. Prominent among them was a Mrs. H., who, with her husband, had been his guests in Syria, and had stayed in the Palace of Beit-Eddin, while he was Governor-General there.

As the H.'s had unfortunately suffered great pecuniary loss owing to the failure of a well-known bank in which their fortune was invested, Mrs. H. was anxious to act as superintendent of all the Turkish Embassy servants. As her vocation for reform amounted to an absolute mania, and as she drove us all nearly distracted by her visits at unexpected hours when she gave free play to her verbosity, she was at length politely but firmly informed that her assistance was not required. She meant well, and gave at least *one* piece of sound advice, when she warned the Ambassador about engaging servants recommended by late employers as "absolute treasures," because, as a rule, wages formed the smallest item in the conception of values entertained by these

individuals, while perquisites usually exceeded the amount agreed upon.

There was a great deal of waste it seemed impossible to control, and at last the Pacha engaged a chef who agreed to feed everybody—masters and servants—at so much per head. "No board wages to the servants, but an agreement with the chef," was the only time he really had peace from servant worries.

During this chef's reign the food upstairs was always excellent—no amount of impromptu guests seemed to matter, while as the servants never made a complaint, directly or indirectly, we supposed the plan acted as admirably downstairs as it did upstairs.

Rustem Pacha was quite right when he said that experience cannot be conveyed. Each one must acquire it in his or her own way. Everybody looked at life through different spectacles and had different requirements. There were, no doubt, very many abuses in the servants' hall, but he wisely refrained from investigating them too closely, on the principle that so long as the main things were run on the lines he wished, one could leave a certain margin for the non-perfection of details.

CHAPTER V

DEATH OF RUSTEM PACHA

IN the cosmopolitan *milieu* of the Embassy I had ample opportunity of reflection upon the effect of geography on national ideas of festivity—and of mourning. With the Roman Catholic Ambassador and Councillor, and the Mahomedan and Armenian secretaries, psychological surprises were the order of the day, and one gained the conviction that everything, even a standard of morality, was dependent on it.

All the officials, Mahomedan and Christian, telegraphed good wishes to head-quarters on the occasion of the Festival of Bairam, and received courteous telegrams in return.

Both the Fast of Ramadan and the Feast of Bairam were observed by the Mohamedans in London, perhaps with all the added fervour of exiles.

Ramadan is the ninth month of the Mahomedan year, and the Mussulman's Lent or Holy Month. The Faithful are then enjoined to fast from sunrise to sunset, and some of the more devout even refrain from swallowing their saliva at these times.

The Times once published the following sentence, which is rather severe in its criticism :

" November is the financial Ramadan of the Sublime Porte. That is, when the Turkish

Government promises all kinds of financial reforms and curtailments."

The name Bairam is given to two movable Moslem feasts. The first of these, generally called the Greater Bairam, is the day following the Ramadan, or month of fasting. Strictly speaking, it lasts only for one day, but the generality of the lower orders extend it to three. It is a period of the maddest enjoyment, and rather resembles the Catholic Carnival. That which is usually known as the Lesser Bairam follows the first at an interval of sixty days and lasts four days. It is the Feast of Sacrifices, as at Mecca the Mahomedans then commemorate Abraham's offer of Isaac by the sacrificial offering of animals. Like the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, it is a time given up to congratulations and enjoyment.

As there was at this time no mosque in England, the Imam of the Embassy was referred to in all matters connected with Islamism. Before the Woking mosque was inaugurated, Ottoman religious services were frequently held at one or another of the London hotels.

For many years the Embassy priest went about London wearing his national turban and robes, and it gave me quite a shock when I met him again, in English tall silk hat and frock-coat, after an absence of ten years from London.

"My coat is sufficiently like the *stambouline*," he said, half apologetically, as if to impress upon me that, although he had become very anglicised, he wished to retain the diginity of his sacerdotal office.

I thought of the days when in long robe and turban he had spent his leisure in walking up and down the garden of Bryanston Square, telling

his beads, and beckoning to my little boy to join him there.

He officiated in the rare cases of English converts to Islamism, among whom there are men well-known in the English peerage. They are admitted to the Mohamedan faith with imposing ritual, and are given Eastern names which they always use in intercourse with Mohamedans.

There were a few marriages here between English people and Mahomedan Turks, and then the Turkish Consul-General in London, as well as the priest, were called upon in their official capacity.

For many years before a Turkish *consul de carrière* was sent to London, the post was in the hands of a Syrian, Mr. Paul Gadban, who unfortunately lost his sight. He was succeeded by Mr. Grant Watson, whose wife was a very popular London hostess.

All the members of the Embassy were invited once to assist at a wedding in London which took place according to the rites of the Armenian Church, between members of two prominent Armenian families residing here.

The ceremony began at ten o'clock at night in the Whitehall rooms of the Hotel Métropole. It was preceded by a large dinner party of about eighty guests, who were received by the father and mother of the bride in a room adjoining the dining-room. Shortly before eight o'clock, the bride entered on the arm of her father. She wore a dress of Irish white satin brocade trimmed with flounces of Honiton lace. A wreath of orange blossoms was upon her hair, and beneath the bridal veil long fringes of beaten silver were fastened on each side of the brow and reached to

the ground. This was in accordance with an old Armenian custom, which demands that the bridal veil shall be of glimmering silver. The effect was most picturesque.

At eight o'clock a procession was formed to proceed to the dining-room. It was headed by the bride and bridegroom, and the bijou orchestra played the Wedding March until all the guests were seated. Numerous toasts were proposed during and after dinner, when the wedding party and the guests returned to the reception room. Here two venerable Armenian priests in full sacerdotal robes performed the marriage ceremony.

The bride and bridegroom stood upon a small square of richly embroidered silk ; two enormous candles decorated with white tulle and flowers were held by the younger brothers of the bride. The service was chanted in an impressive manner by the priests, while the bride and bridegroom stood facing each other, their foreheads touching. Throughout the service the best man held a cross above their heads. After the conclusion of the ceremony the newly married couple received congratulations and embraces of their many friends.

How different are the various ways of celebrating birth, marriage, and death, according to nationality, was impressed upon me by the remarks of the Turks when London was plunged into mourning by the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence.

" With us," said Ali Bey, " death is not regarded as a misfortune. It is the opening of the gates of life, and the poor clay which encased the soul is enfolded in a clean linen sheet, and laid as quickly as possible in the earth, to mingle with the dust—to give rebirth in other forms. No coffin hampers

this natural process. We do not wear the depressing black garments which now make the streets so dismal-looking. A beautiful soul has been delivered from this world of disappointment and sadness, and translated to brighter spheres. We wear *white* when our dear ones are called away, white-handed hope fills our hearts. In Persia the people wear a colour resembling withered leaves—man has fallen from the Tree of Life and mingles with the earth. In Syria and Armenia those who mourn the dead—and these are in the minority—often don sky-blue garments to express the hope that their dear ones are in heaven."

The Turks commented upon the fact that during a period of Court mourning all the diplomatic ladies were garbed in black. In Berlin no black was ever allowed at Court—not even the most diaphanous of black tulle ball-dresses, so becoming to the wearer, was permitted. No matter how deep the mourning, it was always laid aside for attendance at Court.

This custom, so I heard, is carried out at the Danish Court, where also no black is allowed. But here the wives of noblemen and high officials are permitted to wear a high peaked head-dress when in mourning. In Sweden both black and white seem to lose their significance as emblems of grief, for at the Swedish Court dancing ladies wear white, and non-dancing ones black.

In 1892 some very interesting specimens of mandrake roots were sent to us from Syria, and after having them photographed, the Ambassador sent the best specimens of them to the Queen, who was much interested in them. She had them forwarded to Kew Gardens in the hope they might flourish there.

Countless legends have been woven round these curious growths, which are mentioned in the Bible, in Shakespeare, and in various well-known books in connection with love philters, madness, and questions of maternity.

In Syria, where they flourish best, the natives believe that the roots contain the souls of suicides, condemned to work out their salvation in long years of waiting beneath the soil, and which shriek when dragged out of the earth before their time. These roots resemble in shape miniature human beings, and when looking at them one is really inclined to believe the wildest theories.

As the person who hears their shriek while disturbing them is supposed to be accursed, and dogged by misfortune, the Syrian natives, when extracting them, tie one end of a long rope round the stem of the plant, and the other end round the neck of a dog, which is whipped up to a brisk run until the roots lie palpitating above the ground.

The specimens we received were barklike in texture, and weirdly human in appearance. The female mandrake root produces small leaves resembling lettuces which have a disagreeable smell. The male mandrake, often called *morion*, or madness, produces a berry of the colour of saffron. Its leaves are wide, white, and soft, and the odour of them induces lethargy and stupefaction.

Mrs. Campbell Praed wrote her novel, *The Insane Root*, around the roots which I had kept, and which fired her imagination when I showed them to her. Little by little they crumbled away, until nothing remained of them but some brown powder.

MANDRAKE ROOTS SENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1893

During the whole of 1894, Rustem Pacha's health steadily declined, but he tried to keep pace with his social and political duties.

The *mise en scène* of life was always to him a matter of great importance.

The last time I saw him at any big social function was at Chesham House, when for the first time he requested the support of my husband's arm before attempting to descend the staircase. I can see him now, my tall husband bending down to him with solicitous affection, supporting one hand of the Pacha in his bent arm, while the other one rested on the banister—and the brilliant smile of the veteran diplomatist as he bid "good-bye" to the great world. For as we returned homewards he said to us:

"This is the last time I shall go to these fatiguing functions. One must recognise the psychological moment, and be the first to say farewell."

From that time onwards he was almost always in the hands of his medical advisers. The chief of these was Dr. Robson Roose, who called regularly once or twice a day, and often arranged a consultation with one specialist or another. The money spent on doctor's fees was simply fabulous, yet, as there was no organic disease to treat—merely the war against *Anno Domini*—not all their science and assiduity could make the flickering flame of the lamp of life leap into lasting vitality, nor arrest the advance of the clock of destiny.

All through the foggy winter of that year huge fires were kept blazing in all the rooms, and blinds were often drawn for days at a time. A few old friends braved the inclemency of the weather and

dropped in to chat with him. He was always delighted to welcome the genial Belgian Minister, Baron Solvyns, who was perpetually in good spirits, and who often chaffed me about reading novels, saying that he preferred to "live his romances."

The long evenings were spent quietly in the Ambassador's study, where the soft light of the tall colza lamps gleamed on the polished round table with its inviting litter of books, periodicals, and daily papers. These, with needlework, helped to pass the many silent hours when the Pacha dozed over a paper, or frankly devoted himself to audible slumbers. He always showed a cheerful face to the world, especially during this latter part of his life in London, when the limelight was so full upon him and his Imperial Master for many trying and anxious months.

He combined in himself the training of both East and West, and was in office at a time when it was openly said that Turkey only existed by diplomatic agreement. He had to cope with the hydra-headed Armenian question, a crisis in the history of Turkey far greater than that which led to the intervention of the Great Powers in the Lebanon. He did much to maintain amicable relations between this country and the one he represented, but the deep-seated diseases of an Empire cannot be cured as by the wave of a magician's wand.

In the spring of 1895 the Government provided funds for the much-needed painting and re-decorating of the Embassy, the dinginess of which was often commented upon.

In June of that year we accompanied the Pacha to a villa in Hampstead, leaving the great

corner house in the hands of decorators. He took with him several servants, a nurse-valet, and two trained women nurses, who attended him night and day, although until almost the last he refused to remain in bed.

My husband went to and fro daily to the Chancery to superintend business and the work of the secretaries, who had all remained in town.

I passed most of my time with the Ambassador. We drove together daily in his victoria, taking interminable drives round Hampstead Heath and its neighbourhood, where I grew to know almost every tree and hedgerow by heart. He always got up for lunch at two o'clock, which was served in state for us two. I see him still in my mind's eye, sitting opposite at the table which was always decorated with flowers and fruit. Pitifully frail, but alert, his fez on one side, an oyster on his poised fork, he always chose that time in which to give me lengthy instructions in case of his sudden demise. I had to promise to drive at once with his body back to the Embassy, and personally see that he was laid upon his bed there, and covered with the Turkish flag.

Dish after dish went out untasted. These discussions made me ill, as every imaginable disease and contingency were talked of. For many months he himself was only able to partake of oysters and turtle soup, yet he insisted on meals being served with the greatest ceremony, and was tenacious of every detail.

His one great preoccupation was that he might die before the Embassy was ready to receive him.

Night after night we were called up from sleep to his bedside to bid him farewell, until the health

of my poor overworked husband was in a fair way to becoming seriously undermined.

On one of our long drives the Pacha caught a chill, which unfortunately settled on his lungs. The paint was scarcely dry at the Embassy, yet we all posted up to town at an hour's notice, and two days afterwards he died.

During those two days, when his doctors scarcely left him, the continuous stream of callers at the Embassy included messengers from the Queen, Prince Christian, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and several members of the Government.

Bulletins were telegraphed to the Sultan at Constantinople in response to the following telegram which my husband received from Yildiz Kiosk :

" Ordre de Sa Majesté Impériale le Sultan, je vous prie de me faire savoir immédiatement l'état de santé de Son Excellence Rustem Pacha, ainsi que l'avis des medecins sur la maladie dont il souffre. Vous êtes chargé de dire en même temps à son Excellence que son indisposition vient de causer un vif regret à Notre Auguste Souverain et que Sa Majesté vient demander de ses nouvelles.

Premier Secretaire,
TAHSIN."

The Reverend Canon Barry came to see him several times, and on the night of November 19th administered to him the last Sacraments. He died at three o'clock of the morning of the 20th.

We were with him to the last, and I shall never forget my husband's farewell to his dearly loved Chief and lifelong friend, when he bent down to kiss the dead hand, saying : " Adieu, Excellence."

RUSTEM PACHA IN EUROPEAN DRESS

The Marquess of Salisbury in a speech at Brighton, which was a requiem of honour and became historical, paid a great tribute to his abilities. He referred to him as one of those "upright and able statesmen whom the Ottoman Empire produced from epoch to epoch." He spoke of his able Governorship of the Lebanon when it was torn by dissensions of race and creed, and how, "by a combination of firmness, justice, and conciliation he brought peace to that distracted country, and induced those who had never lived except at war with each other, to exist in unity and follow their industries together."

By his own request his remains were laid to rest in London. England was always very near his heart. He wished his obsequies to be conducted with all the pomp due to his exalted rank, for he had lived and died in the fierce light of the great world, whose opinions and verdicts meant so much to him.

He was the first Turkish Ambassador to be buried on English soil, and great preparations were made for the ceremony by the Court and the Foreign Office.

He was dressed in full uniform, the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh across his breast, and lay in state for two days on his bier at the Embassy. His room was transformed into a chapel, tall candles burned at his head and feet, and sweet-faced nuns prayed incessantly at his side.

Many of his friends came here to bid him a last farewell. The alchemy of death had effaced all traces of the past difficult years.

Peace, dignity, and an expression of ineffable happiness and repose transformed the familiar

face, which I had only known as old, and so very weary.

The whole of the Embassy Staff, and the Consul, Emin Effendi, were present when, immediately after his decease, telegrams conveying the news had to be sent to Constantinople and all official quarters. Letters of condolence poured in to my husband, who was Chargé d'Affaires, and we worked for hours at the desk near the aviary, where so many interesting hours had been spent in the past.

The Russian Ambassador, M. de Staal, who was *doyen*, wrote on behalf of the *corps diplomatique*, and personal letters came from Count Hatzfeldt, M. de Ferrerez (Italian Ambassador), M. de Bille (Denmark), Lord Kimberley, Sir Thomas Sanderson, and many others. Lord Rosebery penned his "regret at the death of that noble old gentleman," and Lord Glenesk (Sir Algernon Borthwick) wrote: "I deplore the loss of a good man such as we can ill spare in these times."

The spot chosen for his interment was St. Mary's Roman Catholic churchyard in Kensal Green, where my husband has erected a monument to his memory.

The night before his funeral the coffin, covered with the Turkish flag, was carried down the broad staircase and conveyed to St. James's Church, Spanish Place, where at eleven o'clock next day the funeral service was held.

A detachment of one hundred Grenadier Guards with full band, drummers, and colours, formed a guard of honour at the entrance of the church, over the porch of which the White Crescent on scarlet background was tied with crêpe.

Representatives of Royalty, the entire *corps*

diplomatique in full uniform, and many personal friends attended the requiem Mass, Mr. R. Synge, of the Foreign Office, and my husband receiving them in the aisle. Besides the Queen's representative, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Curzon, Sir Percy Anderson, and Mr. Barrington, represented the Foreign Office.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in his full episcopal robes and scarlet biretta, pronounced the Absolution at the close of the impressive service.

As I stood in the church with the chief mourners, my little son at my side, and saw the many people assembled here to do him the last honours, I thought of him as I last saw him when silence and twilight had claimed him for their own, and when I reverently laid in his folded hands a little envelope containing a lock of hair, upon which long ago he had written, "*Cheveux de ma pauvre mère.*"

We had found this touching memento of his affection for his mother when, in accordance with his instructions, we looked through his personal papers immediately after his death.

I thought of this, too, when at last the organ throbbed forth the terrible strains of the "Dead March in Saul," and his mortal remains were borne down the aisle. As he was taken to his last resting-place, the band outside crashed forth Chopin's "March Funèbre," and the curtain was rung down on the varied life of Lucien Antoine Chimelli de Marini, known to England as Rustem Pacha.

The higher ranks of the Turkish Service in every department were then mainly made up of men who came from other countries. The Ottoman Empire

must have broken up long ago but for its foreign generals and its foreign statesmen. Russia, too, had its great men of foreign origin, such as Marshal Bruce, who was of Scotch extraction, while M. de Giers and M. de Staal were members of the subject-races of the Baltic shores.

My little son and I drove straight back to the Embassy from the church, the child carrying one of the black velvet cushions upon which were fixed the Ambassador's various decorations. I carried a second cushion and his sword. Among the wealth of beautiful wreaths laid upon his grave, the floral emblem sent by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts held the following inscription: "A farewell tribute to a valued and personal friend, and the faithful Ambassador of a great and friendly nation."

We reached the Embassy in a few minutes, but it was some time before we gained admittance.

The hall-porter had deserted his post and was carousing with the other servants below stairs. After all, the Master was only a foreigner, and probably many of them would soon be leaving!

My boy and I—he was then about seven—went up the staircase side by side, carrying home the trophies of the dead man's earthly glory.

In the big empty drawing-rooms all the blinds were drawn, and we crossed to the window where the aviary stood, and looked down Upper George Street where the funeral cortège had slowly wended its way. Strange, solemn moments for a little boy to pass through! He had loved his godfather, and his serious little face told me that he understood that something great had passed out of his life.

About an hour and a half later my husband

EXTERIOR OF THE TURKISH EMBASSY AT 1 BRYANSTON SQUARE

returned with all those who had accompanied him to the cemetery.

The Embassy's legal adviser, Mr. Bourchier Hawksley, then opened and read the Ambassador's will, which was quickly proved, in spite of all the complications attendant on the intricacies of international law.

Many and varied were the different reports regarding the origin of the great man who had just passed away, and probably we were the only people who knew the truth. Son of an Italian father and Greek mother, his early life had been occupied in the study of languages, for which he had an extraordinary facility, and in qualifying in the school of life for the varied parts he was called upon to fill during his long and eventful existence. When still almost a boy he accompanied Tahir Pacha on the expedition which established the suzerainty of the Caliph on an effective basis in Tripoli. Later on, he attracted the notice of the great Fuad Pacha, the most conspicuous Turkish statesman of the time, and served him for some years in the capacity of private secretary. He then assisted in the reorganization of the Danubian principalities, and the pacification of Epirus and Thessaly.

In 1870 he was entrusted with a special mission to Rome on the occasion of the Vatican Council discussing the question of the Christian communities in Turkey. He had been happier under the reign of Sultan Abdul Aziz than he was under the much-discussed monarch, Abdul Hamid, whose centralized system of Palace rule was a fatal stumbling-block to the best efforts of his representatives abroad.

Rustem Pacha realized to the full that, although

personally he had earned a name among the statesmen of Europe, his final post had been clouded by failure—failure largely due to the handicap of circumstances. His loyalty to his adopted country never permitted a word of disparagement of it in his presence, and to the last, he fought valiantly for a cause in which he could no longer believe.

For fourteen years he was *persona grata* at the Italian Court under Victor Emmanuel, and during the few years of his sojourn in Russia he was in close contact with Czar Alexander II.

Immediately following his death, there were myriads of his private letters to be read by my husband and myself, in conjunction with the Embassy lawyer. These had to be sorted out, destroyed or preserved, according to verbal instructions we had listened to so often in the past. Many tokens of personal interest were committed to the flames in deference to the wishes expressed by lips now sealed in death, and seldom had people been confronted, as we were, with more silent testimony of loneliness of spirit in the midst of, apparently, the most favoured of lives.

My husband remained for some time in London as Chargé d'Affaires. After the nomination of the new Ambassador, he was appointed Councillor of the Embassy in Berlin, where he was to take the post occupied by Rifaat Bey, who was to replace him here in London.

In the spring of 1896, the new Turkish Ambassador, Costaki Anthopoulos Pacha arrived in London. He was a Greek who had been for many years at the head of the Turkish Naval School at Halki. He was accompanied by his wife and a new staff of secretaries. He did his best to induce

COSTAKI ANTHOPOULOS PACHA, TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND IN 1896

my husband to remain with him in London, but one experience of being "Ghost Ambassador" was quite sufficient for a lifetime, and my husband preferred to continue his career on more independent lines elsewhere.

Costaki Pacha's stay in London was of short duration, for he died of pneumonia when on leave in Constantinople a few years after his appointment.

On ne change rien à la destinée, and we followed our star, which led us to the land that was to play such a sinister rôle in modern times. When faced with the prospect of building up one's home anew in a foreign country, the question of the transport of one's belongings becomes a matter of vital discussion. Dumb things, eloquent of memories, are difficult to part with. I often wonder whether some improved form of phonography could possibly liberate conversations and events impressed upon walls and furniture. Science has performed many miracles, and conversations between animate and inanimate things may perhaps one day be recorded!

At last our furniture and possessions were sorted out, packed in vans, sealed with the Embassy *laisser passer*, and provided with heavy hooks for the purpose of swinging them intact from railroad to ship, and vice-versa, were ready to start. The same excellent man who packed them unloaded them at the door of our flat in Berlin, undisturbed by Customs' officials.[1] Everything had been packed so scientifically that not even a teacup was cracked, nor anything injured in the slightest degree.

[1] The effects of Ambassadors and their entourage are not subject to Customs examination.

We bade farewell to London and our many friends there with much regret, wondering what our life would be in a country of which we had little or no experience.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN

WE arrived in Berlin during the hot summer of 1896, and took up our abode in the Hotel Kaiserhof, while we looked about for a suitable residence.

The Ambassador, Ghalib Bey, lived in the Leipziger Platz, where we were astonished to see that the Embassy quarters were in the house of a rich newspaper proprietor, who had reserved the imposing first-floor for his own use. The ground-floor and basement of the house were occupied by the Chancery offices which held the archives, while the top of the house contained quarters for the Ambassador, his personal servants, and one or two secretaries. On the ground floor my husband had his own workroom, a well-furnished, square apartment looking out on the Platz.

As we were at liberty to choose our own dwelling-place, *frais de logement* being added to *frais de nourriture* and salary, we decided not to avail ourselves of the Ambassador's offer of a suite of rooms in the Embassy. My husband was delighted to hear that the political work in Berlin was far less arduous than it had been in London. Germany was on the best of terms with Turkey, and the officials in the Wilhelmstrasse always did their best to gloss over, rather than to aggravate any little difficulties which might crop up. Here

there was no Armenian question on the tapis, no political speeches to be translated—chiefly a weekly resumé of topical events and interchange of civilities.

I was much relieved to know that my husband would now have a chance of strengthening his health and nerves, both of which had suffered severely under the long strain of our London life. For the first time since our marriage we could look forward to a quiet home life of our own.

We were charmed with our first impressions of Berlin.

The wide, clean, asphalted roads, the imposing-looking symmetrical buildings, the many streets lined with trees, and the exquisite Tiergarten (the Hyde Park of Berlin), all presented a general air of gaiety and prosperity.

Society was just then conspicuous by its absence. The landed proprietors were still at their country places, and only arrived in Berlin at the beginning of winter.

The season, which began in the New Year and ended with the commencement of Lent, was the only time when the Court and Society were *en évidence.*

Thus we had leisure to look for a flat, and to settle down quietly before getting to know people.

Neither the Ambassador, nor any of the secretaries, all of whom were Turkish, were married, and I again found myself the only woman at the Embassy.

We decided that our boy should be educated at the French Gymnasium, on the Reichstagsufer facing the Spree, an institution founded by the Huguenots. The plan of studies differed from

that of the other schools, and most of the studies were made in French.

My boy's governess, Miss Barett, had come with us, and very soon both of them were busy studying German, a task they found by no means easy. Indeed, on more than one occasion I found them on the verge of tears, grappling with the intricacies of German writing and German verbs.

We eventually took up our abode in a new house in the Hindersinstrasse, a stone's throw from the Gymnasium. Four large rooms, *en enfilade*, faced the river; they were lofty, with parquet flooring, and large *faïence* chimney-pieces, which were built out into the room, and capable of burning open-log fires in front, and briquettes inside. This system allowed the maximum of heat to remain in the rooms, very little of it being lost in the chimneys.

A long corridor divided these rooms from four good bedrooms, and a large oak-panelled dining-room, the usual "Berliner Zimmer." Behind this were the servants' quarters and kitchen, quite shut off from our own rooms by another corridor leading to the back staircase.

There were only two other flats in the house, the main entrance was looked after and controlled by a married porter, who lived with his family in quarters looking on to the street.

When we engaged our servants, who proved most excellent in every way, and remained with us for years, we were surprised at the low tariff of wages. Three hundred thaler (£15) were considered as liberal wages for a very good cook. The question of their free time off duty filled us with amazement. One afternoon and evening

every alternate Sunday, no weekly evening leisure whatever, and a week's holiday in the year.

Each one presented me when I engaged them, and gave them a retaining fee of a thaler (3s.), with their service book, an official volume they were obliged by law to have. In it, the first page stated all particulars concerning themselves, birthplace, name, and occupation of their parents, age, appearance, etc. The rest of the book was sectioned off in divisions. In the first section, the name and address of the employer was stated, the others detailed the service, wages, reason for leaving last place, and character given on leaving. Upon change of situation each section was officially stamped by the police.

On entering our service they had to fill in on three official papers, all particulars about themselves and their new employers. These had to be stamped at the local police-court. We kept one copy, the police the other, and the servant the third. The same formalities were gone through when leaving, thus the movements and address of every servant were known to the authorities, and a change of situation a matter to be well considered and not casually treated. We also had to fill in papers about any visitors who remained with us longer than three days.

Our servants all had insurance cards, and we were responsible for the weekly stamps. Even charwomen produced their insurance card to be stamped at any house at which they worked on Monday. All this red-tape seemed at first rather irksome, but we very soon got accustomed to it, and indeed felt that it gave everybody a safe, well-cared-for feeling.

The diplomatic privilege here, as in other

capitals, commuted our taxes, a portion of which we paid direct to the Foreign Office, which transmitted it to the Treasury.

Compared with London there seemed to be hardly any distances. One could walk to most places, through the clean, well-cared-for streets. Little open carriages and cosy horse-trams conveyed one from the Linden to the Ranke Strasse, which then formed the confines of the city. Motors, taxis, and electric trams replaced these before we left Berlin.

Education was at a very high standard. The public boarding-school system does not exist there; it is replaced by the different Gymnasien and Realschulen, over which the State has control. A very moderate fee was charged for a first-class education, which was thus brought within the reach of rich and poor alike. The son of a general sat on the school-bench side by side with the son of a sweep, and all shared in the same scheme of tuition.

Pupils were supposed to remain at school until they reached a certain standard, which entitled them to one year's service in the Army instead of three. Boys going into business, or any modest occupation, usually left with this *Einjährig* certificate.

The Abiturien examination was the culminating one for the first-class, and was quite on a par with English university standards. The *Studiren*, or subsequent university course, was optional.

The hours were very strenuous, from seven a.m., winter and summer, until one or two o'clock. No afternoon school, but so much work to prepare that most people engaged a tutor for the afternoon to enable boys to keep pace. It was considered

a dreadful tragedy if boys failed to be advanced in class in due course. Suicide amongst schoolboys was at one time quite frequent. The poor dears, haunted by the sense of their own failure, and unable to face the wrath and punishment of stern parents, chose death as the only way out of their difficulties.

Sentimentality and cruelty seemed to me to go hand in hand, as German parents spoilt their children in many ways by undue indulgence in pleasures, etc., and terrified them with threats of punishment if they did not succeed in getting *versetzt* (put up).

The holidays were short. A month in summer, a week at Christmas, a few days at Whitsuntide. I always extended these for our boy, and had many a battle-royal with the headmaster, the Direktor Schulz (a relative of the famous Von Tirpitz), as we preferred our son to advance less rapidly and give more time to health and physical culture.

Geography in the schools was taught upon a system which imparted first of all a thorough knowledge of Berlin. During our walks in the morning or afternoon, we often met parties of schoolboys, superintended by masters, in the Sieges Allée, which is lined on each side with statues of monarchs of the Hohenzollern dynasty. They halted at the base of one or another of these statues, where speeches were made by the tutors, and the youthful minds impressed with the paramount importance of Germany (*Deutschland über Alles*).

When they knew Berlin by heart, its immediate surroundings were studied, and round this centre gravitated the knowledge of the rest of the globe. The circles of wisdom widened gradually around

this pebble in the pond of learning. The boys were taught a certain amount of strategy, and were instructed as to what policy should be adopted by the Fatherland in case Germany invaded England. Every boy of twelve or fourteen knew the value of Heligoland.

National songs were part of the education, and from the age of six, when school was compulsory, the children were taught: "All I have and all I am, I owe to thee my Fatherland." They grew up with the idea and knowledge that they were merely a screw in a huge machine. Needless to add that all this influence in our own case was counteracted by our home life and incessant watchfulness.

The theatre was included in the educational system. Scholars' tickets, at very cheap rates, were issued on Sunday afternoons for classical plays. Schiller and Shakespeare were favourite authors.

Towards the latter part of our stay in Berlin, Ibsen's morbid tragedies figured largely on these Sunday programmes. Thus boys and girls from fourteen years upwards had their brains racked by psychological problems such as those contained in *Ghosts, Rosmersholm,* and *The Woman from the Sea.*

On these days we usually arranged other forms of relaxation for our son. Opportunities for school sport were practically nil. Weekly gymnastic exercises, and a little tennis was all there was time for. It was considered that, with the system of military conscription, enough physical drill could be obtained after the brain had been moulded and formed according to plan.

No German parents diverged from the curri-

culum, or failed to do all in their power to uphold the system. Insubordination was only tolerated in foreigners like ourselves, who realised the immense advantages of the splendid education, without being blinded to the very serious drawbacks.

When the schooldays there were ended and we returned to live in England, the best of the really excellent tuition remained, and environment soon neutralised its disadvantages.

CHAPTER VII

MAKING FRIENDS: SOME OCCULT EXPERIENCES

AFTER we had settled in our flat, the Ambassador gave a party to introduce us to some of our colleagues, and we soon made friends among them, and also with several German families. As the season had not begun, we had more opportunity of learning to know them better, and to get an impression of their daily life.

Lady Lascelles was arranging a bazaar at the British Embassy for a charitable purpose, and asked me to help her by telling fortunes there. A tent was erected for me at one end of the ball-room. I was disguised as a gypsy and drove a thriving trade, charging three marks per head. I handed over a substantial sum to the treasurer at the end of the day.

I had some funny experiences during the process of hand-reading. One lady, a Frau von Puttkammer, burst into tears after I had studied her palm and begged me to tell her who had been chattering to me about her family secrets. I had neither heard of her nor seen her before.

Another visitor asked me in a condescending manner for my private address. I had satisfied her so completely that she would like to help me

by sending me clients. At the end of the day, Miss Lascelles, now Lady Spring Rice, asked me to read her hand, and I foretold her approaching return to London, and tragedy hanging over the house. A few days later everybody was horrified to hear of Lady Lascelles' sudden death, after which Miss Lascelles went to England.

From a child I have always been conscious of hidden forces, and was very intuitive. The study of clairvoyance had always interested me, but I found it merely a channel of expression for inward convictions. My fortune-telling proclivities were soon bruited abroad, and my life was made a perfect burden to me. After every dinner party we went to, I was entreated to read hands, planted in some corner, and hemmed in by often most uninteresting people. A few years later I gave it up in deference to the expostulations of Baroness de Greindl, wife of the Belgian Minister, a kind and benevolent old lady, and one of the oldest diplomatic residents in Berlin.

After a certain dinner party, I correctly foretold the sudden death of Count Bassewitz, a man who had taken me into dinner, and was apparently in the best of health. I also prophesied his wife's departure for America, after being compelled to leave their family seat, and also her subsequent return and re-marriage. When a fortnight later Count Bassewitz died, as a result of a railway accident, Baroness de Greindl said it was a sin to utter such prophecies, and that my husband ought not to allow it. Countess Bassewitz, who had no children, went to America, and I believe married again some years later. After this incident, "I hung it upon the nail," as the Germans say.

During the autumn, I saw a great deal of some of the Ministers' wives, who had returned to Berlin from their country seats. Frau Studt, wife of the Minister for Education, and Countess Posadowski, wife of the Minister of the Interior, were particularly kind to me, and initiated me into the mysteries of housekeeping, as they themselves, like most German women, excelled in organisation, and practical details connected with the running of a household.

Like all Germans, they were very tenacious of their titles, especially that of "Excellenz," which one used when conversing with them. Side by side with their tenacity of the formula of rank was a practical simplicity which I greatly admired. They did not consider it beneath their dignity to accompany their cook to the public market-places, and personally choose meat, poultry, game, fruit, etc., for household consumption. They thought, and rightly, that nobody ought to govern a household unless understanding things better than the servants employed.

In one respect, however, I did not agree with them. They clung to the fetish of the store room in town, and the quantites of jam-pots, jars of preserved fruit, dangling rows of sausages and ham, stacks of soap and cereals, added to the responsibilities of housekeeping, as they had to be continually overhauled and kept clean. This was absolutely unnecessary in any big city, where one of the chief advantages lies in the fact that it is easy to procure everything for consumption fresh daily, either in large or small quantities. Indeed, in Berlin, less ambitious housekeepers were not ashamed to purchase half a quarter of a pound of cooked ham or sausage as a relish for the

evening meal. The "halbes-Viertel" was quite an institution among the lower middle-class.

Again, the overstocked linen cupboards added most dismally to the trouble of housekeeping, and was, I think, mainly responsible for the fact that laundries, as we use them, hardly existed. Every block of flats had a wash-house built in the courtyard, and a drying ground under the roof, and a monthly wash took place by appointment. One had to engage the premises in advance, and secure the services of capable washers and ironers.

The importance given to articles of diet was brought home to me one day when a well-known personage gave me the country address from which she had for years procured her fresh butter. She impressed upon me that this very great favour had only been bestowed by her once before on anybody, and that was when she gave it to her sister as a birthday present.

Frau von Moltke, wife of the Chief of the General Staff, whom I frequently saw, said to me: "*Wir Deutschen haben uns herauf gehungert*" ("We Germans have starved ourselves upwards").

The evening meal at their table was of the most commendable simplicity. Tea, bread and butter, and a dish or two of pickled herrings and cold meat, with beer for the men if they preferred it to tea. Their position compelled them to give two or three big official dinners, and one or two evening parties during the season. Then everything was on the most lavish scale. The official plate and china were used, and the floral decorations were magnificent. The menu, carried out by hired cooks, was long and luxurious, with different wines at every course.

At an official gathering I met Prince Lichnowsky, who was loud in his praise of England and everything English. He said among other things that economy, when practised in England, had a certain grace and simplicity, and was not ridden openly as a sort of hobby by the middle-classes, as it was in Germany, but was accepted frankly as a matter of course. In the Fatherland the wife and mother so often degenerated into a mere drudge, talking of nothing but saving and cleaning, whittling down to a minimum everything in life that was not absolutely connected with daily bread, and ordering the household, according to an inflexible plan, never to be altered. He admired also the freedom of companionship between parents and children in England, the confidence and good-fellowship which made them friends, and not, as was often the case in Germany, a feared authority. The English system of educating youth appealed to him also. He was not enthusiastic about the growing power of the military system, and hinted that Germany had very much to learn in the study of the psychology of nations.

He did not think it sufficient to enunciate a fact regarded from *one* point of view, and that a dictatorial one. True diplomacy and the management of an Empire needed something more, the focussing of facts in different facets. This want of ability to see things through different eyes lay largely at the base of the want of success in German colonisation.

I often thought of this when he came to London as Ambassador, and faced later on the most difficult circumstances it was possible for a diplomatist to contend with. That he won the friendship of so many English people was perhaps largely

due to his wider comprehension of the soul of a nation.

The von Moltkes had two daughters and two sons, the latter both in the Army. The elder daughter, who married a widower, Count Bethusy-Huc, was a most ethereal-looking girl, given to visions, and possessing to a marked degree the power of automatic drawing.

One morning when I called at the Head Quarters Staff residence on the Alsen Platz to see Frau von Moltke, I found her in the window-niche of the drawing-room of her private apartment there, attentively studying a large piece of drawing-paper spread out on a table before her.

"Come and see what Astrid has just finished," she called out as I entered, continuing her study of the sheet.

I sat next her, and saw the most beautiful trailing design of foliage and periwinkle blossom, drawn with mathematical precision down each side of the drawing-paper and exactly matching each other. A blank space between the design was left in the centre. Astrid had drawn the design on the left hand side first, with closed eyes, and after covering this with paper, drew the opposite side, which matched it in every detail, as if the design had been stencilled on the blank side, with the flowers and leaves facing each other, and not drawn side by side as if in duplicate.

Frau von Moltke herself was not possessed of psychic gifts, but had deep understanding and appreciation of them in other people, and gave herself up almost entirely to the study of occult matters. She was almost a vegetarian and often discussed matters of diet. Meat, she averred, filled the body with poisons ("Kindles all putrid

humours in the frame," as Shelley puts it). Soup was as bad as alcohol—coffee was the only stimulant that she allowed herself, and she was always most abstemious in the matter of eating and drinking. One lock of snow-white hair among her dark tresses was always arranged above her forehead, and rather looked like the peak of a widow's cap. Her tall, burly husband, Helmuth von Moltke, tolerated his wife's hobbies without in any way sharing her convictions. He did not object to attending séances when held in his wife's drawing-room, and on more than one occasion he said he could find no explanation for pyschic phenomena, which nevertheless he could not deny.

Spiritualistic séances were frequently held in the Moltke's private apartments in the Official-General Staff buildings in Berlin and in Potsdam. I heard that the Kaiser was present at one of the latter, and that he sat in a small circle in the dimly-lit room when first of all a hymn was chanted. His stern, frowning face looked most protestingly incredulous when a girl of fifteen, an offshoot of the Manteuffel family, suddenly fell into a trance, and began to speak.

She did not lean back or fall asleep, but sat bolt upright, her large eyes opening to their widest extent. Her voice changed in *timbre* and was like that of a man. In strident tones she spoke of certain of her ancestors who were then present in spirit, and who foretold great misfortune and violent death hanging over the reigning house. This upset the Kaiser very much; yet he remained for the whole time the girl was in trance, about forty minutes.

Frau von Moltke took down notes of her speeches, in which she described beautiful gardens, marble

steps, and mystical guides in the astral world. No one else was permitted to take notes. This girl and her younger sister were so clairvoyant, and held such continual daily converse with beings unseen by the rest of the community, that they were expelled from more than one school, as they puzzled teachers and pupils alike by their seemingly one-sided conversations. The Kaiser was so upset at the prediction, and found the whole séance so eerie, that he forebade any public mention of psychic matters, and issued a command in the daily papers that "Gesundbeten" (faith healing), which was just then being advocated, would henceforth be punishable by law.

Fortune-telling for money was also prohibited, and I considered it rather fortunate that I was able to see a very extraordinary woman, called the "Cholera Frau," before she was locked up.

I went one rainy morning in mackintosh and old hat to her flat in the Windel Strasse. I was admitted, and received by a short, thin, weary-looking little woman, whose starry dark eyes searched my face in rapid glance, and seemed the only vital thing about her. "Of course you want your hand read—or your future told," she said, "but now it is not permitted." She motioned me to a seat beside her on the sofa and said: "Take off your gloves." I did so, and without touching me she looked sideways at my hand and said: "You are here in Berlin, but will soon leave it. You have a son who indulges in a dangerous pastime. Stop this before it is too late. You have a husband, but he will be taken from you ere long, and you will drift about from land to land seeking rest and a little happiness. But you must work out your karma, and suffer—suffer—suffer——"

"Look at me," she continued, throwing out her hands. "I had a husband and eight dear children. We lived in Hamburg. I lost all of them in two days from cholera. People think me mad because from that time on, the Book of Nature was revealed to me. I hear voices in the trees and flowers—and am never lonely." As I rose to leave her she said: "Put five marks on the mantelpiece, but do not give them to me."

Next day two detectives in plain clothes called at the flat and induced the poor "Cholera Woman" to tell their fortunes for money, and the interview ended by her being forced to accompany them, then and there, to a place of detention.

Another strange experience was when I was taken to the house of a Frau Schelsinger in the Charlotten Strasse. This lady had evidently developed the most remarkable artistic powers after the death of her only child, a girl in her teens. She described it as follows:

"I was walking down the Leipziger Strasse a month or so ago, just aimlessly walking, to try and forget my grief, when something induced me to stop before a window in which Keltz and Meiner's oil-paints were shewn, with brushes and other artistic paraphernalia. A voice beside me said distinctly in my ear: 'Tubes, tubes.'

"I entered the shop and asked for oil-paints, picking up automatically a number of tubes of colour as if my hand were guided. These were tied up in a parcel with brushes and canvas, and on my return home I shut myself in my sitting-room, and painted for hours. I did these," she added, leading me to a window near which were oil paintings of beautiful girls among tall lilies on a deep blue background; others—faces

of men and women transfigured with light, and worked in colours similar to those in Böcklin's pictures.

"I do them automatically," she said. "I never know when I sit down what the picture will be. I often work by lamplight." Later on an exhibition was held of her work, and many of the great artists declared that the drawing was anatomically quite correct, and the colouring simply marvellous.

"I see Lili continually," Frau Schlesinger told me, "and now I am not at all unhappy, as I feel I have not lost her."

"How did you first get in contact with her?" I asked.

"It was like this," she replied. "One evening when I returned home, after walking for miles, trying to tire myself physically, I found Lili's dog—a big retriever—in the passage, his hair on end, gazing into the dining-room, the door of which was open. Suddenly he bounded forward with yells of delight and behaved as if he were fawning upon some—to me invisible—person.

That night just as I was falling asleep Lili's voice roused me, and I saw her distinctly standing near me.

"I am so happy, mother," she said. "On my star I have so many friends and companions. We have parties there too, and to-morrow there is a great Festival. Never grieve, for now I am allowed to visit you. You will never feel lonely."

As we sat down to tea, I heard a curious vibrating noise near the hostess, and in response to a voice unheard by the rest of us, the mother replied ecstatically:

"Yes, Lili darling, it is you—yes—I will tell

them all that you are here, and that you send them greetings."

I did not see the vision myself, but I heard the curious vibrating taps, and saw the dog in the greatest state of excitement, rushing about as if pursuing somebody.

Frau Schlesinger assured me over and over again that Lili came for a chat with her every night before she went to sleep, and that the girl's life was not bereft of pleasures and duties begun here below, but was a continuation of them.

Frau von Moltke took me one afternoon to visit an extraordinary medium named Frau Koralewski, wife of a minor clerk in one of the German offices. She with her husband occupied a small apartment in one of the little garden dwellings of the Lessing-strasse. I was in mourning at the time for a very dear sister, and she told me that the woman would probably be able to communicate with the dead.

We had no appointment with her and, when we arrived at her flat, we were told by the little maid-servant who opened the door that Frau Koralewski was not well, and was confined to her bedroom. The maid added that she was sure that she would wish to be told that the "Excellenz" was there, and would if possible see her. After a few moments we were asked to enter the little "Wohnzimmer," where we waited about ten minutes before she appeared. She was a short, dark woman with very curious eyes. She greeted us quietly, and seated herself at a large round table. My hand was resting on the table, and I was startled to find that after a few moments' conversation on general topics, curious electric taps were heard, and I felt their vibration distinctly through the table.

The woman looked up and said: "Which of you is the medium?"

Frau von Moltke had felt nothing, and merely pointed to me. The woman then said: "We shall probably get very good answers to any questions we may put." The tapping continued in various parts of the room, and at this stage the husband entered.

He was surprised to find his wife out of bed, and remonstrated with her for having got up. She declared that her indisposition had suddenly left her, and that she would be very glad to hold a séance for us, if he would collaborate with her, as her best results were procured in conjunction with him.

We proceeded to a little ante-room, against the wall of which was a large square sofa, and in front of it a long table. We were invited to be seated with this table in front of us. At the head of it was a smaller table, upon which stood a board covered with large letters of the alphabet. The husband sat facing the letters, the wife opposite him. They joined hands across the tablet, the woman placing two fingers of her right hand in a small wooden plate which, when she fell in trance, moved automatically from letter to letter to form words. These words, as they were spelt out were taken down by the little maidservant before alluded to, who sat with pencil and paper at the other end of the long table.

After a short prayer, "Gott zum gruss," and an interval of a few minutes, the eyes of the medium closed and her fingers began to push the little disc to and fro, stopping at different letters.

Frau von Moltke and I listened attentively, and suddenly the little maid exclaimed in puzzled

tones: "But I can make no words from these letters!" They struck me as being in English, a language of which none of the three knew a single word. I therefore signed to the maid to pass me the pencil and paper, and took down at the dictation of the medium's husband four closely-written pages of English blank-verse, in the most elevated style. It began with: "Let dreams depart and Visions of the night," and dealt with the most intimate questions of my life. It contained the best of advice on the most intricate subjects. At a certain stage of the proceedings, the medium asked in German, "*Wer bist du?*" And the answer, given immediately in German, was: "*Ich bin Sophie die Weise*" ("I am Sophie, the wise one"). Sophie was my dead sister's name. I was then asked in German to come myself to the *planchette*. As I rose to comply, I was in a state of the greatest agitation, and the tappings were repeated loudly in different parts of the room. When I sat opposite the medium, and placed my hands on hers, the following words were dictated in German: "You are too agitated now, come again to-morrow."

I returned with the dictation to Frau von Moltke's house, where we witnessed the most curious phenomena. As we passed a glass cabinet containing relics of the old Field-Marshal, these began to move about in the strangest manner, and the tappings continued here, as they did also when at last I arrived home.

I was so upset by all this, that I resolved not to return to the medium's house again.

A curious sequel to the story was the fact that a sister of mine, who arrived in Berlin next day from Brussels, went there instead of me, and in a very

sceptical frame of mind. After a long séance there, she returned in a state of stupefaction with another long dictation in English, which began: "Where is your sister? Why did she not come again?" and was the continuation of the messages which had been interrupted on the previous day. Among other things the dictation contained the following sentences:

"You do not need us—you have just come here on the steel horse from afar. Tell your sister she has a friend here, who will help her in all the great crises of life, and these will be many. She is to trust us."

When the famous flower medium, Anna Rothe, was publicly tried for the Black Art in Berlin, and afterwards condemned, Frau von Molke and I were present at the trial, which interested us greatly. We had witnessed the most remarkable séances at the medium's house, when, in mid-winter quantities of cut-flowers of the choicest kind fell, apparently from nowhere, into our laps. Even if, as some people suggested, these were purchased previous to the sitting, the cost of them would have outweighed, by far, the small amount of money obtained by the entrance fee of five marks for each guest. Roots with the earth on them of flowering forget-me-nots, carnations, lilies of the valley, etc., fell into the lap of one of the ladies present, who had recently lost a child. They were accompanied by the following words, which issued in a child's voice from the lips of the medium who was entranced: "Here, dear mother, are flowers as they bloom with us." The mother recognised her child's voice and burst into tears.

About twenty people were present at the séance of which I speak.

We were shown into a smallish drawing-room, at one end of which was a table capable of seating six people.

Anna's place was at the end of the table which was placed back to the wall facing the guests, who were accommodated with chairs at the opposite end of the apartment. She did not come into the room until they were all present. The lights were full on, and were not extinguished or even lowered the whole evening. There was no sort of paraphernalia of any preparation in the room.

The medium was short and thin. Her large dark eyes shone brilliantly in her small sallow face. She asked a certain Baroness Grünhoff, who had formerly been a great singer, to sit to her right. Lady White, widow of a former British Ambassador to Constantinople sat to her left. The end of the table opposite the medium was free.

Without preface or incantations Anna Rothe suddenly sank back in her chair and breathed heavily for a few seconds, closing her eyes. She then opened them wide, and said: "Ah, it is you, Aÿsha, what do you bring us to-night?"

"I bring you the flowers of spring and summer for the happiness of our friends here present in winter," said Aÿsha. A shower of roses, carnations, bluebells, and forget-me-nots then fell on the table.

"Here, as they grow," said Anna Rothe, suddenly turning to Baroness Grünhoff and placing her hands upon her breast. "See them sent from the spot where a moment ago they bloomed by the river's bed."

From her hands fell two roots of lovely forget-me-nots.

The medium's voice changed, as messages and flowers were sent from the unseen world, and certainly there was no cabinet where they could have been hidden—they simply were *there.*

We all took some of the flowers home, and I kept them fresh in water for two or three days. Mine after having been pressed between the leaves of a book for some time seemed as fresh as ever; others, so I heard, turned at once to black dust.

Before saying good-bye to Anne Rothe that evening she cured my neuralgia, from which I had been suffering for days, by placing her hand on my forehead and "willing" it away.

I do not pretend to explain any of these phenomena, but merely state things which undoubtedly took place and of which, in company with many others, I was an eye-witness.

Poor Anna Rothe made the mistake of so many genuine mediums who have forced their powers, and even simulated them, when it was a question of money, to their own undoing.

Our first Christmas in Berlin was in a typically white winter, and it was a delight to wander through the crisp, snow-covered streets, and up and down the broad pavements lined with Christmas-trees, or to purchase toys, gingerbread, and other Christmas cakes at the gay booths which had cropped up at every available corner. The trees in the Tiergarten glittered with hoar frost in winter sunshine, and made the place a veritable fairyland.

Ghalib Bey had no prejudices about the celebra-

tion of Christmas, which he looked upon as a national festival in which one could participate irrespective of religious scruples.

During our stay in Berlin we were much more in contact with Turks than we had been in London, which was almost a cosmopolitan post. I found them always most courteous and charming, not in the least bigoted, and ready to identify themselves with the life, ideals, manners and customs of the West, and invest all of them with certain barbaric glitter of their own.

Ghalib Bey's family had remained in Constantinople, and he made the Embassy a centre of family life for all its members, taking the keenest interest in our doings, and anxious that everybody should be happy and comfortable. The official dinner parties which he gave were for men alone. In order, I suppose, to make me feel that I was not left out of his calculations, he invariably sent round to our flat quantities of sweets, cakes, ices and fruit directly after the meal. This was but one little instance of his kindness of heart. He was very fond of my little son, and was continually sending him toys, or miniature German uniforms and swords, to use when playing soldiers. Indeed, the child was in a fair way of being spoiled, as all the secretaries were more than kind to him.

Ali Fuad Bey, our first secretary, was a genial, delightful creature, full of quaint Turkish philosophy, and keenly interested in Berlin life, and in the theatres and concerts, of which, of course, one had here *l'embarras du choix*. He was not particularly keen on work, but there was not an overwhelming amount of it for anybody connected with the Embassy. He learned German almost

perfectly, and assured me that he had picked it up by assiduously frequenting the theatres.

The fez was not worn here in public, which was rather a relief, and was, I believe, the reason why the Turkish secretaries in Berlin learned to dance, which they did extremely well. They must have overcome or grown beyond the usual Oriental contempt for people who did their dancing themselves and not by proxy.

The season began with the New Year congratulations to the Emperor. The Ambassador drove in state down the Linden to the Schloss, and arrived there about midday for the audience with the Kaiser. He then presented my husband to both the Emperor and the Empress. My own personal presentation to the Empress was to take place at the first Court ball, when Countess Brockdorff introduced newcomers at different Embassies, during the interval of dances, in the gallery next the ballroom.

The Austrian Ambassadress, Madame de Szögeny introduced me to Countess Brockdorff, who received at the Palace once a week during the season, when visits to her were considered equivalent to visits to Her Majesty.

Countess Brockdorff was the Empress's chief lady-in-waiting, and occupied the status of a sort of female Lord Chamberlain. She was seconded by Fräulein von Gersdorff, a blonde impassive lady, who knew almost more about the private affairs of people in the *entourage* of the Court than they did themselves. One or other of these ladies collected information about every newcomer, and prompted the Empress with little details before introducing them.

At Countess Brockdorff's Wednesdays one was

presented to the members of the nobility on whom one was expected to call. She was always most kind, and initiated newcomers into all the formalities attendant on Court functions, and the rigid etiquette of Berlin social life.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMAN COURT FUNCTIONS

THE *Défilir Cour*, corresponding to the English Drawing-room, was held early in the evening. The *corps diplomatique* assembled in a large room adjoining the Presence Chamber about seven-thirty. Evening dress, with a four-yard train, was *de rigueur*, but we wore neither feathers nor veils.

When the moment for the beginning of the function drew near, the ladies formed up in a long line one behind the other in order of precedence. One held up, by the corners, the train of the lady in front of her, while one's own train was held up in the same manner by the lady behind. They were dropped and spread out on the floor as one entered the Throne Room, when names of those passing were called out to the Emperor and Empress, who with their suite stood upon a large platform and acknowledged the three curtseys made by each one by a slight bow.

Cold refreshments, soup and wine, were served at a long buffet in the room beyond the Presence Chamber, where people remained chatting for a short time. Most people left before ten o'clock, and many ladies had their trains unhooked before leaving, and went on to a ball.

The evening of the *Défilir Cour* was a favourite one for entertainments given by the rich financiers.

Berlin was a most class-ridden city. Admittance to Court functions was a privilege much more restricted then than it was in London, and was jealously guarded by the official and aristocratic world. The *haute finance* and the *haute bourgeoisie* were kept at arm's length by them. The *corps diplomatique* frequented both sets.

During the first year of our stay in Berlin, diplomats were the guests of honour at the splendid entertainments given there by the big Jewish financiers. Much has been written, and more has been said about the want of social status of Jews in Germany, where for a long time they were absolutely excluded from appointments at Court, the Army, and the Navy. Of recent years the Emperor, for financial reasons, opened the doors of his palace to these magnates, but their wives and daughters were treated very badly at first, when they frequented the Court balls, and were looked upon as intruders by the orthodox Court set.

My acquaintanceship with many eminent Jews led me to regard them as a wonderful people. They stand for facts. They have no flag, no Fatherland, and are not hampered by the ballast of these ideals. They intermarry, and are clannish. They become the friends of kings. There is no Jewish army, yet everywhere they conquer a place for themselves. They are models of conjugal felicity, their *esprit de famille* is only equalled by their *esprit de corps*, and where does one find people more intelligent, more kind-hearted ?

Their little weaknesses were very obvious, and very pardonable. Jews who had been baptised lost no opportunity of impressing the fact upon their friends and acquaintances, and at their

dinner parties pork in one form or another was sure to represent an item of the menu.

Every Wednesday evening during the short winter season a Court ball was held at the Palace. The invited guests assembled in the long historic picture-gallery, and only entered the famous white marble ballroom just before the arrival of the Royal party.

Rows of benches were placed on both sides of the ballroom, the Royal dais being in the centre of the benches facing the door. Seats were reserved for the *corps diplomatique* to the right of the dais ; those to the left were for the wives of members of the highest nobility. The musicians' gallery faced another gallery at the opposite end of the room, and during the evening the latter was crowded with guests watching the brilliant scene below.

Before the commencement of the ball, the Emperor always came to the front row of the diplomatic bench, where he talked to the Ambassadresses and Ministers' wives one after another. I often noticed the nervous jerk of his head and backward glance over his left shoulder, as he stood there enunciating abrupt sentences in his own imperious manner. His nerves seemed to be always at highest tension.

After conversing with the ladies, the Emperor usually passed on to the Ambassadors and Ministers, who stood, according to precedence, in a semicircle just beyond our seats. At one of the balls I saw a curious incident in connection with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, then on a visit to Berlin. As a vassal-prince he was placed at the very end of the line of diplomats, where he stood, attended by my husband, who was attached to his

presence for the duration of his stay. While talking to the ladies the Emperor's restless glance caught sight of Prince Ferdinand's face, the expression of which was thunderous, for he deeply resented his position, which nevertheless was quite *en règle*. He shifted from one foot to another, turning every now and then to speak to my husband who, in full uniform and fez, stood just behind him.

The Kaiser probably realised even then that the ambitious Prince would one day play an important rôle on the world's stage, and might prove a useful ally, so with a decisive movement he bowed to the last lady without speaking, and passing in front of the waiting Ambassadors, stepped quickly across the room, and stood for a quarter of an hour in conversation with Prince Ferdinand.

It was a demonstration. I watched the clouds lift from the heavy Bourbon features, and smiles take their place. When at last the Emperor left him to go straight to the Royal dais, the Prince Ferdinand, after a few moments' talk with my husband, left the Castle with him.

The personality of Ferdinand of Bulgaria conveyed the impression of his boundless ambition, for the realisation of which events of later years afforded such ample scope. He had resolved to found a dynasty of his own in the Balkans that should give the vital spark to that portrait of himself as Emperor of the East, which now hangs in the Royal gallery of the palace at Sofia. Nowadays, one can hardly realise that little more than half a century ago Russia was instrumental in the creation of Bulgaria's national existence. After five centuries of servitude, the nation sprang

from the blood of the martyred peasants of 1841, and it was the Czar Alexander II who, in forcing peace upon the Sultan of Turkey in 1878, laid the foundation of Bulgaria's independence, which, however, like that of Egypt, was for a time under Ottoman suzerainty.

The Court ball incident of 1896 was greatly appreciated by Prince Ferdinand, who, when he left Berlin, bestowed two decorations upon my husband. They vied in size and splendour with any of those awarded by the Great Powers of Europe.

At the Court balls, dancing commenced in a large circle formed in front of the throne. An officer of high rank, famous for his dancing, acted as *Vortänzer* and waltzed once with his partner round the inside of the circle before dancing became general. Square dances were formed in front of the Royalties, and during the evening one guest or another was escorted by the Master of the Ceremonies to the foot of the throne, after the All-Highest had intimated his wish for conversation with the indicated guest.

My presentation to the Empress took place at the first Court ball I attended after my arrival there. All the new diplomatic ladies were told to hold themselves in readiness in the gallery beyond the ballroom, where the Empress would come during one of the intervals. She appeared, attended as usual by Countess Brockdorff, who prompted her with little details concerning each lady who was introduced. When my turn came I heard her whisper to the Empress: "London, 1894."

I made my deepest curtsey, the Empress smiled, and said to me in German:

"I remember my visit to London in 1894. I hope you're happy in Berlin. How is his Imperial Majesty the Sultan?"

I replied in German: "His Imperial Majesty is in the best of health, Your Majesty. I know I shall be very happy in this beautiful city."

Another smile, while she fingered her bracelets, which reminded me of her London parasol, and the "audience" was over.

I again curtsied to the ground and withdrew backwards, making room for the next presentation.

The Empress's figure was truly marvellous. Her broad white shoulders—the sleeves well off them—tapered down to a waist of not more than twenty inches. If this were really the result of thyroid glands of sheep, I wondered why more people did not use it for incipient obesity.

A procession was formed for supper. The Royalties passed down in the historic picture-gallery to a room reserved for them. The other guests followed and went in batches to various other rooms, where supper was served hot, the guests being seated at long oval tables. Hot soup was followed by a course of fish, entrées, poultry, sweets, ice, and fruit; champagne and other wines were served with every course.

The last ball of the season—the Carnival ball, preceding Lent—ended at midnight, when hot punch and dough-nuts were served to the guests previous to departure. Princess Victoria Luise, then in the schoolroom, often watched the balls from the gallery above, and passed through the crowd of guests at the end of the Carnival ball.

There were no Court concerts; instead of these

there was the Gala Opera, which was always delightful. Invitations were sent out and full uniform was worn. The Opera House was festooned with roses, and portions of different operas were given. The guests were all seated according to plan. Men of the diplomatic body filled the stalls; the ladies were placed in the grand circle to the right of the Royal box. During the interval *Cercle* was held in the foyer.

When the King of Italy was on a visit to Berlin I had quite a long conversation with him there. The ladies of the various Embassies stood in line according to precedence. In the absence of an Ambassadress (there were none at this particular meeting) the wives of the Councillors took their place.

The King seemed to speak foreign languages absolutely perfectly. He spoke in English without the faintest trace of accent. He addressed me in French, making remarks about the beauty of the music we had just heard, talking about Constantinople, and ending with the expression of hope that the Sultan was quite well.[1]

None of the invitations to Court functions were ever sent by post. The commands of the All-Highest, printed in gold on large cards with an accompanying special carriage card, were sent by special messengers to one's flat or home. They were never in envelopes, and were handed in with befitting gravity. Many people who entertained sent invitations by hand as a mark of politeness.

[1] Although he was so very short, his dignity and amiability made one quite forget this. He chatted in the Royal box with the greatest animation, and evidently much appreciated the festival arranged in his honour.

Among the most luxurious receptions in Berlin were those given by Herr and Frau Schwabach. For very many years the former had occupied the honorary post of British Consul-General there.

I was surprised to find that most of the Consul-Generals of the Great Powers of Europe were wealthy German Jews, who in some cases even paid for the honour of occupying the post, which gave them social rank and distinction, of which they were very tenacious. Although the title "Herr General-Consul" meant a great deal in Berlin, it did not carry with it the privilege of admittance to Court.

Frau Léonie Schwabach was of Dutch extraction, and possessed unlimited social ambition, coupled with extreme tact and graciousness. Her parties vied in elegance and luxury with those of the British Embassy. The English note was always accentuated. I have been at evening receptions at her beautiful house in the Wilhelmsplatz, where Ben Davies and other famous English artistes have been engaged for the one-night performance, their travelling expenses from London being added to an enormous fee.

The post of British Consul-General seemed a sort of hereditary privilege of the Schwabachs, for when the charitable and charming old man was one day found dead in his arm-chair, the post passed to his son, who later on, in virtue of the magic prefix "von," was ennobled, and "*hoffähig.*"

His wife, *née* Schröder, was a tall, beautiful blonde from Hamburg, who did the honours at her extremely smart parties in a manner even exceeding the charm of her famous mother-in-law.

Her dinner parties were never too long, and it was she who first set the fashion in Berlin of curtailing the endless courses with heavy wines then prevalent in every official house. Her balls and cotillons were perfect in every detail, and she herself became *persona grata* with all the most exclusive noble ladies in Berlin.

It was a terrible grief to all the Schwabach family when in recent years England at last sent an English *consul de carrière* to look after its interests in the German capital. Previous to that the post seemed to have been regarded from a purely social point of view, and I often wondered how the British commercial interests fared in that Teuton element. At one time, it is true, there was a Commercial attaché at the British Embassy, but this was not always the case.

In most of the large German towns, and almost up to the period of the War, the British Consul was nearly always a wealthy native Jewish financier.

When Herr Fritz von Friedländer-Fuld grew to be one of the wealthiest men in Germany, and was known as the "coal-king," he approached the Turkish Embassy with a proposition to be named Consul-General of that Power. This post, however, passed into the hands of Herr Koch, a Director of the Deutsche Bank, and Herr von Friedländer became Dutch Consul, thus representing the commercial interests of his wife's native country.

He built a magnificent house next door to the French Embassy on the Pariser Platz, at the top of the Linden, near the Brandenburger Tor, which overtopped the official residence by more than one storey. It was decorated in princely fashion, the

circular library being copied from the one in Sans Souci.

As years passed by, and his daughter was growing up, this house became the centre of some of the finest entertainments of the pleasure-loving city.

He was one of the few hunting-hosts, and in those days many of his friends in Berlin were invited to the boar-hunts at Lancke. My husband and I spent many a pleasant week-end at the beautiful country estate.

Just before the War, Herr von Friedländer-Fuld was admitted to the personal intimacy of the Kaiser, who consulted him on important financial matters.

His only child married one of Lord Redesdale's sons, the Hon. John Mitford, but the marriage was dissolved a short time after.

Princess Bülow's gatherings at the Prime Minister's official residence at the Wilhelmstrasse were always interesting.

She was Italian by birth, *née* Donna Laura Minghetti, and was on the best of terms with Count Lanza, Italian Ambassador, and all the personnel of his Embassy. This was also in the Wilhelmstrasse, almost opposite the British Embassy, in the top flat of the house of a wealthy banker, Herr von Krause.

Princess Bülow was one of the few great hostesses in Berlin who invited artists and journalists to her official parties. Her amiability in this respect became very useful to her with regard to the gentlemen of the pen.

In those days meals in Berlin were at the oddest hours. Calls were often made in the mornings, and the midday meal, often the principal one of the

day, was a sort of movable feast, according to school and office hours, and was at any time from two to three o'clock. At Home days were more or less the prerogative of members of the official world, and it was considered rather bold and pushing for private individuals to have a "*jour.*"

During the season a list of ladies' names, with the day and hour of their weekly At Homes, was published in the daily papers, and all who claimed acquaintance with them attended without any special invitation.

The "days" of the German Ministers' wives were functions not to be treated lightly, or in any way neglected.

The hour of dinner parties at first varied very much, and we received invitations for these ranging from the hours of five to eight. It was only during the latter end of our sojourn in Berlin that eight o'clock became more or less the official hour for dinner parties.

Countess Brockdorff was a mine of information on every detail of etiquette, and was most kind in helping newcomers to learn the ropes.[1] It was the duty of every new arrival, man or woman, to get presented to all the ladies present at any gathering whom they did not know. In default of someone to perform the introduction, they had to do it themselves.

Their Majesties were often present at dinner parties and receptions at the different Embassies. In public, the Kaiser's manner towards the Empress was always one of flattering admiration.

[1] At Court she always looked very picturesque with her white hair and black lace lappets, and nothing escaped her vigilant gaze.

One evening, at the Russian Embassy, he gazed at her approvingly, and said aloud to his neighbour: "Who would ever believe that that woman has had eight children?"

On more than one occasion the Emperor paid a surprise visit to the Turkish Ambassador, and questioned most minutely the progress of several sons of prominent Ottoman officials who were training as cadets in the German military schools.

Every facility and advantage were offered to these young men, who were placed as paying-guests in military families, the choice of which was submitted to the Emperor himself.

Prominent among these "military hosts" was a certain General von Elpons, whose practical wife and two clever daughters did their best to build up happy memories for the boys and young men entrusted to their father's care. A son of the famous Reouf Pacha, Abdy Bey, lived with them for a long time while training for his military service. Later on, he became military attaché in Vienna.

All the young Turks who passed through German military training grew to love the country, and became so imbued with German standards and ideals that, on returning to their native land, they were, to all intents and purposes, more German than Turk. Some of them, indeed, did not return at all, but naturalised in the Fatherland, and entered the German Army.

Many foreigners deplored the fact that club life was practically non-existent in Berlin. It is true that there were one or two sporting clubs, but to men like my husband, who had been a member of the Cavalry Club, the Athenæum, the

St. James's, and others in London, a club chiefly used for betting and sport offered little attraction.

Some of the diplomats suggested the idea of founding a club for strangers of distinction in the German capital, but up to the time of our departure from Berlin this plan did not materialise.

CHAPTER IX

INCREASING LUXURY IN BERLIN

THE activity of social life began just after the New Year. Ceremonial visits were paid to the members of the Royal House who had establishments of their own. The Emperor's birthday, January 27th, was considered to mark the high tide of festivities. A dinner party, which included the Ambassadors, was given at the Palace, followed usually by an elaborate performance at the Opera.

The Austro-Hungarian Embassy, presided over by Monsieur and Madame de Szögeny, had long been one of the chief centres of the social world, and their three beautiful daughters were amiable and charming. Countess Nemisch and Madame de Velics gave delightful entertainments of their own, and assisted the Ambassadress to do the honours at the Embassy on the weekly reception days.

At the British Embassy in the Wilhelmstrasse, Lady Edward Cavendish was for a long time head of the household there after the death of Lady Lascelles. The Wednesday afternoon receptions were a great feature of the winter entertainments, and members of the British colony looked forward to meeting their compatriots then. The Ambassador's only daughter was married in Berlin to Mr. Cecil Spring-Rice, who later on became Ambassador

to the United States. The wedding breakfast was held at the Embassy, and numerous invited guests filled several of the rooms. The wedding was celebrated in St. George's Church, the English place of worship in Berlin, and most of the English colony there attended the ceremony. Prominent among the well-known correspondents of English newspapers then present was Mr. John Bashford, who had lived for many years in Berlin, and whose first wife was a German belonging to one of the best families there. After her death he married a second time a charming Irish girl who was residing in Berlin and who was a great favourite in the English colony. When Mr. Bashford died suddenly on a visit to Wales, he was in the midst of translating a book of travel written by Count Hans von Königsmark, one of the best known men in Berlin Society.

His widow, who resolved to continue living in Berlin, wrote to Count Königsmark asking permission to continue the translation.

The personal interview regarding the book resulted later on in the happiest of marriages between the two. Mrs. Bashford often told me that she was a great believer in destiny, and that everyone should follow their star in faith, as one never knew round which corner happiness was awaiting one.

At the wedding breakfast at the Embassy the entire *corps diplomatique* was present, many representatives of the higher German nobility, and *haute finance.*

I sat next to Herr von Friedländer-Fuld, who said that he could not bear to think of the time when his own daughter would marry and fly away from the parental roof. The bride and bride-

groom's health was proposed and drunk by all the guests, and altogether it was the gayest of wedding parties.

The French and Italian Ambassadors were both unmarried. The wives of their secretaries assisted them sometimes in receiving guests, and in arranging the many delightful balls and dinner parties. The French Embassy on the Pariser Platz was particularly adapted for entertaining, and the noble suite of rooms looking on to the Linden were seldom empty of guests; but the Ambassador preferred intimate little dinner parties to big functions.

Count Lanza, the Italian Ambassador, was perhaps the most appreciated host in Berlin. The balls he gave at his beautiful flat in the Wilhelmstrasse were noted for the magnificent cotillon favours which he chose personally with a view to the taste of the ladies he invited. Charming *bonbonières*, articles of jewellery, exquisite flowers and *bibelots* were taken home and treasured by many people in Berlin.

He preferred doing the honours of his balls himself. His compatriot, Princess Bülow, often complimented him on his consummate knowledge of the world and the art of entertaining. He seemed to be impervious to fatigue, and was charming to all his guests, conveying to each one the idea that they did him a favour by coming. He and the members of his staff were often present at balls given by the proprietor of the house in which he lived—a certain Herr von Krause, who occupied the ground-floor flat. The Italian Embassy was on the third floor.

The Spanish Embassy was in a beautiful villa in the Regentenstrasse, one of the most picturesque

streets, lined with trees, near the canal, which ran through the city. For a long time Monsieur and Madame de Ruata reigned here, and were in office during the visit of the King of Spain, when the latter came to Berlin, ostensibly for the purpose of looking for a wife.

A large dinner party, followed by a reception, was given in his honour. He confided to Madame de Ruata that nobody provided him with sufficient bread at any of the dinner parties he had honoured with his presence, so a large consignment of fresh rolls was kept in readiness that evening, and disappeared before the end of the dinner.

The Ambassadress, who was a devout Roman Catholic, begged the King to draw the attention of his Ministers to the fact that the Consular representatives of Spain were German non-Catholics, with little or no knowledge of Spanish, and who occupied the posts in an honorary capacity for the sake of the prestige it gave them. The work of the Consulate and the commercial interests were entirely in their hands, and no matter how loyal they might be to the country they served, their chief interests, of course, were centred in Berlin. Nothing but a change of Ministry and drastic measures at head-quarters would ever put matters on a different footing.

The Russian Embassy also had a house of its own, a magnificent mansion near the Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden. Count and Countess Osten-Sacken gave splendid entertainments here; but the Ambassadress, on account of her advanced age, cared little for going into Society.

A few years after our arrival in Berlin, the Turkish Embassy migrated from the Leipziger Platz, and was transferred to a flat in the Alsen

Strasse, overlooking the Spree. The newspaper proprietor who occupied the first floor of the mansion in the Leipziger Platz, and who was its owner, made himself more and more unpleasant when financial difficulties in Turkey reacted upon its diplomatic officials abroad. Salaries were very irregularly paid, and the rent of the Embassy was in arrears. Whenever there was a dinner party given at the Embassy, or any guest of note was expected there, the landlord chose that moment for having the main staircase "thoroughly cleaned," a process which involved, of course, the taking up of the stair-carpets. Our dear kind chief, Ghalib Bey, felt all these contretemps most keenly, and wrote several times to the Porte plainly stating the disadvantages arising from the financial situation. After vainly telegraphing more than once for the payment of rent and salary, he resolved to go to Constantinople and try and arrange matters personally.

My husband remained as Chargé d'Affaires, a post which under those conditions was hardly a sinecure. He expected the Ambassador to return after a short stay at head-quarters, but his energy had cost him his post, and he was never allowed to return to Berlin. After some months the Turkish Minister in Belgrade, a military officer, was sent to Germany on a special mission. The military party was ever growing in importance, and it was hardly a surprise to most of the diplomats when Ahmed Tewfik Bey was suddenly named Ambassador to Germany. Nobody was more surprised than he himself, for he had made absolutely no preparation for a definite stay in the German capital. His Turkish wife and child had gone to Constantinople from Belgrade with a view to

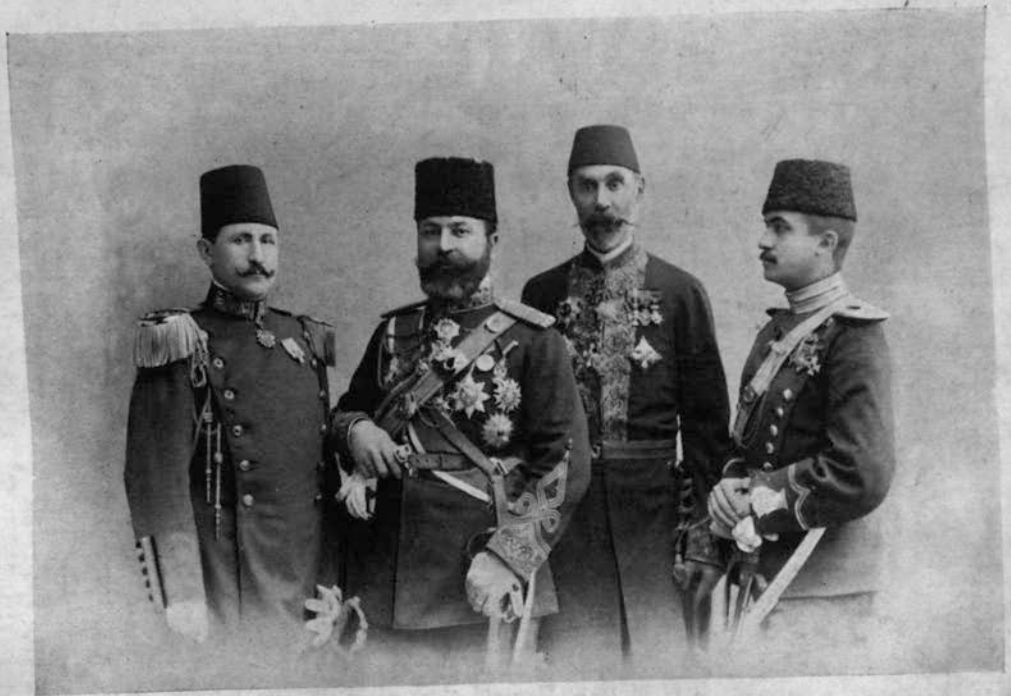
rejoining him there at the termination of this mission.

At that time Turkish ladies were not allowed to accompany their husbands to diplomatic posts in the great capitals of Europe. Madame Tewfik, however, was not to be daunted by laws, written or unwritten, and determined to join her husband in Berlin, regardless of consequences. She crossed the frontier with the passport of a maid who had been in her service, and arrived in Berlin with her little girl, Pervine. Her resource and courage were amply rewarded, when military influence was brought to bear on the condonement of her peccadillo, and she received permission from head-quarters to remain with her husband in Berlin, provided she did not attempt to mingle in European Society. She remained there for more than ten years, and was quite happy in her home life, and with a small circle of private friends. She studied German and learnt to speak that language quite fluently, and her children spoke hardly anything else.

Ghalib Bey had made everything most pleasant for everybody round him, and I had often told my husband to rejoice in the calm, recreative existence then permitted to him.

After Ghalib Bey left, the whole atmosphere changed. Diplomatic work *per se* disappeared. All was run on military lines. Ahmed Tewfik Pacha's methods comprised short talks, shorter orders, no discussion, military obedience. His chief efforts were concentrated on keeping in touch with the military elements of Berlin, and in pleasing the Kaiser by the interest evinced in the education of young Turks.

Eastern Embassies in the German capital



AHMED TEWFIK PACHA, TURKISH AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN, WITH HIS STAFF

seemed in greater contrast to their surroundings than those in England. Everything in Berlin was so new. The Apostle of Progress was overbusy everywhere, and ultra-modern tendencies rubbed shoulders with the halting changes now grafted on Oriental immobility. One felt how relieved Orientals were when they could throw off the veneer of Western custom, and let themselves down comfortably with slippers and *chibouk* in more or less familiarity with their servants.

In London, where our Chief was a Western and a Christian, the Oriental atmosphere rested upon a background of European culture. In the Embassy in Berlin the West floated uneventfully upon an Eastern background.

There was no sort of punctuality in the matter of work. My husband, accustomed to keeping in touch with the Sublime Porte in weekly comptes rendus, disliked this atmosphere of *laisser-aller*, and mere casual replies to definite questions from head-quarters.

He was the only official Christian functionary in an entirely Oriental staff, and found that, compared with London, his work was almost a sinecure. Most of the dispatches were in Turkish, and were answered in that language.

The Turkish secretaries made many friends in German families, chiefly in the military set, and little by little the Ambassador surrounded himself with most of the prominent members of the military staff.

Schools for the study of Oriental languages were endowed, and the study of Turkish, Arabic, Chinese, and other Eastern languages encouraged. The Embassy was consulted in the choice of teachers, and its protection and friendship

solicited by the Foreign Office there for the students. The passing of examinations in the language of any country to which a diplomatic or consular official aspired was a *sine qua non.*

For many years entertainments at the Turkish Embassy had been confined chiefly to men's dinner parties, but the new Ambassador determined to enter the social lists on equal ground with his European colleagues.

In 1899, Ahmed Tewfik Pacha gave his first large dinner party at the new quarters in the Alsenstrasse, and the Society papers talked of it freely, as it was the first time that the representative of the Padishah in Berlin had officially invited ladies to entertainments in the Turkish Embassy.

I assisted him in doing the honours, and we were all anxious that the beautiful suite of lofty rooms overlooking the Spree should look their best.

Florists, who are nowhere more artistic than here, were given a free hand, and they transformed the apartment into a bower of roses and feathery palms. It was one of the coldest months of February that I remember, and all the guests exclaimed at this sudden vision of summer in the depths of winter.

The servants were in their gala livery and knee breeches, and the menu was provided and carried out by the Kaiserhof Hotel, as the Embassy cook was not considered up to the mark.

The guests included Prince Hohenlohe, General von Plessen (who had a long conversation with me on the practical details of Berlin housekeeping), Prince and Princess Bülow, General von Loucadou, Court Marshal von Eulenberg, the Russian Ambassador Count Ostensacken, the Roumanian Minister and Madame Beldiman, the French

Ambassador, the Bavarian Minister, Count Lerchenfeld, Herr von Thielmann, General von Villaume, General von der Golz and his wife, General von Hahnke, one or two other officers, and the whole of the Embassy staff.

I sat next to General von Plessen, who, after chatting on social matters, suddenly said to me:

"As you are interested in psychic things, no doubt the study of so-called coincidences will have a certain attraction for you. We soldiers are all more or less superstitious. I have been jotting down certain facts connected with the crowned heads of Great Britain to try and find out their lucky or unlucky days."

"What on earth for?" I asked.

"All knowledge is power," he said laughing. "Do you know that nine English monarchs have begun and ended their reign on the same day: Henry I and Edward II on a Sunday, Richard II on a Monday, Edward IV and George I on a Wednesday, Mary on a Thursday, George III and George IV on a Saturday?"

"Does that mean that if you want to quarrel with a king you would choose one of their unlucky days?" I asked, "or the neutral Friday?"

He shrugged his shoulders, saying: "It is always unwise to quarrel with kings—they have long arms. By the way," he added, "I was reading up national emblems to-day, and the various legends woven round the Lion and the Unicorn. One of them says that the Lion is the emblem of the Christian resurrection. According to tradition the lion's whelp is born dead, and remains so for three days; then the father breathes on it, and it receives life. The horn of the Unicorn is supposed to be a protective weapon, and able to

detect poison in a liquid by dipping its horn into it. The legends of the Middle Ages assert that the Unicorn, whose body is white, whose head is red, and whose eyes are blue, could only be caught by placing a virgin in its haunts. Upon seeing the virgin the creature would lose its fierceness and lie quiet at her feet."

"An emblem of the spirit of English chivalry, perhaps," I replied, "and the protection England affords to those who trust to her power?"

He looked at me quickly, saying: "Chivalry and quarrels do not go hand in hand. One kills the other. I see you do not agree with me," he continued, "but it *is* so. The English would always follow a King, and see in him the guiding spirit of a father. The very word implies it, just as Queen means mother. With us and with the Austrians, our monarchs are Cæsar or Kaiser—each country designates its ruler by a title suggestive of national characteristics. We Germans take an autocrat as our head, and this spirit is handed down through all the strata of social life."

"It sounds rather as if you meant that everybody indulged in bullying the people immediately below them," I said laughing.

"There is a little truth in that," he replied. "We submit to authority, and like to feel that others must submit to us."

"That does not sound as if you took life easily," I said.

"We never do; we are strenuous, even in our play."

General von Hahnke suddenly joined in the conversation.

"Talking of symbols," he said, "the subject of national colours has lately formed a subject of

controversy. The red and blue of Great Britain signify alertness.

"The red and blue of Great Britain signify alertness to danger, and constancy to honour," said I.

"But the red flag is a symbol of terrorism," said the General, "it means danger if people get hold of it."

A young officer lately returned from a visit to England said he had roamed about there and gleaned out-of-the-way information. He knew details I had never heard of, and said that in olden days in England, red lattices at the doors and windows of inns denoted that the house was duly licensed, hence the Chequers or public-house signs. He had noted several of these. In the days of the Henries the House of Fitzwarren was invested with the power of licensing vintners and publicans. In some cases lattice has been converted into "lettuce" and the colour of the checks changed to green.

A French legend says that a *red* man commands the elements, and wrecks off the coast of Brittany those whom he dooms to death.

"Well, *red* is danger," repeated von Hahnke.

The conversation sounded to me almost like a code, and I wondered if it were.

Near Tewfik Pacha, the talk turned around the theatres and Hauptman's *Versunkene Glock* ("The Sunken Bell"). This led to a discussion on the hobby of collecting bells, which one of the guests confessed to, and the power they have by the force of vibration.

"The Koran tells us," said the Pacha, "that bells hang on the trees of Paradise, and are set in motion by wind from the throne of God as often as the Blessed wish for music."

" In France, church bells are often rung to ward off the effects of lightning or to lay a gale of wind, so I am not surprised at anybody taking an interest in bells," said a French secretary.

From church bells, the conversation turned on spires, and the emblem of the cock on so many of them.

The Pacha told us that in the stories of Mahomet it is said that the prophet found in the first heaven a cock of such dimensions that its crest touched the second heaven. The crowing of this celestial bird aroused every living creature from sleep except man.

Moslem doctors say that Allah lends a willing ear to him who reads the Koran, to him who prays for pardon and to the cock whose chant is divine melody. The bird is dedicated to Apollo, the Sun-God, because it gives notice of the rising sun. It is significant of a master spirit. Apparitions are supposed to vanish at cock-crow, so the bird, being a watch bird, is placed on spires.

The ladies present were interested in the quotations from the Koran, and Mme. Beldiman asked the Pacha to get her a translation of it either in French or German.

She was a very homely, comfortable personality, German by birth, and occupied above all else with the details of home life. At her charming " At Home " days one had the impression that everybody connected with her household was well cared for and happy. Mme. von der Goltz, on account of her husband's long service in Turkey, almost considered herself a member of the small Turkish colony in Berlin, and was particularly interested at the Ambassador's entertainment of ladies. She discussed the question with him just

before his second dinner party, to which members of the Austrian, American, and Italian Embassies were invited. Among his guests were also Count von Wedel, General von Plessen, General von Hahnke, General von Verdy du Vernois, Minister von der Recke, and Lieut.-General von Villaume, with their wives. General von Scholl and his wife were also to have been present, but were prevented from coming as the Kaiser sent the General to Paris to represent him at the obsequies of President Faure.

At these dinner parties the policy of the Wilhelmstrasse was openly discussed, and everybody knew that no pains were spared there to gain the confidence and friendship of the members of the Turkish Embassy, and also that this friendly attitude emanated from wishes expressed by the All-Highest. From what I could gather it seemed to me that Government methods here were not very different from those existing in Turkey. The real handling of the ropes in both cases was done by a despotic ruler, though of course more freedom was given in Germany to various heads of departments.

Some of the Germans thought their most pliant disciples could be found among the Turks, and that they could to a certain extent be moulded by their training and example. General von Loucadou said to me that he considered the Turks temperamentally very like the Irish. In normal circumstances the Turk is of an easy-going, patient, lovable nature, with a dry sense of humour. Referring to the New Turk Party, he said, "The awakening of Islam to a new enlightenment will be a difficult matter, as one passes through so many mirages to reach Islam, and it is difficult to graft

realities on brains clouded by visions of life in scenes of elfin glory—where the highest bliss would be to smoke and saunter, and to gossip away life to the weird rushing chant of the Koran."

"Not quite that," I replied. "Is it not wise to live the moment, and endeavour to find the solution to the human problem in an existence as far as possible free from physical suffering and moral unhappiness? Perhaps if we all tried to free ourselves, as they do, from regret for the past and anxiety for the future, and live the moment resting on a belief in Destiny, we should be happier."

The General did not agree, and said also that he could not understand the detached attitude of the Turkish fathers to their sons, who did not even bear the family name. "They are not like us," he said, "We plan vast enterprises, struggle after success, and sacrifice our personal felicity to the interests of our sons—whereas in the East men do not feel under the obligation to trouble about them to this extent, and each man lives his own life."

"Perhaps that is best," I answered. "At least it brings out individuality—and seems to form an alliance between aptitude and opportunity."

An almost Turkish system of espionage existed in Berlin regarding the friendships and intimacies formed between members of the various Embassies and any prominent Germans in the official world. Diplomatic ladies of especial charm or intelligence were labelled "dangerous" in a list kept at Head-quarters, for although the Teuton thoroughly believed in keeping women in their proper place, they did not share the Turk's

contempt with regard to their influence. It was an open secret that Prince Derenburg was suddenly sent on a mission to Russia when it was considered that he had fallen too completely under the charm of a fascinating woman member of the French Embassy.

At the time when the Crown Prince was growing too popular to please the Kaiser, the eagle glance was especially directed towards any lady who captured the admiration of the Heir-Apparent. Theatrical stars were voted as far less dangerous in the long run than political or diplomatic women, and friendships with the former were encouraged regardless of notoriety or public opinion.

All these matters were discussed at our Embassy during the time when Baron von Richthofen was Foreign Minister. He was a frequent visitor at our house, and although he was of course a very eminent official, he had an absolutely non-magnetic personality, and reminded me of a lizard. He rather prided himself on being able to " draw " people, but this was a little fallacy of his, as very few people were inebriated mentally by his verbiage.

A certain relative of his in Badenweiler, a Countess de Konarska, whom I visited on various occasions, was always loud in her praises of his domestic virtues and sterling qualities, and no doubt these were far above the average. The Countess herself was a belle past her first youth, which she bravely struggled to prolong by every means in her power. Among her friends she was always spoken of as: " *la rose éternelle,*" and had a mania for singing sentimental songs by the hour, after first " allowing herself to be persuaded " to warble.

As time went on we noticed a great difference in everything in Berlin. The arrogance of the military set grew rapidly, and civilians, old and young, rich and poor, became of secondary importance. Ladies often had to get off the pavement to make room for the swaggering wearer of a uniform. In restaurants, cafés, theatres, and all houses of public entertainment, every privilege was accorded them, and they were made to feel that they were the elect. Drifting from the educational forcing house, these unbalanced youths, over-ripe and decadent, became as spokes in the wheels of the enormous military treadmill.

Night-life in Berlin was truly remarkable. I often wondered when the people slept. The cafés in the Friedrichstrasse, Unter den Linden, and other streets, were ablaze with light until the morning hours were well advanced. Bread-winners and raw youths wandered from one café to another until long past dawn, although the strenuous day's work began at seven or eight in the morning.

Luxury and fast living in Society increased year by year, and the top note was apparent here in all grades of society. Standards shifted, invisible influences all round one seemed to vibrate in the very air, and react visibly on sensitive temperaments, which grew more and more restless. Avidity of emotion grew with gratification. The idle rich cultivated fads and fancies of every description. Jaded palates and impaired digestions were attributed to anything save the real cause—an overstraining of the entire nervous system.

When a new secretary arrived at one of the Embassies with a sack of nuts and a huge cheese, his sole form of nourishment, he found at once

numerous disciples. It was no uncommon sight to see guests at Lucullus-like dinner parties being served separately with the aforesaid delicacies to the exclusion of all the succulent dishes offered in the most luxurious of menus.

A dear old ex-war Minister, General von Verdy du Vernois, often told me how it amused him to observe the new watchwords in the modern game of "Follow my leader."

"No wonder," he whispered to me, one day when he took me in to dinner, "that people are mostly ill nowadays. Old-fashioned stomach-ache is baptised with any new 'ism' that fools like to call it. The doctors are *no* fools, however, for they create a nice new school of diseases to meet the peoples' manias."

The old General had a harmless little mania of his own, which was that of improvising verses and scribbling them on the menus of his women-friends at dinner-time. He nearly got himself into trouble with one of the Ministers' wives when he returned the menu with personal remarks inscribed at the back.

He and his wife were beloved by everybody and were voted as almost the only people in Society free from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Manias in food went hand in hand with rebel art. From Princess Bülow downwards "curiosities" in the matter of artists were sought after for the entertainment of guests at receptions and private concerts. Musical freaks expounded Futurist music. At a big party I remember hearing a symphony on Street Cries. A cacheophany of crashed dissonances and unfinished chords, interspersed with painful treble jerks. Also a symphony on "Joy" by a Turkish pianist, who explained

that he had composed for us a "Lyre of faultless agonies."

At the various exhibitions of pictures, studies aping the Turner school, but devoid of his dash and genius, grew more and more numerous. Balls were not considered perfect unless the cotillon favours included costly presents of jewellery and bric-à-brac.

Every year we noticed how the old simplicity of German family life diminished and gave way to growing discontent and superhuman efforts to make money by any and every device. The military party, however, relied upon rich alliances, as money-making was of course taboo for them, and they found it most difficult to live on their very meagre pay and at the same time keep pace with the ever-growing luxury in daily life.

Simplicity, however, was the note observed in the private life of most of the Ministers of the numerous German Dependent States, who were accredited to Berlin. Many of them prided themselves upon their provincial outlook, were loud in their disapproval of the changing standards of life in Berlin, and cultivated with pride their literary or artistic hobbies, being very proud of the same. The Minister for Brunswick, Baron von Cramm, was regarded as a successful *littérateur*, and once or twice plays he had written were performed in Berlin. He asked me to translate them into English; a task, however, which I have not yet attempted. Baron von Cramm was a short, rubicund little man, with a short, stout little wife, both of whom were extremely good-natured but very consequential in manner, and imbued with a sense of their own importance.

A more serious literary diplomatic colleague

was the Greek Minister, Mr. Rangabé, who, with his invalid wife, lived in the Ranke Strasse, then almost the confines of the city and now in the heart of Charlottenburg. Mr. Rangabé occupied his leisure by writing books and plays, some of which —among them *The Iconoclasts*—were translated into German. He, too, wished me to translate him into English; which I did, but I have no idea what subsequently became of the manuscripts.

The wife of the Danish Minister, Madame de Hegerman-Lindencrone, a most charming and gifted American woman, was also a writer of articles and books. She was most versatile and was extremely musical, with a beautiful voice, which had been trained by Garcia. The Danish Legation, near the Brandenburger Tor, was one of the best known houses, where artists and literary people were always welcome. Madame de Hegerman was an intimate friend of the Emperor's, who was extremely sorry when she left Berlin on the retirement of her husband from the activities of diplomatic life. Her beautiful daughter, Frederike, was one of the most admired guests at the Court balls, and was singled out by the Crown Prince as his partner in many of the quadrilles.

Not far from the Danish Legation was the residence of the Emperor's favourite architect, Herr von Ihne, whose Italian wife, *née* Palloni, had been a famous singer. Their house, like that of Von Mendelssohn, was a centre of musical art. Frau von Ihne gained a certain popularity among the ladies of the diplomatic world, amongst whom she frequently discovered and encouraged musical talent. She induced them to practise with her, and to sing at evening parties she gave, where they would shine as stars in a carefully-prepared and

uncritical *milieu*. I remember being edified there by the performances of Madame Velics, wife of the Councillor of the Austrian Embassy, whose modest little soprano voice could be heard quite distinctly if one sat near the piano, while the strident tones of Madame Averescu, wife of the Roumanian military attaché, was best appreciated at a certain distance.

CHAPTER X

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE IN GERMANY

WITH the changing conditions of life in Berlin, the network of precautionary police system was extended in every direction. It dealt most efficaciously with the following little fraud once practised upon my husband.

One morning my batch of letters contained one of his brought to me by mistake, and which I inadvertently opened. It was from a Swiss waiter, who begged "His Excellency the Councillor" for the return of the five marks (five shillings) he had borrowed from him, when he had dined without payment at a certain restaurant a few nights previously.

When I showed my husband the letter, he laughed at it at first, then decided that after all the matter had better be investigated as the writer was evidently sincere in his demand, gave a well-known address, and said he needed "all the money that had been borrowed from him, as he was about to return to his native country."

We telephoned for a detective, well known to the Embassy, and handed him the letter. This official returned after a few hours, bringing back a number of my husband's visiting-cards, which had been presented at various restaurants by a man who had consumed dinners at all of them, and had

handed in the visiting-card as a guarantee of future payment. It appeared that one of the Embassy menservants who had often been sent out with a long list of houses where the secretaries had dined, with cards to leave there as etiquette demanded, had simply pocketed them. After having been discharged from the Embassy he used them as meal-tickets.

After this little episode we never left our visiting cards by proxy, as was the custom among so many people there.

Just after our arrival in Berlin we were advised to put ourselves in the hands of the fashionable doctor of the moment, a certain Dr. Buzzi. Ailments of every sort, especially nervous disorders, disappeared like magic under his treatment.

There was nothing the matter with me, but I thought my husband's health needed a fillip up, so one day we called at the Voss Str., and were admitted to the presence of a stout, fussy little man, Swiss by origin. He manipulated my husband with very drastic pinches, which he said were "kneading," and necessary. He said that for three months he must never consume more at a time than was contained in the weight of an egg, and never more than two things at a time—for instance, bread was one thing and water another—and he was to eat every hour. As for me, I ought to balance myself on my stomach on the back of an arm-chair, and every hour massage myself by my own weight, the only way to keep slim and fit and well.

I was much amused to find that every well-known woman in Berlin was a Buzzi-ite, followed his starvation cure, and balanced herself freely

and frequently on the backs of square arm-chairs. Nevertheless the majority of them were square too, and plump, and evidently omitted to follow the *food* regime, no matter how much they did the massage.

An unwritten law with regard to lunching and dining at friends' houses made it incumbent upon all guests to tip the servants of the house when leaving. Most of them expected at least two or three shillings from each guest, often they received much more. People who were not well-off found this very irksome. They were not ashamed to don snow-shoes and warm wraps to save a cab fare, although they never failed to tip the servants, who often were men hired for the occasion.

It amused me to watch the supercilious airs of certain flunkeys who went the round of every official house. They seemed to embody the standards of their employers. One man in particular presented the dishes deferentially, and with almost a sacerdotal air, to an important old lady with a neck like a tortoise, while his manner in presenting the same to a pretty little nonentity, thirsting for the limelight, proclaimed the fact that he felt he was demeaning himself by the act.

Many members of the official world were paupers judged by the standards of the rich financiers, and struggles worthy of a better cause were made in order to ape the luxury of wealthy houses when once during the season they returned hospitality. Instead of the wholesome unpretentious *Hausmanskost* with which they regaled guests during the earlier years of our stay, poisonous imitations of French cooking, and endless menus of disguised viands made one hesi-

tate before venturing to partake of hospitality formerly so much enjoyed. As regards walking to and fro to dinner parties, I must not omit to mention that distances, compared to those of London, are very short, and the clean asphalted streets in summer and the crisp snow in winter made walking a pleasure.

When I look back upon the charming and interesting years we spent in Berlin, many events stand out in connection with those which led up to the War.

The Socialist Party, which was composed mostly of men of the educated and thinking class, grew in importance and magnitude year by year. The risings they tried to organise in connection with various trade unions were matters which were promptly dealt with by the police and the military. On several occasions previous to 1905, householders received official intimation to remain within doors as the soldiers had been called up to deal with Socialists, and battles were expected to take place in the streets. All the seething discontent was freely discussed in the official world, and even then it was said that it would be better if it exploded outside the country in the form of a war, rather than go off in spontaneous combustion and do its damage from within. It will be interesting to watch how the Socialist problem is really affected by the other outlet of emotions afforded by the War.

We made many friendships during those eventful years, some of them most desirable, while others were best laid away as regrettable incidents and relegated to oblivion, or softened by the enshrouding mist of time. Some of the latter, visualised from afar, might be regarded as the

medium through which one was granted a vital experience, and as we all know that experience must be paid for, it is best not to cavil at the bill.

Most of us have known phases of life which oppress one like an illness, when one often reaches outside the boundaries of one's possibilities for the embodiment of ideals, which more often than not are so easily within reach on one's own hearth.

Some natures unfortunately strain out for the impossible and unattainable until the earth covers them. No matter *what* they find, they still continue seeking. Their real home is perhaps in some distant astral world which they dimly remember, and towards which they are gravitating.

In Berlin, as in most great cities, the inevitable "friend," with whom women can cheat their scruples, is mostly near at hand to encourage heart and nerves to be given free play, when in reality they ought to be schooled and not treated like spoiled children. The Berliners invariably confounded sentiment with sentimentality, and were fond of seeking out the byways of life instead of keeping to the high road and taking existence as simply as possible, and one day at a time.

A picturesque figure in Berlin Society was the old Countess von Beroldingen, a widow, who devoted herself to the cult of unorthodox beliefs, and unusual modes of living. She was a fruitarian, and the whole of the long corridor in her flat leading from the dining-room to the bedroom was fixed up with wooden oaken shelves for the storing of apples, the overpowering smell of which one was made aware of in the main entrance and staircase outside the door of her dwelling. She was fond of quoting in English the old saw, "An

apple a day keeps the doctor away," and at whatever hour one called upon her, one was offered in one form or another these tributes to Pomona.

She began her day by wading for a quarter of an hour in a foot of cold water, which was let into the zinc flooring of her bathroom. In all weathers she and her only son slept on a balcony exposed to wind, snow, and rain. Their only covering was a Jaeger flannel sleeping-bag. Porridge was almost the only alternative to apples in the matter of diet, and she averred that at the age of fifty-two her brain power was more forcible than in the days of her youth. She was always ready to commence the study of a new language, and when I first met her she was tackling Chinese. She was a votary of the Arts, and a portion of her day was set aside for the study of the pianoforte. She began with half a century on her back, her master being a certain Herr Niedermeyer, a sort of high priest of eccentricities.

She died quite suddenly, at a comparatively early age, and her friends said that Providence was kind in this, and had recompensed her for her praiseworthy efforts by preserving her from the inevitable disillusion an artistic career, upon which she was bent, would have meant to her. She found no pleasure in the orthodox amusements of the aristocratic set to which by birth she belonged, and she found obvious pleasure in airing her democratic views and advocating the levelling of the classes.

She often gave me good advice, and told me it would be wise to adopt her favourite maxim: *Bien faire et laisser braire.* According to her, those who were preoccupied by the varying opinions of the world were bereft of inward

RUSTEM PACHA (COUNT DE MARINI), TURKISH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON FROM 1886—1895

resources, and had generally a great deal of spare time while they lived by proxy on other people. She carefully avoided them, as generally they left her with a useless sensation of discomfort.

Her idiosyncrasies were certainly more interesting than those of other women in the Berlin social world whose only ambition was to be considered identified with the Court set in that class-ridden city. Prominent among them was a certain hostess who certainly had ermine fever very badly. Her "caught" Royal manner was modelled upon that of the Kaiser's sister, the much-talked-of Princess Charlotte von Meinigen, and this she is said to have practised to an imaginary gallery whenever she found herself alone.

All this sounds like silly tales for sillier people, but one must have lived in Berlin to realise the various degrees of pretentious arrogance prevailing in all classes of the community. A title at one end of the social ladder was as necessary as at the other, and "Mrs. Sweep," or "Mrs. Grocer Meyer," played in her particular surroundings as important a rôle as, for instance, Princess Ratibor or "Mrs. Court Architect" So-and-So did at the other. One category included people who were "born," the other, those who were not, and whose existence was a non-important fact to be dealt with by the others as tolerantly as possible.

All classes of society were unanimous in their enjoyment of outdoor pleasures during the late spring and early summer. The gardens and cafés round the Tiergarten and in the Grunewald and the Zoological Gardens were crowded night after night with al fresco diners, while early concerts

by energetic military bands lured pleasure-seekers from their beds as early as five o'clock in the morning.

Heads of families who wished to pass the summer holidays with their children were very restricted in the matter of time, for a month was usually the limit allowed. Those who did not possess country places repaired either to the coast, or inland to one or another of the charming resorts in mountainous districts.

Many of the diplomats, whose children were being educated in Germany, adopted the same system and arranged their summer leave to coincide with their children's summer holidays.

We usually spent our holidays at some seaside resort on the Baltic, the North Sea, or at some mountain village, either in the Hartz or the Black Forest.

One of our happiest summers was at a little seaside village called Deep, on the Baltic. We had joined the family of the Von Zitzewitz's. The mother, an English lady, was the widow of a favourite aide-de-camp of the Emperor, who had died of influenza in his prime, leaving a large family of boys and girls of all ages.

Long lazy days were spent in hammocks slung between trees in the woods, through which one wandered to reach the open meadows, dotted here and there with curious thatched cottages of the peasants, above which the storks held sentinel. In our various expeditions we picked up very old oaken chairs for a mere song, the boys carrying them home on their heads in triumph.

Life on the Baltic is less interesting than that near the North Sea, as the former has no tide, and

the beach becomes in time very untidy, not to say unpleasant. But the beautiful country walks afford ample compensation for the want of a tidal sea.

One of our most interesting summers was spent at Fanö, a little Danish seaside place, with a most glorious sandy beach, unequalled, except in Australia, and with the best natural golf course on the dunes at the back. It surprised me that the place was so little visited by the ordinary tourist, affording as it does such great natural attractions. We reached it from Berlin by the train route through Holstein to Essbjerg, where we crossed by boat to Fanö. It can be reached from England by a direct shipping route to the place itself.

When we were there, Fanö boasted of but two hotels, the Kurhaus and the "Kongen Af Danmark," where visitors partook of meals even when residing in one or another of the little row of villas facing the sea.

We lived in the Villa Senta, the proprietors of which had inhabited it with various dogs, which had been allowed to sleep upon the beds with disastrous results. One of the little drawbacks was an enormous quantity of what the Danish maid called *löbber*. The word needed no translation for us when we saw them hopping about in such swarms that we sent out all the mattresses to spend a sunny day upon the beach.

During the "season" there were dances every night at the Kurhaus, varied by the most delightful promenades on the hard stretches of sand, over which one could drive for miles with no fear of getting damp or submerged.

For our stay in the Hartz we chose the less-frequented spots, and we were particularly fond of

Lauterberg, and of a little hotel perched on the top of the hill above the town, directly upon the forest path.

Winter in the Hartz Mountains, especially Christmas time, is most fascinating. I remember one year at Lauterberg, when the villagers stood in the snow outside the hotel singing: "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," while inside in the darkened hall the guests sat round a huge flaming *crumbumboli* bowl, in which several bottles of rum had been ignited beneath a network cover, upon which heaped piles of sugar-candy burned slowly, and while melting dropped with a hiss and a splash into the burning spirit below.

In the weird blue light everybody, the host included, had to tell a fairy-tale, and I remember my husband giving Hans Andersen's delightful *Tin Soldier* and *Little Paper Dancer*, while my boy listened absolutely entranced.

I often wonder whether the leisurely tender life of the place has survived the numerous changes of late years, for the little house, with its balconies looking down on red roofs of the village below, seemed enbalmed in peace and rest. Even now phantoms of those happy days glide towards me from the Garden of Forgetfulness.

It was in the Hartz Mountains that the scandal occurred in connection with two little sons of one of the Directors of the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, and which will for ever point a moral to mothers of growing children, and a warning never to trust them to the entire custody of strangers.

Herr and Frau Koch sent their two little sons, Hans and Joachim, to their country house in the Hartz with a tutor in whom they appeared to have supreme confidence. This man's ill-treatment

of the boys led to the death of the elder one, then about fourteen years of age. When details of the case were published in all the papers, one realised that the boys were absolutely hypnotised by their custodian, and were afraid to breathe a single word in his disfavour.

CHAPTER XI

MEMORIES OF ARTIST FRIENDS: LAST IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN OFFICIAL LIFE

SOME of the most interesting friendships made during our stay of over ten years in the German capital were among the various artists, who were either natives of Berlin, or had gravitated there in order to increase their prosperity and popularity.

When we first went to Germany we noticed that artists were not accorded the same social status as they enjoyed in England. This gradually improved when the Emperor posed as *Mecène des Arts* and frequently sent for well-known sculptors, painters, playwrights, architects, etc., to discuss with them plans of buildings, statues, pictures, and even literary work. He often corrected the plans of some of these great men, much to their embarrassment and anger. The hall-mark of the Kaiser's suggestions was freely spoken of in all circles of Society, as detracting somewhat from the praise due to the principal, and sometimes from the artistic merit of the work.

The number of busts of the Royal patron in different poses, so lavishly and indiscriminately bestowed upon different people as a mark of favour, made it rather a distinction not to possess one. One artist after another painted his portrait, and among them was a certain Princess

Lwoff, known as Vilma von Parlarghi, an adventurous lady who painted an extremely good portrait of General von Moltke, which was much talked of at the time.

The Emperor was very kind to her, but she spoilt her chance with him by tactless chaff. He left her one day in high dudgeon after she had irritated him by exclaiming: "*Still-gestanden, Dickerchen*" ("Stand still, Fatty").

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes Robertson spent a week in Berlin, on their theatrical tour through Germany, I had many charming hours with them at the Hotel Bristol, where they were staying.

Their performances of Shakespearian tragedies, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, at Kroll's Theatre, were greatly appreciated by the most critical Berlin audiences, and much was written in the Berlin papers about the perfection of their histrionic art.

The great bankers, Von Mendelssohn, made their house a centre of musical art, and it was here that I first learned to know Madame Melba, who came now and then to Berlin to sing.

An interesting friend was the novelist, Ossip Schubin (*nom de plume* of Fräulein Kirschner). She lived with her sister, a clever painter, who occupied a large studio near the Kurfürstenstrasse. The intelligent sisters surrounded themselves with many famous and clever people. Rubinstein and Von Bülow were among their intimate friends, and Ossip's book, *Boris Lensky*, has Rubenstein for its hero.

Madame Begas-Parmentier was another clever woman-painter, well known in the Berlin social world.

Gabrielle Reuter, one of the most famous of modern novelists, was much criticised for her ultra-modern point of view, and her fearless propaganda of the rights of free love for the sake of the child. At more than one afternoon party I have seen Ossip Schubin, who was extremely conventional, draw her skirts together and turn her back on her bolder literary sister, exclaiming: "*Diese Person!*" when Gabrielle entered the room. The latter's friend, Kruse, a most interesting sculptor, shared Gabrielle's belief, that in all love affairs, free or otherwise, frequent periods of separation were the only means of really saving romance.

Kruse's busts of Nietzsche are perhaps the most interesting ones of that much-discussed genius, whose pathetic words: "Have I not also written beautiful books?" were uttered by him before madness quite darkened his spirit.

Marie Madeleine (Baroness von Puttkammer) electrified Berlin by her volume, of ultra-erotic poetry, *Auf Kypros*. She was almost a child when it was first published, and her intimate knowledge of life, and the psychology of passion, were a source of wonder to people who knew her.

She was extremely pretty, and her dark vivacious beauty captivated the affection of her rather elderly husband, when, as a schoolgirl, she danced to and fro to school on the Kurfürstendamm, her satchel of books swinging to and fro in her hand. Her little son, Jesco, was the most beautiful child I have ever seen. It amused me greatly to see the way in which his mother taught him to open wide his eyes, and look upwards to show off their beauty.

The volume of poems afforded an example of

that strange precocity which with its amazing intuitions, may be said to forecast an experience and display knowledge of those psychic influences and sexual emotions, either entirely withheld from or but dimly perceived through the channels of normal youth.

The poems have been translated into English under the title of *Hydromel and Rue,* and in an introductory preface the author says: "Such precocity, breathing as it does an atmosphere of elemental passion, inevitably conjures up the name of Marie Bashkirtseff and in some sort challenges comparison. Although pointedly dissimilar in style to the work of that wonderful girl, *Auf Kypros* reveals a marked similarity in thought and outlook, and much the same disregard of the restrictions which convention imposes on the treatment of the sexual theme."

Auf Kypros reached twenty editions in as many months, and was no isolated instance of sporadic genius, no sudden kindling of an immature talent, consuming itself in a single effort by its own excessive ardour.

Before she reached the age of twenty-four, Marie Madeleine published other much-discussed works, the chief volume of which was entitled: *On the Folly Strings of Love.*

The following lines translated from *Auf Kypros* will serve to illustrate the lyrical charm of her less daring poems:

THE LAST DESIRE

LIKE ghostly fingers all night long the rain
Taps at the window-pane;
Among the shivering leaves the winds make moan,
And all my heart goes out to you again—
You, who were once my own.

And:

THE TALISMAN

Love's outward form of worship well I knew;
But Love I knew not till I came to you.

And since our lips have met you are to me
Love's one obsession, and the sole decree.

Your gentle voice, its rise and swooning fall:
It seems through all my days I heard you call;

It seems I strove to capture long and long
Your secret, like a half-forgotten song

That touched my spirit to I know not what
Of life once cherished, and remembered not.

Perhaps the most vivid personality among all our friends was Helene von Dönniges (Princess Racowitza).

One wonders sometimes if the tide of German history might not have been turned in quite a different direction if Ferdinand Lassalle had not been killed in duel by the young Roumanian Prince, Racowitza, for the love of the beautiful Helene von Dönniges. His influence in the socialist party in Berlin was so great at one time that Bismarck thought it worth while to try and win him as a friend, and to keep his eye upon him.

He fell madly in love with the golden-haired daughter of the Bavarian diplomatist, Herr von Dönniges. The stormy and impetuous love-making of the man and the infatuation and weakness of the woman, the obstacles of the irate parents and the subsequent death of Lassalle were told in her *Memoirs* years after George

PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA

Meredith had written his *Tragi-Comedians* in which the hero, Sigismund Alvan, is drawn from Lassalle, while the heroine, Clotide von Rudiger, was the portrait of Helene. Their tragic love-story is also told in *Homes of Famous Lovers*.

When I stayed with her in her tiny flat in Munich, where she passed the evening of her days, I heard from her own lips descriptions of the delightful days of her childhood in the vicinity of the Bavarian Court, and of the literary and artistic celebrities who frequented her father's *salon*. She was petted by Hans Christian Andersen, who told her his fairy-tales, and was the playmate of the Crown Prince, later the ill-fated King Louis of Bavaria. Her life was full of love episodes, for she was a most beautiful woman and full of sentiment. Hers were not merely straw fires of emotion, but romances. As I sat on the balcony overlooking her little garden, years rolled back as Time's sweet-scented manuscript was unfolded in the shrine of her memory, and I listened to pages of a human document inscribed in indelible characters on a woman's stormy heart.

She was married only five months to Prince Racowitza, who died of consumption, and was buried at Nice. Then she espoused the actor Friedman; and when I knew her she was married *en troisième* to the Russian Baron Serge von Schewitch.

She was marked by Fate, and her charm and beauty induced the Jesuits to try and win her as their agent when Prince Racowitza died, and the iron Bismarck to seek her services as a political spy. She evaded both parties, and later on devoted her talents to the stage. During her theatrical life in Austria she was a friend of the

great painters Lenbach and Hans Makart, and sat to both of them.

As she was a very spoiled woman, she could never learn to play a secondary rôle in any social gathering. So when I knew her—she was then quite old—she told me she recognised her limitations, and if ever she emerged from her life of seclusion she "beat herself up like an old circus horse" from four to seven—went through her paces in a befitting manner, and ebbed quietly away by playing patience for an hour to calm her nerves before retiring to rest.

When she lost her husband she felt too feeble and too panic-stricken to face life alone with poverty as companion, so she herself put an end to it.

I often wonder what her feelings were as she faced consciously the Great Immensities, for she had become an ardent theosophist, and often said that the after-life of a suicide was too terrible to contemplate, as it must be expiated until the allotted span were ended.

In spite of the vagaries of her brilliant life, she had many faithful friends to the day of her death. Those who once knew her declared that the days passed without her became insipid and without charm.

In one of our many chats on her pretty balcony in Munich she would say to me: "I am of yesterday, not of to-day, and living now far from the world, I have a bird's-eye view of it. I would not wipe out even the *memory* of many of my mistakes, although some of them are of the kind for which we pay all our lives."

The sculptor Eberlein and his beautiful wife,

Maria, *née* Countess Herzberg, were very interesting people. Some of Eberlein's statues are in the Tiergarten, and I remember how furious he was on one occasion when the Kaiser insisted on correcting his very best design.

His gallery is at Minden, his native place. He is proud of his peasant extraction, and built a charming house on to the little cottage by the River Lahn, where he was born. On the opposite side of it he built a second residence and a studio. The garden surrounding it was full of interesting statuary which he had collected in Greece and Rome.

The first-mentioned house was called the *Eberbastei*, and contained a large hall set apart for artists' gatherings. In the centre of the ceiling was a curious plastering representing a coat-of-arms he had humorously composed, a little boar (Eber), upon a mountain of hearts (Herzberg).

The long narrow stone table was lit with Roman lamps, the chairs, all of different shapes, were wound round with trails of fresh green at every feast, and all the men wore wreaths of green leaves. At one of his Dionysian festivities at which we were present, songs and music between each course were *de rigueur*. Eberlein played charmingly upon the guitar, and his wife had a beautiful voice. Improvised verses (*Schnadahüpfle*) upon all the guests present were sung in turn, and we were all expected to respond to these personalities in verse. We sat at table for hours, and then went out in the garden which led to the river. At the end of the lawn sacrificial fires were lit.

Eberlein adored his home and exercised all his artistic ingenuity in the arrangement of it.

I remember my first impression on entering the drawing-room of the Minden villa by a divided window, the upper part of which was a bright yellow glass. Eternal sunshine seemed to filter into the room. A white cross cut *à jour* in the yellow glass, acted as ventilator. Every corner of the octagonal room was differently decorated. Facing the door, two large panelled landscapes were painted on the walls, framed in by lincrusta leather in dull red and gold. At the right was an altar with a Madonna and child, in front of which were two or three silver Roman lamps. On the ground in front of the altar stood two tall brass candlesticks containing thick wax-candles. Beyond it was a door leading to a shady balcony. At the foot of a divan stood Eberlein's famous bust of his wife, on the *terne* of which lay quantities of ragged red dahlias. Upon a raised recess stood a piano, and above it upon the wall, and grouped picturesquely upon the floor were a quantity of musical instruments, drums, kettle-drums, trumpets, cornets, mandolines, clappers, castanets, and various-shaped guitars.

This rococo room gave a motley impression of beautiful pictures, old Italian carvings, statues, music, and flooded light. The beautiful flat in Berlin was just as artistically arranged, though, of course, in more conventional surroundings. It was the rendezvous of most of the great artists of the day.

One met also amateur artists and *litterateurs* of no mean capacity among the wealthy Jews, whose hospitality was proverbial. Prominent among them was an old Geheimrat, a delightful personality, who not only composed verses in his own language, but made charming translation of

English poetry. He had a collection of every new volume of minor poetry which had appeared in England during the last twenty years, and was continually adding to it. He declared that among them he discovered many gems unappreciated by the writer's countrymen.

He loved England, which he visited frequently, but disliked London on account of the weary restlessness of London people.

Among the remembrances he had carried away from big London routs where, as he said "five hundred perspiring people were crowded into rooms capable of holding a third of the number," was the impression of the avidity with which people scrambled for food. He had made a sketch from memory of an oldish woman dressed in black, who had wandered for over two hours up and down a buffet tasting everything.

The old man's sympathy for and appreciation of women encouraged their confidence, and when he began discussing his gallery of remembered personalities, I recognised many familiar types. There was the woman who bragged about things she would never have the courage to do, who blackened herself by her recitation of enormities, which she only lived by proxy; the skittish mother who chaperoned an elderly daughter, whom she always introduced as "My little girl"; the woman who pathetically clung to passion long after the time she had lost the power of inspiring it, and who hurried breathlessly after life, which with measured tread was leaving her. He pitied women, who in the autumn of life most needed sympathy, and were then the least likely to find it.

He at least never had that most pitiful of

experiences, for his great tolerance with all phases of life and sentiment invested him with that gracious charm that captures hearts and never loses a friend.

He was fond of saying that life is not dependent on what we find in it, but upon what we make of it. It takes us in unexpected ways, and we should all try to focus our minds to spiritual planes differently tilted to our own. In the unlicensed laws of social pleasures, people were very foolish in forging for themselves chains which necessity rivets for the less fortunate, so in the end things were more or less balanced, for there aré always people who are slaves to detail and lose sight of essentials.

The wife of one of the wealthiest Berlin bankers was a prominent hostess of those days, and her "*jours*" and dinner parties included all members of the diplomatic corps. She was a most intelligent woman, interested in all the political and social questions of the day. She disapproved of the lengthy, copious, indigestible repasts, accompanied by various brands of wine, and was fond of introducing gastronomic innovations. It was at one of her parties that I first partook of camomile tea and peppermint tea, which after dinner were handed round in little crystal cups instead of coffee.

People were fond of discussing the peculiarities of her household, the elements of which were certainly unusual. When a widow with a large family, she married a widower, also possessed of numerous progeny, and their own union was blessed with olive branches. So conversation often turned upon "*Your* children, *My* children, *Our* children." One wondered whether further

matrimonial alliances would blossom on this parental hearth.

A welcome guest at this house was Lady White, widow of a former British Ambassador to Constantimople, who, a German by birth, made her home in Berlin. She was most entertaining in her views of life and people in general, and full of reminiscences of her life in the Turkish capital. In speaking of her Constantinople friends, she was fond of saying that the inhabitants of Pera had the blood and the vices of six nations in their veins and the soul and virtues of none.

A picturesque personality was Frau von Warmbühler, wife of the Minister for Würtemberg, one of the twenty-five German States represented by legations in Berlin.

This lady was of Russian origin, the divorced wife of the great electrician Von Siemens, and her life contained all the elements of romance.

The Emperor was godfather to her eldest son, Bill, and the beauty and charm of the lady herself opened the door to all hearts. She was an ardent occultist, and I spent many interesting hours in her charming boudoir in the Voss Strasse. I always regretted that I was unable to accept her invitation to stay with her at her husband's Schloss, Ghemingen, near Stuttgart.

Our own Ambassador was one of her great admirers and he made various attempts to paint her portrait from memory. He often spoke of her in the motor trips we took with him when private automobiles were just begining to be used in Berlin. His diplomatic privilege, and the red and green cockade worn by his chauffeur, placed his car beyond the jurisdiction of the police, who held up their hands in horror as it raced at break-

neck speed down the beautiful asphalted road of the Charlottenburg Chaussée towards Potsdam. His wife complained that this speed tired her heart, she was continually listening for the squeal of unfortunate hens or dogs which were flattened out on these whirlwind expeditions, and I am sure that she was thoroughly glad when she returned home in safety.

The status of servants in our Ambassador's household was very Eastern in character, and Ahmed Tewfik treated his personal attendant in a patriarchal and fatherly manner. A male factotum, Franz, was a most versatile creature, and in every-day life more like a motherly nurse to the Ambassador's two little girls, Pervine and Nessoun, discussing their diet, and amusing them for hours together. In his gala livery he officiated at the big dinner parties, and acted as chasseur when accompanying his master to Court functions and social gatherings. Franz was quite an important personage in his way at the Berlin Servants' Club, where Bedouins of the stewpan and personal attendants of distinguished foreigners foregathered on certain evenings in the week.

Among my friends in the *corps diplomatique* was Madame Avarescu, whose husband was then Roumanian military attaché, and who rose to such prominence during the War. She was much interested in cooking, and sometimes invited her friends to a luncheon, which they were to cook themselves under her supervision. We turned up our sleeves, donned white aprons, and made the most succulent and delicious dishes, highly-flavoured soups, braised chicken, artichokes simmered in oil and excellent *risotto*, in the composition of which I became most proficient.

Madame Avarescu was Italian by birth, very musical, and full of gaiety and *en train*. As she had no children of her own, she had adopted a little boy, upon whom she practised the maternal privileges denied her by nature.

The last year of our official stay in Berlin was in 1905, the year of the marriage of the Crown Prince with the beautiful Princess Cecilia of Mecklenburg. The event was the occasion of the visit of a number of foreign potentates, and our present King and Queen were guests of honour at the ceremony.

We attended the imposing marriage service held in the small Court chapel and the subsequent *Defilir Cour* and festivities. The wedding took place at five o'clock in the afternoon, when a procession, headed by two heralds in tabards and twelve pages in scarlet cloth, proceeded through the various apartments towards the chapel. The bride wore a dress of silver tissue and a small jewelled crown, which every Prussian bride wears on her wedding-day. She was escorted by the bridegroom in full uniform, and her train was carried by four young ladies selected from the most aristocratic families of Berlin. The Empress followed with the bride's brother, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and after her came the Emperor walking side by side with the bride's mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia. The other members of the Royal house followed, walking hand in hand.

The Lutheran wedding-service is very simple and extremely impressive. All the ladies wore Court dress and the men full uniform. The chapel was crowded, the *corps diplomatique* was fully represented, the members standing just outside the ring formed by the Royal party.

After the nuptial blessing the newly-married pair, followed by the Royal party, proceeded to the White ballroom and held court there, all the guests filed past them as an act of homage and congratulation to the bride and bridegroom. After this, dinner was served in various rooms, the diplomats and other guests were seated at round tables, where the following menu was served, and the health drunk of the newly-wedded couple.

The grand climax was the famous Torch Dance, which took place in the ballroom at the end of the evening. The wedding-party returned to their places on the Royal dais. The bride's mother was one of the most beautiful women present. Slow, stately marches were played by the band stationed in the gallery. The Marshal of the Court walked once round the room, followed by a double row of pages, each bearing a lighted torch, and halted before the bride and bridegroom, who hand in hand descended from the dais and, preceded by the torch-bearers and followed by the train-bearers, walked once round the room and then separated, the bride to lead the Emperor on one side, and her own nearest male relative on the other, while the bridegroom gave his hand to his mother and to the mother of the bride. This group then marched round the room to the measure of the stately *Saraband*, the train of the bride's mother was carried by four pages. After this new members were added to the *Polonaise*, towards the end of which as many as three or four of the younger members of the Royal guests spread out on either side.

We stood in the ring of spectators who watched the glittering crowd, and it was certainly an unforgettable sight. About nine o'clock the

ceremony ended, and the wedding-party wended its way from the ballroom, after which pieces of white satin ribbon, marked with the bride's cypher, were distributed by the Mistress of the Ceremonies, in deference to an ancient custom which represented the gift of the bride's garter. With this, souvenir packets of sweets wrapped in silver paper and surmounted by the photograph of the happy pair, were carried away as remembrances.

About this time my husband's name was under discussion at the *Porte* for the Governorship of the Lebanon. His ten years' experience of the country under Rustem Pacha made him one of the most likely candidates for the post, which was about to become vacant.

Of course we talked over the prospect such a change would make in our lives if ever this materialised, and my husband doubted very much whether life in the Lebanon mountains, which was practically banishment from all the resources of European capitals, would be really desirable, and also whether the climate at his advancing age would be conducive to health. He applied for leave to go to Constantinople while the question was under discussion, but this was refused, as during the Hamedian régime the higher diplomatic officials were seldom allowed to leave the country to which they were accredited. Just at this time we received invitations from old friends of his in Beyrout to visit them there and at their country place at Chemlan, in the Lebanon. My husband suggested that my son and I should utilise these summer holidays by accepting this invitation, and that he himself should pass the vacation in the Bavarian Alps. This was eventu-

ally decided upon, as it would be a good opportunity for us to get a bird's-eye view of the life there, but I agreed to this rather reluctantly as it would be the first time we had not passed the summer holidays all together.

We all three left Berlin in the beginning of July, and started from the Anhalter station to proceed to Munich en route for Garmisch, the delightful little village in the heart of the Bavarian hills. From there we drove to Kainzenbad, where my husband had decided to remain for a rest cure, and where my son and I were to rejoin him on our return from Syria and to accompany him back to Berlin.

My heart was very heavy when, after a few happy days, we said good-bye in the beautiful garden at Kainzenbad. It was a glorious day, and the mountains stood out in all their beauty, sharply defined, as the train left Garmisch for Munich. I watched them until a sudden turn of the road hid them from view.

Our first halting-place was to be Bucharest, which we reached via Vienna and Budapest, and after breaking the journey here to make a short stay with a friend who had been maid of honour to Carmen Sylva, our plan was to go from there to Constantinople, where after a brief visit to the Turkish capital we could proceed by boat to Beyrout.

CHAPTER XII

BUCHAREST AND CONSTANTINOPLE

OUR first impression of the City of Pleasure —as Bucharest is aptly called—reminded us that we had left Western cities behind us, and had entered on the first stage of an Eastern journey; a certain touch of Orientalism seemed to brood over its ultra-modernity.

We arrived there on Sunday—the day that, as in most continental cities, is given up to amusements—which at this time of the year were chiefly sought in the open air.

Our hostess had arranged luncheon for us in the garden adjoining her house, to be followed by a drive round the city afterwards.

The driver, a Russian, looking rather like a priest, in long black velvet gown and silk sash, whipped up his two coal-black horses to a furious pace until we begged him to moderate his zeal, and give us a little more time to see the sights.

I cared little for glimpses of the Treasury and various Ministerial buildings, but lingered in a garden of oleander trees and roses that surrounded a lovely Greek church built by a Princess Brancovan. One of the daughters of Musurus Pácha had married a Prince Brancovan, and I had often heard of her artistic tastes. She was, among other things, a charming musician. When

Abdul Hamid heard her play the piano he was so delighted that he was ready to give her anything she asked of him. She did not use his promise for political ends, as many other women might have done, but left any mark of favour to the Sultan's sense of generosity, which took the form of gorgeous decoration and jewels.

Abdul Hamid loved music and had his own private orchestra and theatre at Yildiz Kiosk. Like the eccentric King of Bavaria, he liked to sit in solitary glory at performances of operas or concerts, and rewarded the artists in the most lavish manner.

He also loved animals, and had an ostrich farm in the Castle grounds, and a veritable zoological garden in another part of them. His scheming, inscrutable brain seemed to find relaxation and enjoyment in anything rather than in contact with human beings, none of whom he ever trusted.

When the time of his deposition was nearing, it is said that his suspicion was such that nobody ever knew where he slept. He ostensibly occupied certain apartments in the Palace, and would retire to one bedroom or another, but invariably wandered off unseen to some other room, probably in quite a different wing of the Palace.

The little church in the oleander garden seemed to protect the adjacent almshouses for eighty poor ladies, which the benevolent Princess had also built, and her name was constantly blessed there daily.

The town was buzzing with pleasure-seekers—women in smart Paris gowns hurrying to concerts or open-air theatres; men strolling about, laughing and joking; nobody seemed to have a care in the world. Society people had migrated to their

country seats, as the season here was in the winter, but the town looked full enough, and everybody was out of doors.

There were numerous German cinemas, and even then German influence had begun to try and creep in and spread its tentacles throughout the populace. At the theatre under the stars, which we visited after dinner, it was the translation of a German play, *Die Lachenden Erben* ("The Merry Heirs"), which held the Roumanian audience in thrall. It was a picturesque site for an open-air performance.

The large stage was flanked by oak and beech trees, and green boughs waved above the rows of seats placed for visitors. Just beyond it, verdant slopes led to the lake of Chichnichu, on which we spent an hour after the performances, in a boat, listening to the weird concert of thousands of frogs whose crescendo croakings sounded quite unearthly.

Next day we called at the Turkish Legation, and found there an old friend of the London days, Moustapha Bey. He was charming to my son, whom he had known as a little child. He could hardly believe that the tall young man before him was the same little boy he had played with in Bryanston Square. He advised him to follow in his father's footsteps, and try and get into the Turkish diplomatic service.

He liked the *laisser-aller* and gaiety of life in Bucharest, but told us that it was not easy for a Turk to steer clear of friction in the political world here, as the Roumanians had comparatively recently been emancipated from the Turkish yoke.

Prior to 1879 Roumania had been a Principality,

in which a Diplomatic Agent represented the European Powers. Now there were Legations and Ministers. "They remind one of the *nouveaux riches*," he said, with his quaint, quiet laugh. "They feel the need of asserting themselves, lest we forget they are now a full-fledged, emancipated, independent nation!

"A Turk has to be especially suave and careful not to wound their susceptibilities, and, as you may imagine, it is very tiresome sometimes. One can never let one's self down, or chat on real terms of equality with them. They are everlastingly on the look-out for slights or veiled venom, and are ready to misinterpret most things we poor Turks say or do—to our disadvantage—and they always try and veil their real meaning as much as possible. Don't try to come as far east as this *en poste*, Lucien Bey," he added, tapping my boy on the shoulder.

"Indeed, I won't," Lucien replied. "Life is complicated enough in most places, without having to nurse people's feelings all the time, and then have to peel them like an onion to try and find out what is at the core of them."

"Why an *onion?*" laughed Moustapha Bey. "That king of vegetables is fragrant right through, and there is little chance of mistaking its aroma."

Moustapha Bey admired immensely the work and influence of Roumania's beautiful and beloved Queen Elizabeth, who, though a German princess of the House of Wied, absolutely identified herself with her adopted country, and shared her husband's efforts in the making of Roumanian history, when it had to earn its place among the countries of Europe.

In the earlier days, while Prince Charles

devoted himself to modernising and improving his land and settling the institution of its laws, his consort, "Carmen Sylva," rescued from decay the exquisite poetry and legendary lore of the peasants and mountaineers, and devoted herself heart and soul to the children of her new land.

She learned their language, wore the national costume, and did everything in her power to ameliorate the lot of the peasants and the poor people.

During the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 she dressed in the uniform of the Red Cross Society, and was a second Florence Nightingale in tending the sick and dying.

The Roumanians spoke of her as "The Queen of Hearts," and a devoted admirer wrote in one of her books: "*Ce n'est pas Votre Couronne que j'aime, O Madame, mais c'est ton âme—O Elisabeth!*"

The loss of her only child, the sweet Princess Marie, gave her an insight into every sorrowing mother's heart, and her book, *Pilgrim Sorrow*, turns on this saddest of themes, and tries to pour balm on the deepest of all wounds.

During our few days' stay in Bucharest, I saw on all sides evidences of Carmen Sylva's philanthropic works.

The *Societé de Bienfaisance*—a woman's club—looks after four hundred women of various nationalities, while the schools for the blind were erected at her instigation.

She encouraged women of Society to wear the national costume during the gay winter season, when she organised charity fêtes. It did not require much encouragement to do this, as the costume is so very becoming to almost any

wearer, while the beautiful Byzantine embroideries with which the dress is trimmed afford work to many ladies in reduced circumstances.

I never remember such heat as we experienced in Bucharest. We were told, nevertheless, that it was nothing in comparison to the scorching hot wind called *Austru*, which reduces the inhabitants to a state of exhaustion for some three months during every year.

Charming as the city is, the climate evidently is one to be reckoned with, as an Arctic wind, known as *Crivets*, blows on and off for another three months annually, while one can count at least on seventy days of rain. Spring hardly exists, save in name, as the interval between winter and summer is of the briefest.

The long autumn is the most genial season of the year, and lasts until the end of November. It is then that the country house visits are exchanged, and social life becomes very animated.

As I had been in correspondence in Berlin with Carmen Sylva, regarding the translations of some of her poems, my hostess had arranged that I should pay a visit to her summer residence, Castel Pelesh, at Sinaia, and I hoped to be able to see the Queen there.

The drive up to the Palace was through glorious pine and beech woods. The building, surrounded by exquisite gardens, nestles in the heart of the Carpathian hills, and has the most romantic of settings.

My first impression of Queen Elizabeth was, that time could never arrest the charm of such a marked individuality as hers. She was no longer beautiful, but as she walked up and down the balcony outside her music room, filmy draperies

flowing from her snow-white hair, her face beaming with benevolence and intelligence, I quite understood why her people loved her so dearly.

She chatted freely about her work. "A holy, magical thing is work," she said, "the panacea for all ills, the only cure for nervous diseases, the only *real* consoler in grief.

"When I cannot sleep," she added, "I do not allow myself to toss about in bed, worrying myself ill because insomnia has paid me a visit. I invariably get up and seek some congenial work, sometimes music, more often literary work. If Nature wanted me to sleep, I should not be awake, so why torment myself?"

She gave me a little volume, *Letters to Sleepless Ones*, which I treasure among my most interesting possessions.

Her rooms were charming. One had an impression of pictures and musical instruments, of tropical plants, of the plashing of hidden fountains, and the twittering of birds.

I often think of the motto she set up as a device for the guidance of her well-filled life:

"I am not here to judge, but to help."

Now that she has passed away, the memory of her charm and good works will live in the hearts of all those who came within the range of her influence, and our greatest poet has told us that this is "not to die."

The day after our visit to Sinaia we left, via Costanza, for Constantinople. When our train reached Orsova we got out to admire the iron gates, and the marvellous bridge which fared so badly in the War.

The passage across the Black Sea was mercifully quite calm, as one can have a very nasty

time during that crossing if the sea happen to be rough.

We reached Constantinople about midday, met our friends on the quay, and embarked with them almost at once for Therapia, where a great many people passed the summer.

As we reached the first landing-stage, *en route*, we were alarmed by a loud explosion, which turned out to be a bomb which had been hurled at the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, as he was leaving the Selamlik after his Friday devotions. It fell short of him, but destroyed fifteen carriages, slaughtered several horses, and killed many people. He himself remained unharmed, a fact which led the devout to believe more implicitly than before that his person was sacred, that he was the elect of God and the Prophet, and above the machinations of evildoers. Whatever his faults may have been, and according to contemporary historians these were legion, nobody could ever accuse him of cowardice in face of emergencies, like this assault by bomb.

He remained absolutely calm, held up his hand to forbid panic, re-entered the mosque to offer a prayer of thanksgiving, and drove away from the scene of slaughter with unmoved, though pale face.

Whatever he felt inwardly was never revealed by that inscrutable countenance, with its heavy, melancholy eyes and impassive, closed lips. This episode, however, made a deep impression on him, for it was a long time before he would consent to receive anyone, especially diplomats, in private audience.

One by one every European Power—excepting Germany—was suspected by him as having

instigated the plot, and he brooded a long time on a befitting *quid pro quo* for the culprit, as soon as his guilt could be established.

Our stay in Constantinople was to be of short duration, as the boat for Beyrout left soon after our arrival there. An interview was granted us with Tewfik Pacha, then Foreign Minister, and afterwards Ambassador to London.

My husband had given me various messages in case I could see him, and I waited in an anteroom of his palace with a certain amount of trepidation, when we were shown into his wing of the house.

Coffee in tiny jewelled cups was brought us by a dusky serving-man, who informed us that His Highness was being massaged, but if we could wait a little while, he would be pleased to see us.

The big square house was situated on the top of a hill, and the view from the window was beautiful enough to absorb one's attention. We looked down across a lovely rose garden to the distant Bosphorus, deep blue in the haze of the summer morning.

Lost in admiration of the vista before us, we had not heard the approach of the Pacha, and started when a deep melodious voice said: "*Bonjour, Madame, je suis charmé de faire votre connaissance.*" I turned to meet the benevolent gaze of two deep-set, brown eyes, and an outstretched hand which, European fashion, he extended to me.

He nodded slightly to my son, who greeted him with the respectful *temena* and deep bow.

"So this is the son of one of our best functionaries," he continued in French, motioning us to be seated.

My son, however, remained standing, as the

venerable Minister took a chair opposite the sofa on which I was sitting.

"You are making a short stay in the Capital?" he asked.

"Yes, Altesse, we are *en route* for the Lebanon, to visit old friends of my husband, who was there so many years with Rustem Pacha, and who——" I hesitated, and with a smile he continued:

"Who thinks perhaps he may be going there again? This, then, is a visit of reconnaissance?"

"If only he had been allowed to come here with us now," I replied eagerly, "just for a little holiday. It is so many years since——"

A protesting hand was lifted. "One must sometimes be the slave of duty—and of circumstances. I hope you left the Bey well?"

"Not so very well," I replied. "The years in London undermined his health. He is anxious that our son should have the opportunity of entering the Service under his guidance. May he count on your Highness' protection when the time arrives?"

My heart was beating high at the boldness of the demand, in a country where women are held so far away from everything connected with business or the discussing of careers.

He looked at me for a moment reflectively, and said: "You, too, were very busy in London, Madame. A woman can do much, in her particular sphere."

I wondered if this were implied praise or blame. In any case my question had remained unanswered.

"When the time comes," he said gently, glancing at both of us, "we will not forget long years of faithful devotion."

I felt the "interview" was over, and rose to thank him, and curtsey a farewell. But the hand was once more proffered, and "*Bon voyage et bonne chance*" uttered in the kindest of tones.

We passed through a wide marble courtyard and out into the sunlit streets.

Turning to one of the *arabas*—little jolting, one-horse, open carriages—we drove round Stamboul towards the bazaars. We paused in the courtyard of the pigeon mosque, where we bought a few paras' worth of grain to feed the birds that surrounded us in swarms. Turkish mothers love them, and believe they contain the souls of dead children. We lingered in the dim aisles of the Spice Bazaar, where the chattering Greek and Armenian vendors did not intrude with their insistent clamour.

In little gilded niches above the archways captive nightingales shrilled and trilled in the heavily-perfumed eternal twilight. Beyond the fretted iron portal at the end, a blaze of red, white, and green in a vivid patch of sunshine proclaimed the vicinity of the flower market.

It amused my son to see an old Turk who was too lazy to move from his seat, and get up to sell his wares. We fingered a Turkish tooth brush, which was just a piece of wood fretted one end into a fringe, and he motioned us to take it, together with a piece of musk, which looked like a dried dog's tongue. We proffered a *medjidieh* (four shillings), but rather than give us change (of which there seemed an eternal dearth), he made a weary movement of the hands, and with an upward nod of the head signed us to be off, and take the unpaid things with us.

We took a çaïque and crossed to Eyoub, one of

the most characteristic Turkish villages, containing a famous mosque with the Prophet's Banner, and boasting of a Magic Well, presided over by an old woman who was supposed to be a great fortune-teller.

The caïque danced over the deep indigo waters of the Golden Horn, seagulls rocked on the crests of the waves; an indescribable air of gaiety and freshness lay over the city, with its fairy tracery of mosque and minaret. On shore the emerald green slopes held tapering cypresses and turbaned tombstones, which also stood sentinel on their summits. The vigorous strokes of the boatman landed us soon at the little old-world village, which proclaims with myriad voices the soul-life of the people.

The leafy streets were silent and almost deserted. Foliage of fig tree and laurel shaded the quaint, silver-grey wooden houses. Not a footfall disturbed the peace of the deep verdant groves beyond the mosque. Only the birds sang.

We entered the shady courtyard of the sanctuary, where the blazing sunlight filtered through the luxuriant verdure of sycamore and plantain, and made the marble floor a mosaic of green and gold.

Before the sanctuary guarding the Prophet's Banner, stood a guardian with drawn sword, and a curtain was hastily drawn across it as we approached.

In the Holy Grove beyond, centuries have garnered the flower of the Ottoman race. Upon the railings enclosing shrines and tombs little strips of coloured cotton stuff, torn from the garments of suppliants, fluttered in the breeze, and represented pathetic notes of personal pleading.

We sauntered up a shaded hillside, and a sudden turning of the road revealed a deep, silent pool. Near it towered a giant plantain, beneath which sat a woman, closely veiled.

She seemed incorporate with the drowsiness of the landscape. Two dark, mournful eyes gleamed above her *yashmak*. She motioned us to a little rush stool placed near the hollow trunk of the tree.

She bade us welcome in a low melodious voice, and invited us to refresh ourselves from wooden plates full of curdled milk, sprinkled with cinnamon and rose-water, which she had placed within the hollow tree-trunk.

She beckoned me to the water's edge, and following the direction of her pointed finger, I looked down into the clear green water. In its depths a picture suddenly took form. I saw mountains, at the foot of which nestled green valleys and quaint houses. Beyond the mountains, upon a distant horizon, was a second picture of deep blue waters, and the tracery of outlines resembling those of an Eastern city. At the foot of the mountains stood a familiar figure, which to my distress was suddenly engulfed by the towering hills, assuming the appearance of a huge dragon's head, in which the opening mouth closed upon the lonely figure.

My thoughts involuntarily flew to the Bavarian mountains, and it was some time before I could overcome the feeling of dread and apprehension with which the vision filled me.

I pressed money in the old woman's withered palm, and she thanked me, murmuring: "Your heart is rich, without it wealth is a beggar."

It was late afternoon when, full of foreboding,

I returned to the quay. Groups of women and children in their picturesque veils were dotted here and there on the hillside, seated near the graves of their dear ones.

We entered one of the little cafés, whose windows displayed pyramids of coloured cakes, piles of fresh and candied fruit, and where a savoury dish of fried mutton and *pilaf* was prepared for our evening meal.

When we boarded the caïque on our return journey, the mysterious night descended suddenly, and the purple sea was strewn with stars which lay around and above us like blazing jewels.

The moon threw her silver mantle over hillside and trembling waters, while a phosphorescent trail marked the passage of our boat, which seemed to be steering for the gossamer realms of fairyland.

Next day I found there were several formalities to be gone through before we could leave Constantinople for Beyrout. We had to obtain a *teschkeré*, or permit, for departure, and our passports had to be *viséd* both at the British Consulate and at the *Porte*. I began to fear that the usual indolence in action and deliberate methods would prevent us catching our boat, which left only once a fortnight for Syria.

We paid a visit to a German lady married to a Turk very high in office, whose residence was always guarded by soldiers in uniform. These men expressed their disgust and dislike of Christians by a most unpleasant habit of expectoration. When complained of, the guard was changed, but as evidently no orders were ever given as to the cessation of this horrible habit, the question

resolved itself merely to a change of spitters. The Pacha's wife complained to me bitterly of this, and I sympathised with her, although I was anything but prepossessed by her own untidy mode of dress, which reminded me of an "*eternal slipper*," as the Berliners say.

She showed me many interesting curios, among others a letter addressed to her husband, which began as follows: "To the Most opulent Governor with reverence, and with the three mundane essentials—the heart, the speech, and the body—from one who has acquired a minute jot of learning, such as may be compared with an insect's mouthful of water."

I often wondered how any European woman could possibly stand the stagnation of harem life, even when not annoyed by the presence of other wives. Polygamy is less and less practised by Turks of the higher class, who find the care and maintenance of *one* wife as much as they can manage.

Without doubt habit, even in the matter of harem life, speaks for much, and romance depends upon the soul, but it seemed to me like living in mask and armour, guarding look, movement, and tone in a restraint which surely at last must make one the possessor of a dead heart, which no longer would need any sort of control.

She showed me an old chest containing letters, which she called her memory-box, and from which she drew haphazard and with closed eyes the wherewithal to find distraction in endless hours of boredom. When I was allowed a peep into this well of silent sympathy, I thought they looked very much the worse for wear; they were yellow with age, and I was told that most of the

hands which had penned the missives were now folded in death.

This sounded so melancholy, that I suggested she should devote herself more to the realities of life, and spend a certain amount of time every day in gardening.

There was a beautiful rose-garden at the back of the house, which could have been made into a dream of beauty. I even succeeded in arousing within her a mild form of enthusiasm, when I suggested that the lovely ramblers and white-starred creepers should be trained over tarred rope, slung in swinging arches from tree to tree, and I believe that later on she carried out my suggestion with the most successful results.

I even dared to try and induce her to burn some of the many letters she had collected, some of which were from contemporaries and of a compromising nature, but her refusal was clear and decided. She said I wished to deprive her of the only things which gave her the "relief of tears"; sad enough words, which brought to my mind the well-known lines of prayer:

> Oh, let the waters flow again,
> The fountain of my life unspring;
> For all Life's sands are parched with pain,
> And desolate the heart I bring.

Needless to add that I wisely refrained from any correspondence with her in spite of the tragic unreserve with which she assured me that I could do so much for her by bringing this new interest into her life. But I had no fancy for helping to fill the mournful contents of the memory-box, and assured her that if she were wise she would

refrain in future from indulging in orgies of retrospection.

I am glad that I saw the Ottoman Treasury before it was dismantled, and many of its contents sold.

When I went there with some people who had obtained a *firman* from the Sultan in order to gain admittance, I noticed in the first room a throne which looked rather like a big dish with a raised cushion in the centre. It was one mass of precious stones, and had been taken from a Shah of Persia. The collection of swords, daggers, bowls, vases, etc., etc., were all richly encrusted with gems. In an upper room a row of dummies exhibited the various costumes and turbans worn by former Sultans, each one different, and some of them with marvellous aigrettes, the insignia of sultans and shahs. Soliman the Magnificent had worn an aigrette composed of diamond sprays, feathering out from a centre of enormous rubies and emeralds. The most ancient of the turbans was gigantic; the size diminished with each generation, until terminating in the fez, first worn by Abdul Aziz.

Near a collection of gem-studded coffee-cup holders, spoons, etc., I noticed a wonderful little monarch composed of precious stones, and seated on a little throne. His body was made of one huge pearl, his legs out of single turquoises, the head was a large pearl in which two turquoise eyes had been inserted, and the arms were represented by single pearls, all of which had retained their natural shape.

There was a collection of coins, a delight to the heart of a numismatist, and I soon ceased to wonder why our party was accompanied by

twenty-four soldiers, who followed us from room to room to see we pocketed nothing.

From the wonderful courtyard of the Seraglio Gardens we entered some of the beautiful kiosks which were dotted about here and there; one of which, used as a library, was lined with shelves of Arabic books. In another kiosk, more on modern lines, we were asked to be seated on chairs placed in a row down the centre of the room, where, as guests of the Sultan, refreshments were brought to us. We were offered a dish of rose-leaf jam served on a tray containing glasses of fresh water and spoons. Each visitor ate a spoonful of jam and drank some of the water.

After this a servant in Eastern dress carried in a circular gold tray covered with a red satin cloth, followed by a second servant swinging a golden machine which looked rather like an incense-burner. The satin tray-cloth was taken off by a third attendant and slung over his shoulders, and minute coffee-cups in golden egg-cups studded with diamonds were disclosed to view. A fourth attendant filled the minute porcelain bowls from the swinging jug, and we all partook of the most delicious coffee I had ever tasted.

We were then rowed across the water in ten-oared caïques to the palace of Beler Bey, and on to the huge marble palace of Dolma Backge, which, in the time of Abdul Aziz, was only entered by Moslems. Its ballroom is the most magnificent in Europe; there is also a fine picture-gallery, in which, however, the pictures are hung too badly to be seen to advantage.

I was greatly interested in my first visit to the Selamlik, when Abdul Hamid visited the Medjidieh mosque. We watched it from one of the

windows of the Guard House, to which, by special privilege, we had been admitted.

The sand-strewn road was lined on either side with soldiers, and when the Sultan drove by in an open carriage, accompanied by two officers, the weird national minor hymn was struck up by military bands, and sudden pauses in the performance were made when all the soldiers and spectators were expected to cheer, the latter performance consisting of a hoarse cry on one note.

The Sultan remained about twenty minutes inside the mosque, when he entered a room of the kiosk to watch the march past of the troops. These were a fine set of men, each regiment headed by its band, and each band playing, "Alla Stella Confidente."

Two horses and three carriages were waiting for the Sultan to choose the manner in which he preferred to return to his palace. On this occasion he drove back himself, his coachmen and outriders running beside the carriage.

His face looked like a mask. Not a muscle of it moved. The mournful eyes scanned indifferently the countenances of the spectators assembled for the purpose of watching the autocrat enter and emerge from the mosque, where he could commune with the One Being whom he considered above himself in power.

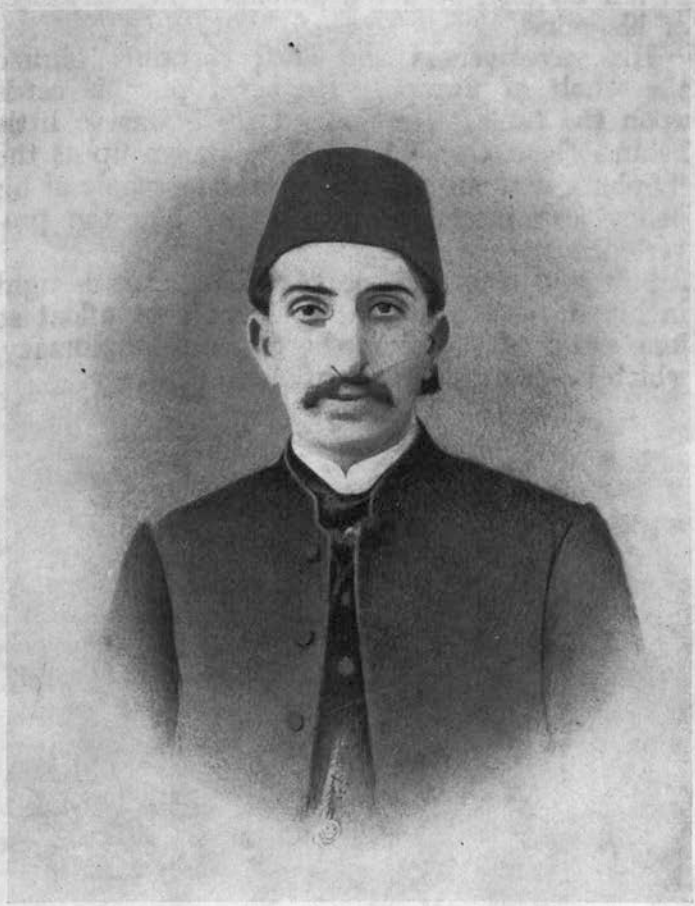
I wondered what form his supplications took, or if the very word were a misnomer.

His face held all the weariness of people bereft of desires, because of their certain and immediate gratification. Ambition was perhaps the keynote of his character. To measure his own subtlety against the might of Europe, to hold at bay

Powers with which he could never hope to compete in fair contest, occupied probably the intricacies of his mind.

His secretiveness and craft certainly bluffed the whole of Europe. He never put his cards upon the table. He realised there was so little behind them that he would be shown up as the "Sphinx without a secret," and the whole of his policy and power would collapse like the proverbial house of cards.

Subsequent events proved that he was right in his surmise, and that to have kept afloat so long as he did was due to his genius for diplomacy, which has hardly been matched in history.



THE SULTAN ABDUL HAMID AS A YOUNG MAN

CHAPTER XIII

THE CALL OF THE EAST

FROM Constantinople we went to Beyrout by way of Samos, enjoying the novelty of everything about us.

We arrived in the port on the Mediterranean at the end of July, and took our tickets for Chemlan in the Lebanon at a little shed in mid-street which was honoured by the description and designation of the railway-station.

Crowds of people were standing or squatting amongst trucks, engines, and vehicles to watch the event of the day—the starting of the train, which was still more or less of a novelty to the natives.

There were no luggage vans on it, so our trunks had to remain in a shed to follow us later on. As there was only one rail we had to wait until the train from Damascus arrived at Beyrout. Punctuality was a trifle of no consideration whatever.

The journey as far as Babda was through flat, uninteresting country; rows of stunted olive trees, white with dust, bordered the line on either side.

Our host and hostess met us at the station at Aley, where women in big Paris hats were seated with their men friends at little tables, drinking coffee or sherbet, to await the arrival of the train.

We drove along dusty roads to a large, square, sparsely-furnished house, with balconies running

all round it, and my first impression on looking down the Lebanon hills was one of disappointment. Huge brown boulders, stunted olive trees, unbroken dreariness as far as the distant streak of blue, which proclaimed the encircling waters far away.

The bedrooms were large and airy, but ants swarmed in the crevices of the stone floors, and the mosquito curtains over the beds did not prevent huge spiders crawling up them. One of them, with a body the size of a walnut, was careering up my curtain as I entered the room.

My host was a notable of the country and extremely wealthy, yet there were no household conveniences to hand. Water had to be fetched in buckets from a spring a mile and a half distant from the house. The people of Aley were very proud of this spring, that yielded the purest drinking water for miles around.

My hostess, Austrian by birth, had become quite identified with the country, and spent most of her afternoons playing cards for high stakes or driving about with her numerous friends, most of whom wore the latest creations of Worth, Doucet, or Drécol, in spite of the very limited circle of admirers possible in this distant spot.

The climate was treacherous—stifling heat all day, and sudden damp, dewy cold after a rapid sunset.

Our host, who spent most of his mornings on one of the balconies puffing his *chibouk* and contemplating the landscape, often said: "*Ah, Madame, ici on vit longuement!*"

I agreed that one must have a certain amount of leisure to be able to enjoy life, but stagnation in these hills would drive me mad.

He took us over various silk factories, where the machinery was all worked by coal brought from England. A large fortune awaits some enterprising financier who will some day utilise the brown coal in which the country is so rich, for the working of her increasing number of factories.

I soon saw that French influence was still striving to be paramount in Syria, and, as elsewhere in the Near East, France was tenacious of her religious supremacy.

The country was torn by the dissensions of various sects of the Druses and Maronites, and in a long conversation I had with one of the Turkish officials, I gathered that emancipation from Turkish yoke was the secret dream of the Arabs and other indigenous inhabitants of Syria.

I was walking with him through what he proudly called "our forest." I was as tall as most of the trees, and looked in vain for anything in these woodland paths that could give one a sense of rest or recreation.

The thick white dust into which one sunk ankle-deep only made me feel tired and thirsty.

"Times have changed here," he said to me, "since Rustem Pacha and your husband were in office. Salaries from head-quarters are paid with more and more irregularity, the soldiers are discontented, the people are murmuring against injustices. The rich merchants, Greeks and others, wax fat on the sweat of the people, who are beginning to wonder what it is all for.

They have an exaggerated idea that England will one day be their liberator; pilgrims from Koweit tell them that the Sheik there will always be safe, as he has concluded an alliance with England whose ships would safeguard the port,

and protect them all in case of riots and wars. Therefore the British Consulate is venerated now as much, and more than the French. Ah, if one could but look a few years ahead! The people here think and hope that your husband will soon come here as Governor. They never tire of talking of the ten years when Rustem Pacha ruled—his equity, his reforms, the beautiful roads he made round the mountains! And your husband would follow in his footsteps!"

"I *wonder!*" I replied reflectively, and glancing at my companion: "*You* do not seem to be particularly happy here!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is too far away from home for me," he said. "One loses touch with things. Until the mails get to and fro all my dear ones could be dead and buried."

"Too far from *Turkey?*" I exclaimed. "Then what about the rest of Europe?"

"Banishment," he answered laconically, "with insufficient compensations for the same. However, remember Cæsar's utterance, 'To be first anywhere has its consolations.' It is nice to come here as a visitor, but not as an official. One should have one's return ticket in one's pocket."

I did not reply to this, but my mind flew back to the Bavarian mountains, and I longed to be there again, without delay.

The Arabs and natives round Aley spoke English quite freely—the result of the work of the American schools in Beyrout—and thus I was able to talk with many of them, and found that a wave of discontent at the existing state of things was underlying their lives and all their thoughts. Their quaint philosophy and superstitions were interesting.

One day when driving round one of Rustem's wide roads towards the Cadi's bridge, our carriage stopped at the grave of a malevolent negro, and we were asked to get out and throw a stone at it.

This struck me as a terrible epitaph of hatred, and my son and I were for letting the dead rest in peace. But we were assured that the man's ill-deeds had been so far-reaching, that all right-minded beings who passed his grave ought to mark their disapproval.

In deference to the customs of a country in which I was a visitor, I ended by throwing the smallest pebble I could find.

The sun hung heavy in the haze of the sky as we sat at last on the Cadi's bridge. Up the mountain paths leading to the Governor's palace, which we were to visit in a few days, trails of camels rocked along, swinging their long necks, and followed by numbers of mules and asses. The tinkling of the different bells worn by these animals rang out like concerted music, for the bells were attuned to the species of the wearer, so that native drivers recognised the different herds of beasts by the note of their bells, and could tell one in a moment which were camels, asses, or mules.

I watched them until the sultry vapour of heat gradually stole them from my sight, and wondered what impression I should get of Beit-Eddin when we went there.

During the earlier part of Rustem's Governorship the Duke of Clarence and his brother, our present King, had halted there during their tour through Syria, which was superintended by Cook's. I still have one of the very simple menus

served to the members of the English Royal House, in those distant days.

As we drove back to Chemlan quaint pictures met the eye wherever one glanced. At one spot a shoemaker was plying his trade beneath a spreading fig tree, his tools spread out on a low bench before him. In another corner road-mending was proceeding in the oddest and most deliberate manner. The man who was digging drove his spade into the earth, while two other men hauled it up when full, by ropes, which were attached to the handle of the spade and knotted round their necks. A picturesque, dignified-looking little boy in flowing robes and turban sat cross-legged upon a fountain solemnly watching them. He had evidently been recently promoted to the dignity of the Selamlik, and was at the age when boys are taken from the harem and the influence of their mothers and sisters, to be brought up in the company of the male members of the community. A white-bearded, venerable old Arab patted him on the shoulder now and then, while looking on and encouraging the efforts of the road-menders.

I shall never forget a visit which we made that evening to a beautiful old stone house, standing in the centre of a courtyard, which in the old days had often been lent to my husband by its owner, Marquis Freige. When we descended the few stone steps which led to the square, which was shaded by giant fig trees, we seemed to enter a biblical atmosphere which had reigned there for centuries, and which had never been invaded by the Apostle of Progress.

Silence reigned in the large square rooms, which seemed empty save for the wide divans running

round the distempered walls, and the beautiful Oriental rugs which covered the stone floors. Outside the latticed windows flowering amber trees sang in a wealth of golden colour.

Their quaint grey-green leaves formed a spiked screen through which the sun blazed in vivid patches, making patterns of mosaic on the pink distempered walls.

I sat on one of the wide divans and listened to the silence. There was a faint odour of aloes and camphor mingled with a perfume of ambergris and musk, which made the air heavy with mystery.

Shadows of the past seemed to hover in the dusty corners of arched corridors and peace-enshrouded rooms. When we emerged into the sunlight to walk up the hill to the house, I took away with me the impression of a poem stolen from the prose heap of life.

Next day I suddenly felt restless, and very anxious to return to my husband.

Both my son and I felt enervated and tired, and from the slight experience we had already had of the life and the climate we felt it would be preferable for us all to remain in Europe in a more modest post, than to try and come to live here. As I am quick at decisions, I resolved to return at the end of the fortnight, to join my husband in Kainzenbad, and spend the rest of the vacation there with him, all three of us happily together again.

There were great outcries of remonstrance when I announced my plans. We were told that in any case we must not leave for Europe without first visiting Heliopolis or Baalbeck. We could reach it in a day, travelling most of the way by train,

and could spend a night under tents at a farm belonging to our host on the Plain of Horan.

We took the train at Aley, passed Rayak, and Malacca, and reached Thalia, where a carriage and black Arab horses met us. We were driven rapidly across the plain, which drowsed in the midday heat and was surrounded by snow-capped mountains.

We found that "camping under tents" was on a luxurious scale. The one allotted to us was very picturesque, white canvas outside, and lined within with bright-coloured Arabian cloths. Another tent was reserved as a kitchen, and presided over by an excellent *chef*, M. Joseph, and his *marmiton*; another was the dining-room, and three others were used as bedrooms.

It was the time of harvest, and huge piles of wheat were heaped up in the centre of the plain. At their bases, wide boards drawn by oxen, which were driven by a picturesque Arab, either standing or squatting on the planks, were dragged round and round the heaps to separate the chaff from the wheat. Straw was sorted out on the spot, and everything placed in different sacks ready for transport, exchange, or immediate sale. Camels, mules, and donkeys stood about in patient groups ready to be laden up when required. Many of the donkeys have their nostril slit, which the natives declare is the only way to prevent them braying.

At the further end of the plain stood rows of low, one-storied Arab dwellings, built partly of stone and partly of bricks made on the spot with a mixture of earth and straw and baked in the sun.

These little houses were clean and comfortable

inside. Most of them contained a large white-washed room with a stone floor. The distempered walls were adorned with Damascus plates, other china ornaments, weapons, and Eastern bags of rope, filled with a medley of curios.

Many of the inmates of these houses welcomed us with every demonstration of affection, repeating my husband's name over and over again with smiles and tears, while they patted my boy on his shoulder and shook him by the hand, talking the while most volubly in Arabic. We were asked to sit upon a pile of cushions placed for the purpose in the centre of the room in the principal hut, while the inmates of the others squatted round us in a ring for the purpose of conversation.

All round us lay beautiful gardens, tobacco fields, and mulberry plantations, as mulberry trees are extensively cultivated for the silk-worm industry.

After luncheon, which was on a par with any served at the Carlton or the Ritz, we rested for a short time before preparing to drive to Baalbeck to visit the ancient ruins of the sun-worshippers.

We arrived at the Acropolis about four o'clock, and were met by the one guide of the place, who was to show us over the ruins and explain them, as far as possible, in the short time we had for our visit.

My son and I were the only visitors to the Acropolis on that afternoon, which will stands out for ever in my memory.

We wandered through the deserted altars of Baal, through the temples of Bacchus and Venus, where statues, pillars, and remnants of stately stairs involved a common confusion.

The magnificent parthenon, larger than that of

Athens, stretched in a distance of over a thousand feet from east to west.

Obelisks, symbolical figures, giant columns of exquisite workmanship, and broken marble tracery lay around us deserted in the hot August sunshine.

Once it had all been the centre of the high road of commerce between Tyre and Palmyra, a seat of wealth and splendour.

We passed through the Trilithon, long ago tenanted by Roman soldiers, into the great Court of Jupiter, temple of the Sun-God, Lord of the Heavens, the male principle of life.

It gave us quite a shock to see an enormous modern bust of the German Emperor fixed upon the wall of one of the most ancient and noble of the temples.

The All-Highest had visited these ruins during his famous visit to Palestine, and left this memento here to mark the tide of history.

In some of the vaults we saw huge wooden bales containing statuary which he caused to be collected on the spot, and nailed up ready for shipping to Berlin for a large Oriental museum which was in course of construction there.

We returned to our hotel, and after dinner, when we entered the open carriage to drive back to our tents, we found that the night had suddenly descended like a purple pall. As the Arab horses raced across the plain at break-neck speed, the moon stole out into the domed firmament, and the deep indigo, star-studded sky throbbed above us in almost terrifying beauty.

The gradual green light of the moon lingered on the snow-capped mountains which enclosed the slumbering valley.

Wide silent spaces lay around us and before us,

starker than the sea, more sombre, more illimitable, more mysterious—an oppressive, alluring immensity. The air was full of the strange magnetic scent of slumbering flowers, and in these wonderful moments, when the heart of nature throbbed in boundless hospitality, the depths of the spirit seemed to open and flower in this limpid Syrian night.

Sleep seemed very far from my bed as I lay inside the tent, the mountains all around me seemed to be whispering their secrets to the valley, which received them into its heart. Just before dawn I was thoroughly aroused by the snorting of camels and mules, and men's voices talking in low tones to each other. I lifted the flap which served as window, and peeped out to see strange silhouettes gliding about the heap of grain, everything shimmering and melting into fantastic shapes in the few moments before the sudden sunrise, which heralded the advent of another day. Leisurely life awoke. In the sudden blaze of sunlight, dark, sharply defined figures stood out as if answering the Sun's call, and I realised that all this was not dreamland, but that in an hour or two we should be returning to Beyrout, and to-morrow be on our way to Constantinople, *en route* for Bavaria. On our return to Chemlan I was delighted to find long letters from my husband forwarded from Bucharest and Constantinople, where we had just missed them. He did not wish us to curtail our visit, although he was longing for our return, and looking forward to hearing our impressions of the country in which he had spent so many interesting years of his life.

I was, however, very glad that we had decided

to leave at once, and pictured his delight at seeing us some weeks earlier than he had expected.

We gave ourselves up with light hearts to the enjoyment of our last evening at Chemlan. A few friends who had come to dine started charades and simple games of forfeits and "guessing," which seemed to date from one's nursery. Outside the house the jackals startled us with their melancholy cry.

Suddenly my hostess started the idea that I must tell fortunes by cards or by the hand.

In vain I expostulated. I was not in the least inclined for it. Then seeing my hostess' disappointment, I resolved to do what I could, as this was our last evening.

Palm after palm was outstretched, and my utterances met with incredulity, laughter, or wonder.

My hostess insisted on my telling *her* fortunes by cards.

"You will very shortly have news of a death which will cause you the greatest grief."

"No, it is not a relation," I added, as time after time the same card of evil omen was cut, but evidently somebody very near and dear to you and your husband."

"Do not spoil our last evening together by such nonsense," said my host, taking away the pack, and pushing aside the table to make room for dancing.

Next day I finished packing, and in the cool of the evening drove to Aley to say good-bye to Mrs. Drummond-Hay, wife of the British Consul.

On my return I saw my hostess standing at the head of the stone steps of the entrance, smiling and waving letters and a telegram.

I was delighted to see that the letters were again in my husband's handwriting. Then I opened the telegram.

The few words it contained announced crudely his sudden death.

Of the hours which followed it is impossible to write. The world goes on remorselessly, whether one's dear ones are in it or not. Those who are left behind, still at the tether of life, feel as if the magnitude of anguish must inevitably fling them also forward, to mingle with the spinning atoms, in the vast Unknown.

Sometimes, in such terrible moments we find friends who, no matter if we never meet again, remain in our hearts interwoven with memories which never can be effaced. Their sympathy is a gift of God, which we cherish as such, and take with us into Eternity. The vision I had seen when we visited the old woman of the well flashed into my thoughts, and, trivial as this may seem to many of my readers, I thought again and again of the evil omen in the cards, for my husband was an old friend to whom my host and hostess were deeply attached.

My boy and I started on our return journey early next morning, and, as in a dream, we drove down the winding dusty roads which led to Beyrout, tears and lamentations following us, where laughter had welcomed us but so recently.

When the soul is lamed, and hope is struck, one feels paralysed, and seems to wander in an unreal world, like an automaton.

A few incidents stand out from the days and nights spent on the *Saghalien*. Every evening my son and I sat at the extreme end of the ship as it ploughed its way through the moonlit waters.

We talked about our dear dead, of his great learning and humility, of his saint-like qualities of unselfishness and devotion, of his noble, upright life, so suddenly ended. His spirit seemed very near to us, as we were borne onwards to changes and uncertainty, until the night brought us sleep, hushed by remembrances.

At last we watched the Samos hills fading once more into the distance. At Smyrna telegrams were brought on board from friends at Constantinople, which tried to prepare us for the terrible truth we knew already. Soon a jagged purple line sprung into vision across the horizon—the domes and slender minarets of Stamboul, clear-cut against the afternoon sky.

As they grew more and more defined, a voice like the echo of a dream, seemed to be whispering, "*Love, and Death, and Pain are the bones of life.*"

On our return to Constantinople, Sir Henry and Lady Woods and Ihsan Bey, our colleague of the far-off London days, met us on the quay, and no words can describe the kindness of these good friends in our trouble.

Ihsan Bey insisted on our returning with him to his home on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. He advised us to remain there a certain time, as several formalities would have to be gone through with our passports, and the matter of a pension, before we should be allowed to leave for Germany.

Ihsan Bey's father-in-law was the great Reouf Pacha, one of the heroes of Plevna. He received us seated in his garden, surrounded by numerous sons, and looking like a biblical patriarch. He said he was pleased that we were to be guests under his daughter's roof, and added that everybody would be kind to my son for his father's

sake, as his lamented death had robbed so many of a friend.

Ihsan Bey's residence stood in the heart of a large garden. It was the usual square Turkish house, the rooms leading out on either side from a large entrance-hall. I was shown into the harem, and my son taken to the *selamlik*, the portion of the house reserved for men.

My hostess welcomed me with every demonstration of kindness and sympathy in a large drawing-room, furnished in Parisian style, with light carpets and sofas and chairs upholstered in red and gold silk. She was a tall, beautiful woman, dressed in a loose tea-gown of yellow satin, with floating gauze veil falling from her luxuriant hair. She was Reouf Pacha's only daughter, and had been brought up according to the old-fashioned Turkish standards. Her father had not allowed her to be taught any foreign language, as he wished to prevent foreign literature, especially modern French novels, sowing the seeds of discontent in her mind.

His policy had been evidently eminently successful. Madame Ihsan Bey seemed absolutely happy in her restricted life, where the sacred law of hospitality was practised in a degree unknown in other countries.

She was surrounded by attendants, who, although ostensibly in the family for life, were by no means regarded as slaves, but who preferred to remain in safety with their master and mistress. There were other visitors besides myself, among them the wife and daughter of a general who had died suddenly. They had arrived here a year previously with a petition for their pension, and were still awaiting the Sultan's answer.

Food was partaken of by the Turkish ladies whenever they desired to eat, and dishes were brought to them upon little trays. In the evening beds were made up for any visitors who wished to spend the night, by piling mattresses upon the floor and arranging them with cushions and coverings.

My first night in the harem was a sleepless one. My bed had been made up in the corner of a large square room, and a mosquito curtain was improvised over it by arranging white muslin round a child's wooden hoop suspended from the ceiling. The windows, inside lattices, opened up and down like English windows, and admitted sufficient air, while the sunshine filtered through the woodwork of the immovable lattices.

Beyond the garden I could see wide sweeps of hill and sky, and stretches of the deep blue waters of the Bosphorus, upon which the caïques were plying to and fro.

No one hurried in the calm leisure of this Turkish household, where silent serving-women glided about in their loose garments and felt shoes.

All were touchingly kind and attentive, one of them brought me a bath full of rose-petals, which she insisted on rubbing in my hair and neck, as they were supposed to allay fatigue.

When I stood alone at the latticed window of my bedroom, the evening breeze shook the graceful mimosa trees in the seraglio garden below, and the plaintive sound of a flute reached my ear, as a shepherd led his flocks home over the hills in the gathering shadows.

As a foreigner, I was invited to have my meals at the large table in the dining-room, spread daily for the master of the house and an elastic number

of guests. That hospitable board had rarely less than twelve or fourteen people seated round it. Upon the snowy damask tablecloth, four golden jugs were always filled with fresh water, the only drink ever served there. At intervals down the centre of the table, dishes of freshly-plucked fruit were arranged alternately with tall golden candelabra. All the courses were brought into the room before the guests took their places, and the various dishes were placed upon a low table, rather like an enormous tray on short legs, which stood in a corner of the room.

This did not help to keep the dishes very hot, and there was a certain sameness of contents in the different courses. Delicious stews, one or two dishes of meat or chicken, then vegetables and rice in various forms, dried beans served with different sauces, stuffed cucumbers, tomatoes, and glutinous little *cornes grecques*.

Every day different visitors sat down to table —the number of guests was never known beforehand. One day they included the Turkish Consul from Cardiff, a naval officer, one or two Levantine ladies, and a poor friend of the host, who daily partook of all meals.

Our stay under the hospitable roof of Ihsan Bey seemed likely to be more or less indefinite. I was terribly anxious to leave as soon as possible, and return to the spot where, but a few weeks previously, we had left my husband. But I was told that I ought to remain where I was until the question of my pension had been settled, and in order to expedite this, Reouf Pacha promised to see the Sultan personally on our behalf.

This was no easy matter just then, as His Imperial Majesty was in a state of defiant

mistrust of everybody, and the difficulties of a personal interview with him, always a matter of uncertainty, had increased a thousandfold.

The question of the throwing of the bomb, to which I have already referred, was keeping the whole of his entourage in a state of ferment.

He had ordered a minute search to be made of all the carriages of officials who had attended the Selamlik on that particular Friday, and the houses of all the private visitors. Ultimately, for what reason it is unknown, it was decided in the minds of those interested in the matter, that the bomb had been fabricated in Belgium.

We were advised to see the Grand Vizier, Ferid Pacha, who had known and respected my husband, and who had expressed the wish to help us as much as he was able.

One morning, my host, my son, and I drove down to the pier on the Bosphorus, crossed by caïque to Beshik Tasch, and drove to Ferid Pacha's residence.

We were conducted through a large conservatory full of blossoming white lilies, the flowers of which were inverted and bent earthward, through a long ante-room upholstered in blue and yellow silk, and into a drawing-room very European in scheme.

After we had waited for a few minutes a door at the further end of the room opened, and a venerable figure in fez and stambouline entered, smiling kindly, and fumbling a chaplet of large white beads which he held in his hands.

He addressed us in French, bade us be seated, and expressed regret at the tragedy which had overtaken us, saying that he had known intimately both my husband and Rustem Pacha.

He talked of Berlin, of the preponderance of military influence there, and the appointment of Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, who was a good *soldier*.

He asked how old my boy was, and when he heard he was just over seventeen, he said, with a charming smile: "*Disons dix-huit*"

He questioned him regarding his knowledge of languages, the system of the studies he had made, and suggested that he should try and follow in the steps of his father.

He showed us his own son's photograph, and said he was shortly going to Potsdam, to study German military tactics, as had so many of the sons of high officials in Turkey. He promised us that for six months at least we should be allowed to retain our flat in Berlin at the expense of the Government, while my son prepared for his examinations and decided what to do.

A picturesque, turbaned attendant now entered and offered us Turkish coffee in minute gold cups, studded with precious stones. Another tray contained rose-leaf jam, with small glass plates and spoons, and glasses of fresh water.

When we said good-bye, he shook hands most kindly with me, responded graciously to my son's *temena*, and assured us that he would use all his influence to expedite the matter of our pension, and that we should surely hear about it in a few days.

Those few days dragged on to weeks of suspense, but I was assured by all my friends that every pension granted to foreigners, or the widows of foreigners who had been connected with the Turkish service, was always attended with great delay, and subject to endless intrigue. Several English ladies—for instance the widow of Admiral

Hobart Pacha—who were in the enjoyment of Turkish pensions that they were allowed to spend out of the country, had all found it a matter difficult of arrangement.

Next morning we again visited the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tewfik Pacha, afterwards Ambassador to London. He, too, was full of the kindest promises, and declared that his help and protection were ours, and it was a matter of wonderment to me that with all this influence at work on our behalf, matters were not arranged with more alacrity.

On the evening of that day, feeling very discouraged and sceptical, I accompanied my hostess on a visit to her father, to tell him what was being done in Stamboul, as he himself was also doing his best to help us.

He was a delightful Turk of the old school, dignified, suave, and very kind-hearted. He had lost one of his legs on the battle-field of Plevna, and a faithful attendant had brought home the leg for burial in the cemetery at Scutari. Here, it lay next to the grave of his daughter's only child, and two picturesque, ornate tombstones were inscribed in scarlet and gold, recounting the brief life of the one, and the doughty prowess of the other. 'Here, by the side of this memory shrine, the old Pacha spent many a peaceful hour smoking his *chibouk*, and meditating on the transitory glories of this world.

If words and personal kindness could have been transformed into deeds, my son and I could, with a wave of the hand, have been transported to a life of security and ease, untrammelled by the anxieties for the future, which just now lay heavily upon us. As we talked together that

evening through the medium of the interpretership of one of his sons, Abdi Bey, whom we had known in Berlin, numbers of women slaves and pretty little dark-eyed children peeped at us through the harem door, behind which they were discussing us in audible whispers.

Madame Ihsan Bey declared that the influence of women in Turkey was not the negligible quantity usually believed by Europeans. Most Turkish men had discarded the privilege of having four wives, and found the expenses and management of one woman helpmate quite sufficient. The influence of a wife upon her husband was in most cases very great, and my kind hostess suggested that we should visit together the wives of various powerful functionaries, who were her intimate friends.

She told me that among the lower classes a plurality of wives was still frequent, as these women made little pretensions to luxury, and were content to be the handmaids of the lord of the harem. The first wife was always tenacious of a privilege accorded to her, which was that of carrying a bright blue parasol whenever the wives went out together. This azure-hued emblem of having been first in the field seemed to confer a certain proud consolation in the matter of sharing the husband's affection. I myself have seen the self-evident pleasure of the lady of the blue parasol.

Harem life certainly had its charms, but the absence of physical exercise made it very enervating. The claims of nature were respected to an extent which forbade the awakening of any sleeper. One was never called at any particular hour of the morning, the days had no fixed

beginning, repose no fixed hour for ending. The personnel of the household regulated their work by the sun, which awoke me early every morning, when the household was still in the arms of Morpheus.

This gave me a curious feeling, as if existence were suspended, and in abeyance, between a vivid past and a problematical future.

CHAPTER XIV

A TURKISH AFTERNOON CALL: FAREWELL TO THE HAREM

THE first visit we made was to the wife of the all-powerful First Secretary of the Sultan, Tahsin Pacha. In order to be able to accompany my hostess I was compelled to don Turkish dress, comprising the *feridjé* (a sort of domino cloak) and *yashmak*.

It was a blazing hot afternoon, when a little basket chaise, covered by a large French parasol and drawn by a meek-looking horse with a fiery-looking driver in Albanian dress on the box, drew up at the house. My hostess, carrying her little dog Budjek (insect), a tiny little Maltese terrier, sat beside me, and opposite sat Mademoiselle Olga, another of her visitors, who was to act as interpreter.

The little carriage had no springs, and we jolted over uneven roads in such a state of discomfort that Mademoiselle Olga declared we should all get a *déplacement des reins*. At last we reached our destination, and were driven through a beautiful garden on the brow of a hill to the harem entrance of the large square building which was the house of the Minister.

We were shown into a small room, where two female attendants in flowing cotton garments entered into rapid conversation with Madame

Ihsan Bey. Judging by their gestures and looks, I was the chief topic of their mutual confidences. When these were exhausted, our cloaks and veils were taken from us and hung in the entrance-hall outside.

Coffee was then brought, and after this portions of roasted maize with raspberry syrup. I was told that there were sixty female slaves, or attendants, in this establishment, all of them likely to remain with their master either for life or until they married, when, in the latter case, they received a pension. All I saw looked happy enough, and all of them were dressed in the same loose dressing-gown sort of garment, in some cases clasped in at the waist by a belt, which revealed palpably enough that there was no question of the wearing of corsets.

When we had consumed our coffee and maize, the Pacha's only daughter appeared, and I was formally introduced to her by Mademoiselle Olga, who rapidly interpreted the little sentences of introduction. I was told she was the only child of the house, and all-powerful with her father, who simply adored her.

We exchanged smiles and bows, and I noticed how small and delicate she looked, her tiny slight figure draped with a garment of stamped black and crimson velvet. Her large dark eyes, heavily fringed with lashes, looked too big for her little dark face. She was very vivacious, and spoke with a strong lisp in a sharp commanding voice.

Looking at her, I imagined her to be about fifteen years old, but I was told she was nearly twenty, was married, and had a little baby-boy.

The chief topic of her conversation was about baby's food, upon which I was questioned most

minutely. I was asked to write down those which I considered the best and, not being very versed in these matters, I jotted down three or four, Mellin's Food and cornflour, figuring on the list. This was read aloud by the young mother, in the strangest accent and deep gravity. I was then questioned as to which I considered the best, and realising that in all probability it would be difficult for her to get supplies of any of them, I said they were all one as good as the other.

Although it was early in the afternoon, the stamped velvet dress, which was evidently made in Paris, was cut very low in the neck, and a huge diamond crescent, the largest I have ever seen, was pinned in the front of the corsage.

After an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the Minister's wife appeared. She was the reverse of prepossessing, although the kindness of her smile did much to redeem the want of beauty and symmetry in a face which most people would have pronounced frankly ugly. She had lost three front teeth, which were not replaced by false ones, her grey hair was combed tightly back from the face and screwed into a little onion on the crown of her head. She wore a loose black and white stamped velvet gown, held together at the neck by an enormous diamond brooch, beneath which hung a pendant surrounded by brilliants, and which she assured us contained a picture of her husband. This had been allowed as a great concession to prejudice, and proved her powerful influence over him. In her ears were enormous solitaire diamond ear-rings, rings of inestimable value adorned the fingers of both hands.

After the usual introduction, she sat on a divan

near the window and beckoned to me to sit beside her. She expressed her sympathy with me, and promised that her husband would certainly assist us in the arrangement of our affairs. More coffee and cigarettes were brought, and then a large bowl of uncut precious stones was brought in for us to look at.

Madame Tahsin Pacha was the daughter of a great Circassian noble, who had given her as a marriage dowry a basketful of unmounted diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. "That was a long time ago," she assured us with a smile, and this bowlful was now all that remained. Most people would have been quite satisfied with half the contents, which must have been worth enormous sums of money.

Our drive back in the cool of the evening was very pleasant, and whether it was because we were rested and refreshed, and there was a cool breeze, the little carriage seemed to jolt far less on the homeward journey. By the roadsides Turkish gravestones stood at all imaginable angles, and seemed to indicate a most promiscuous manner of burying the dead. Quite close to the pathway stood shrines, some of them surrounded by gratings and railings, upon which hung lanterns, now twinkling with light as the rapid twilight fell.

When we reached home, Ihsan Bey told me he had utilised the day by trying to get our passports in order, in case we wanted to return to Europe before the question of our pension was arranged.

I foresaw that this would probably be the case, unless we wished to become part of the army of indefinitely waiting visitors which crowded under this hospitable roof.

That evening as I was seated in the drawing-room with my hostess, at whose feet crouched three or four women attendants, while others stood or sat about in various positions, my son was allowed to come in to say good-night. Our beautiful fair hostess quickly drew the veil over her luxuriant hair, which never must be visible to the eyes of any male except her husband. Her eyes filled with tears in sheer sympathy, and although the want of a common language prevented us from conversing directly, we understood each other in that great and universal language of the heart.

In one of the harems where there was more than one wife I noticed that great affection existed between the powerful first wife, who represented authority and dignity, and the younger ones who deferred to her opinion.

One afternoon the Validé Hanoum, who noticed that Nessoun the youngest favourite was sad, summoned distraction in the person of the Miradju, or professional story-teller.

The two women preceded me to a large room where rows of slaves in flowing garments stood against the walls, silent and attentive. At a gesture from the Validé they came forward and grouped themselves in semicircle behind their mistresses, facing a cloaked, mysterious-looking woman who sat on a cushion in the middle of the floor.

I listened attentively, and as she spoke her story was translated to me thus :

"Good evening most honourable company," began the professional story-teller, salaaming with the graceful *tenana*, touching with her finger-tips floor, breast, and lips.

The listeners returned her salutation, and the woman began :

" 'Tis a tale of sadness I bring you this day-end, one whispered to me by the Ev-Sahib the *djinn*."

At the mention of the dark spirit the girls shuddered and drew nearer together as the Miradju quoted :

" In the Seven-Hilled City, which has lately been so full of unrest, we are turning Life's Picture-Book very fast. My tale is of the lovely Mihirmah, the wife of Selim the Wonderful. She was weeping for her lord, who was sweeping the earth clear of infidels many leagues away. Love's tyrannical hand was tearing at her heart, and jealous pain entered therein. She had promised him not to stir beyond the garden walls until he returned, but her heart had travelled with him, and had come back to whisper that a Frank woman had captured the glorious Selim's fancy—and followed him, making him forgetful of his true wife. Then Mihirmah wept and wept, forgetting that some love depends so much on one's body. When a man loves a woman he does not care whether she is good or bad, whether she will be friend or companion, he simply *wants* her, and often tires. At last Mihirmah fell asleep. In Dreamland she wandered many thousand miles until she reached a vast, dreary plain. The moonlight lay over heaps of dead and dying, huge guns, rivers of blood. Shuddering with horror, Mihirmah picked her way among the stark figures, until she reached one that was lying against a cannon, and looking up with straining gaze at the clouded sky. Near him lay a dead woman, but he heeded her not. He strained out to the little figure tripping over the dreadful field.

"'Little Jasmine, little almond flower,' whispered the stiffening lips, as Mihirmah bent down and placed her arms round his neck, kissing him and murmuring gentle words.

"'Come forth with me, my beloved,' she whispered. 'The pines by the blue Bosphorus call us. We have travelled the long road of sorrow, but Allah has shown us his face and peace is with us. Happiness is only found in giving, and I give you my loving heart.

"Next day the comrades found Selim the Invincible asleep, with such a smile of peace upon his face that they halted and bowed before something great, unfathomable, mysterious, KISMET.

"But in the corner of the Seraglio Garden, where the pine trees stand sentinel, Mihirmah was lying dead."

A wild cry rent the air, and interrupted the Miradju's story.

Nessoun was on her feet trembling and weeping.

"'Tis of *my* lord you speak, I know it, I know it," she wailed.

"Hush," said the story-teller, rising. Her pale face was illuminated with inner fire. Her fingers pointed, her eyes were those of a seer.

"I see a speck of dust on the hill-tops, I see a moving dark cloud like hurrying people, I see blood—— The future is dark——"

Nessoun was led weeping from the room, and I was under the impression the Validé Hanoum made excuses for an over-imaginative temperament with charming gestures of deprecation.

As I left the house, the chanted prayer of the Muezzin floated from the summit of the minarets: "May Allah guard the Living and help the Dead."

One morning a friend took us to see some

underground ruins—supposed to have been used formerly as Byzantine cisterns—and which lay beneath and beyond an old Turkish house near the bazaar quarter.

In response to a discreet knock by our guide at a rather dismal-looking house, the door was opened just wide enough to admit of our entering a narrow passage in single file.

When the door was closed and barred, the owner of the house held a rapid conversation with our guide, and lit a torch to illuminate a very dark, tortuous staircase, which seemed to my apprehensive gaze to lead to a bottomless pit.

The torch was waved encouragingly, and "Come on—come on" repeated insinuatingly in Turkish.

As I couldn't go back, I *did* "Come on," and bade my son keep close to me, until we got out of the house again. We reached a sort of cellar with a floor of damp earth, and walls only on three sides. Facing us I saw the sheen of dark murky water, glistening in the light of the torch.

"Where does the water lead to?" I asked our guide.

"Who knows!" he replied with characteristic upward movement of the head. "Many inquisitive people have insisted on embarking in yonder boat—but none of them ever came back to tell the tale."

I glanced in the direction of the pointed torch, and saw a little boat chained to a staple in the wall, and moving up and down with heavy, sluggish motion, as if the depths of the water were stirred by under-currents.

Then the torch was lifted, and swept in semi-circle to reveal rows of tall arches and pillars reaching to a lofty roof glistening with slime.

Innumerable bats, disturbed by the light, flapped to and fro. The arches stretched away seemingly to infinity, and beneath them the brown water flowed sluggishly, a moving floor to the dim aisles.

"Where *can* it lead to?" I whispered.

"To the sea probably," said my guide. "In the Byzantine days provisions were most likely conveyed here—or assignations made! Who knows."

"Or inconvenient people got rid of," added my son. "Come on, mother—let us get out of this!"

He spoke sharply to the guide in Turkish, who in turn commanded the torch-bearer, and we mounted the cellar steps.

Even in the blazing sunlight outside the impression of that dreadful place followed me, and often in nightmares I see it again.

I fretted at the delay in procuring our passports, and getting them *visés*. At any price I wanted to get back to Europe.

I should never be able to feel at home in surroundings so different from all I had ever known.

At last they were in order. The delay had been due to the fact that my husband's French nationality had to be proved, and various documents unearthed before the regulation of the papers, as I was leaving Turkey in a different capacity from that mentioned on my Berlin passport. They evidently considered there was a vast difference in the status of an official's wife and his widow.

Our kind host had also managed to procure a portion of the long arrears of salary due to my husband, and handed me a little bag containing a hundred pounds in English gold.

At the end of August we crossed the Bosphorus and boarded the Costanza boat. The Black Sea was very rough, and my son and I felt very uncomfortable, I the more so as I had twisted my ankle the day before. A Turkish doctor had been called in and he prayed over it, pulled at it, and finally bound it up, taking the bandage as high as the knee, while bidding me not disturb it for several days.

When we reached Bucharest, our friends could not do enough to show their sympathy, and to do what they could to help us on our sad homeward journey. My hostess got the heavy English gold exchanged for German banknotes, which would be easier to carry, and insisted on our remaining with her at least one night. I acquiesced in this, although I was so anxious to get to our destination as quickly as possible. On our way to her house we passed a Roumanian funeral cortège, the sight of which thoroughly unnerved me. The body of a young girl, dressed in white, lay uncovered on a stretcher carried by six bearers, and preceded by Greek priests in their robes, chanting hymns for the dead.

We reached Munich via Orsova, Buda Pesth, and Vienna.

The days spent in Munich and Kainzenbad were filled with the saddest of all sad offices, known only to those whose dear ones have died away from home, and in unpacking personal belongings, each of which tells its tale to an aching heart.

Our doctor at Kainzenbad was very indignant at Turkish methods of surgery, for after undoing my bandages, he declared that if I had kept them on much longer I should probably have been compelled to have had my leg amputated at the knee.

He ordered massage and cold bandages, but it was many months before I was able to walk with any amount of comfort.

We found endless letters awaiting us, most of which had to be answered, as they were connected with the necessary formalities required before the final resting-place of my husband could be decided.

Letters from our many friends had to remain unanswered until after our return to Berlin.

The beautiful Bavarian valley was empty of tourists, and the vivid moonlight nights, amid the snow-capped mountains, seemed filled with a stern, forbidding kind of peace, and to hold us in bonds it would be impossible to break.

I was astonished at the artistic power of the musicians who officiated at the requiem mass held for my husband in the church at Partenkirchen. The music-loving people were not content with superficial knowledge, but studied with a completeness one seldom found in great cities.

I was loath to return to Berlin, as this beautiful spot held for us both the last link with happy days. But at length we had to tear ourselves away, and journey to our empty home and a changed existence.

For a year and a half following our bereavement we remained in Berlin, where my son completed his course of studies, upon which would depend definite plans for the future.

My sole interest now lay in the development of a useful and happy life for him. The curious circumstances of the past made this a matter of deep reflection.

The feverish winter activities of Berlin life went

on as usual, but seemed to me as remote as a dream.

The Turkish Embassy was still under the régime of Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, who had removed to a new house in the Charlottenburg district.

He and his wife had identified themselves almost entirely with the military set. The Ambassador mixed little with the official world in his private life. As his wife lived more or less in seclusion, devoting herself to the care of her two little girls, she never appeared at any of the official dinners which took place at the Embassy.

On one or two occasions the wives of generals who assisted at these functions asked to be allowed to visit her in her private apartments. More often than not this was evaded, as she resented her inability to play the rôle of hostess in the usually accepted form.

They were both very kind to us, though we never pierced the barrier of nationality and prejudice which divided us in almost every point of view.

Ahmed Tewfik occupied himself a great deal with painting, and was a very good amateur artist.

He worked with the painter Rabes, who was famous for his pictures of the East, and with Anton von Werner, another great artist, whose house, presided over by his clever daughters, was an attractive centre for the intellectual and artistic celebrities of Berlin.

In 1907, my son was offered the post of attaché to the Embassy in London.

It was a great chance for a young man to be able to begin in the greatest city in the world, and even if eventually he did not remain in the

MY SON WHEN ATTACHÉ TO THE TURKISH EMBASSY IN 1907—1912

career, it would certainly mean graduating in the school of life—and gaining interesting experience. The post would leave him enough leisure to continue his course of studies in England, and above all, would give him the best of opportunities of learning to know the land of his birth and of my own.

CHAPTER XV

RETURN TO LONDON

ONCE more our household goods were packed in vans suitable for oversea transport, and destined to remain in them until a new home in London could receive them.

While the Berlin flat was being dismantled, snow lay almost knee-deep in the beautiful Tiergarten outside, and fell in large flakes all day long. Another episode was closing; good-byes were spoken to dear friends, familiar haunts were looked at with eyes of farewell, while winged blessings gained more and more in value. Milestones on the road of life are hardly ever erected without a pang.

Before going back to England we were to spend a fortnight in Munich, where Princess Racowitza insisted on our staying under her roof. She had begun her occult and musical afternoon receptions, which twice a week during the winter attracted many interesting people to the little flat. For the former she always prepared a lecture on higher thought or occult doctrine, which she read to her guests and invited discussion. She said that during her long life, which many people would judge as far from blameless, she had never lost a friend. The guiding thought of her existence was

love of Truth, which she upheld in any and every circumstance with intrepid courage.

"It was not always wise, nor diplomatic," she said, "to answer truthfully awkward questions, but I could not endure to walk about with myself, knowing that I wilfully imparted wrong impressions of either myself or my doings. Even if my husband asked me if I would be faithful to him during absence, I always replied, 'Yes,- for a fortnight,' and he appreciated my frankness, and did not put me to the test. He knew that I was unable to prevaricate, and that I was a stormy petrel."

"We are not masters of our Destiny," she would say, after reading a lecture on the invisible forces. "The elements of which we are all compounded are stirred up differently according to our surrounding influences. We can modify them, hold them in subjection, but never really change them.

"Wise are those who study themselves and their limitations, and then commit themselves to the guidance of invisible helpers. One should try to feel like children in God's nursery, and obey the guiding spirit of it, even if one cannot always understand why, any more than one understood a chastising nurse."

She herself had a spirit-guide with whom she held converse, and she told us with sincere conviction that the most foolish as well as the most dreadful end to any human life was that of suicide.

"We *cannot* end it ourselves," she said. "If we try to, we expiate in the Beyond, until our allotted span is over. Nothing in life happens accidentally. We are always *led*, even by seemingly interminable

détours to an allotted goal.—Even our friends are picked out and destined to meet us, either for mutual help or mutual punishment.—I never really trouble about mundane things, although I hate being uncomfortable, or cold, or poor. It all passes so quickly," she added, with her brilliant smile.

There was a very interesting oil painting of herself in the flat by an artist named Parin, who regularly attended both her occult and her musical afternoons. He painted a great deal under occult influence. He told me that often when he went back to his studio in the small hours he was impelled to "light a lamp giving but a dim glow, and to sit patiently in front of his easel until he was 'moved' to paint."

"My hand picks out the colours automatically," he said, "and I never know when I sit down what will prove the subject of my picture. Sometimes it is an Eastern city, or some desert jungle which, in this incarnation, I have never seen. Sometimes a lovely woman's face comes to me, framed in diaphanous folds of muslin, or floating in indigo clouds. Sometimes it is my 'guide' with venerable face and sad, mystical eyes."

"In those hours, when my brush moves so rapidly, I never know fatigue. I am as if upheld, refreshed, stimulated by unseen beings who guide my hand!"

I do not know what has become of him, but I often think of his interesting personality and lovely pictures.

At the musical afternoons Count Schönborn and Count Lippe were often guests, and remained on to the evening meal. Count Schönborn com-

posed and sang charming songs, one of which, "Snow Kisses," was particularly melodious. He was a very clever cook, and loved to dress up in chef's cap and apron and prepare the evening meal.

What gaiety and laughter then! What succulent dishes appeared by magic in the little dining-room, while the "chef" dashed to an fro with this or that *plat!*

Where do happy days go to—when borne so swiftly on wings of a fleeting Present?

Helene was always interesting when one could get her to talk about Love, which was not often. Like many women who have had vast experiences, she did not like to talk about them.

"We are up against a great force none of us understand," she would say, "and all that the poets and sages have written of *La Grande Passion* only amount to comparatively few *personal* experiences or ideas. It amuses me to hear people talk of fidelity or infidelity, of woman's capacity or incapacity of inspiring and keeping man's love. Eros always has wings. We may clip them, but they will always grow again. One should live the moment, fully and gratefully. *That* is happiness! Man's fidelity?" she continued, "I shouldn't mind in the least if Serge had a few 'fancies'; better for them to be gratified and fly away than for them to addle his brain with ideas of illusive happiness which might possibly be found away, from me. I know he loves me, but nobody can really fill up *every* crevice of polygamous man's emotional life, and he will always return to me, because I have made myself necessary to his existence."

She had two little love-birds, Romeo and

Juliet, and when Romeo pecked Juliet to death, in a fit of jealous rage, she felt sure that he would soon die of grief.

But he did nothing of the kind—indeed he outlived his poor, dear mistress, who, in a fit of despair at her husband's death, ended her own life in spite of all her theories. Like so many of us, we find it too hard to carry out our most intimate convictions when anguish blinds our inner vision.

When the day of our departure arrived I was absolutely dumbfounded to find that a sort of wedding chariot had been ordered to take us to the station. It was padded inside with quilted blue satin and drawn by a pair of greys. When I expostulated at the extravagance, the dear woman answered:

"You must keep your last memories of the Fatherland in azure clouds like this lining, and whenever the time comes that may darken your reminiscences, try and think in *blue*—the colour of devotion."

It was still very cold although it was March. I was wrapped in furs, and as the train left Munich I saw that the banks on either side were heaped and covered with snow. As we rushed past them, I thought of Mrs. Clarke's predictions when the "tea-leaf Sybil" told my future in the tea-cup at Ashburn Place.

Of course, I was going back to England! I was following my star. Whither would it lead me and my dear one?

We arrived in London in the spring of that year, 1907. We took a little house in Devonshire Street, near the Embassy, which had been removed to Portland Place. Etienne Musurus

Pacha was my son's first Chief, and had asked at head-quarters for his appointment.

He initiated him into the not very arduous duties of his post, assuring him that he would have ample time to continue his studies if he wished to do so. He presented him to King Edward at the first levée, and took him to most of the Court functions.

Madame Musurus, daughter of Sir John Antoniadi, proved a kind friend to us both. She presented me at one of the early Drawing Rooms, which now took place in the evening. By an act of courtesy which certainly would not have taken place in Berlin, I was given a seat on the diplomatic estrade, and henceforth my son and I attended official functions together.

There was no waiting now in the embrasure of the window; the Courts were on the lines of evening-parties in the old days. Much water had flown under bridges since I had last been at the Palace, and ghosts seemed to peep out at me from every corner.

In conversation with Madame Musurus she told me that no women were now allowed to help in any official work, not even to cypher a telegram, or mix in the political affairs of the Porte.

"*You* knew something about it all in the long ago," she said laughingly.

"I did indeed," I replied, "and can assure you that the little I did was for the sake of helping my husband, and not from undue curiosity regarding the affairs of the Empire. It was no sinecure anyhow, and I am glad it is all over."

The Embassy seemed steeped in an atmosphere of armed neutrality. Secret animosities of race and creed were far more pronounced than in former

years. There were no important questions on the tapis similar to those of the Armenian atrocities and the evacuation of Egypt, but the workings of the Young Turk Party were giving rise to situations troublesome to handle, especially by a Christian Ambassador, and a revulsion of feeling regarding foreigners in the Ottoman Service had already taken place. Finances were in a very involved condition, and salaries very irregularly paid.

My son gained the approval of his Chief, and the friendship of the Embassy staff, but, although the Order of the Medjidieh was later on bestowed upon him in recognition of his services, I soon realised that he would have little or no chance of eventual progress if he attempted to follow his father's career. No matter how great his capacity and goodwill, he would surely be shipwrecked in the sea of ever-growing racial prejudice. Thus the first few years of our return to London were full of preoccupation and anxiety. We hardly knew what to do for the best.

Our first London season under the auspices of Musurus Pacha was destined to be the last with that kind Chief, for he died less than a year after our arrival, as the result of a most trivial accident. He was stooping to pick up a cigarette which had fallen on the slippery parquet floor of the drawing-room, which, by the way, he was anxious to have redecorated at the expense of the Turkish Government, when he slipped and fell so heavily that he broke his knee-cap. He was attended by a good doctor and nurses, but was allowed to get up too soon, as he was anxious to attend Court on the occasion of an expected visit of the German Emperor to London.

During his first attempt to walk again he fell a second time, so unfortunately, that the knee was fractured even more severely.

He went to bed again and was destined never to recover, for to the despair of his wife he passed away just before the Christmas of 1907.

A funeral service was held in the Greek Church in Moscow Road, previous to the body being taken to Constantinople.

Strange to say, my son was again destined to carry the cushion containing a dead Ambassador's decorations.

Within the church the ceremony was most impressive. In the centre of the building in front of the "Royal doors," was the purple draped catafalque, oblong in shape, and raised a few feet above the floor. The space all round it was covered with purple drapery, lit by the many candles placed within a mammoth crystal Greek cross, suspended from the ceiling. The mournful chants, unaccompanied by music, preceded the impressive part of the service known as the last "kiss." A sacred emblem was placed upon the coffin, and this, and the coffin itself, were reverently kissed by all the mourners. In the Greek Church abroad, this last kiss in the church is bestowed upon the forehead of the dead, the coffin being left open for that purpose.

The pathetic stanzas accompanying these last rites contained the words:

"Come brethren, let us give the last kiss to the dead, and render thanks to God; for he hath left his kinsfolk and hasteneth to the grave; to him there is no care concerning vanities and toil. Where now are kinsfolk, and where friends? gazing on him that lieth dead. Oh! take we all

a likeness of our final hour, for he has passed as a vapour from the earth, leaving him unseen. Let us pray Christ to give him everlasting rest."

"A glory" led up to the following supposed appeal of the departed:

"Me, lying voiceless and deprived of breath, beholding, bewail ye me, O brethren and O friends, O kinsfolk and acquaintances; for yesterday I spake with you, and suddenly on me came the dread hour of death.

"But come ye all that love me, and kiss me with the final kiss; for never shall I go with you again. I depart unto the Judge, where is no respect of persons, where slave and lord together stand, the King and warrior, rich and poor, in equal worthiness; for each according to his deeds is glorified or shamed. But I beg all, and all entreat unceasingly to pray Christ God for me, that, for my sins I be not bidden unto torment's place, but that he may appoint my lot where is the Light of Life."

It seemed a sad and ominous commencement for our new existence in London. Musurus Pacha was the last Christian Ambassador who ruled at the Ottoman Embassy here, where, for the long period of nearly sixty years its head had always been a Christian, and a member of either the Greek Orthodox or the Roman Catholic Church.

Many names were discussed as to Musurus Pacha's possible successor, among them that of Hamid Bey, who had been a prominent member of the personnel in London for over twenty years.

The choice, however, eventually fell upon Rifaat Bey, then Turkish Minister at Athens. At one time he was Turkish Consul-General at

ETIENNE MUSURUS PACHA, THE LAST CHRISTIAN TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

Odessa, and while there he met and married his Russian wife, daughter of General de Riesenkamp.

Rifaat Bey, afterwards Rifaat Pacha, was a Mahomedan Turk belonging to the more advanced and progressive school of thought. He was for a time Councillor of Embassy in Berlin and exchanged posts with my husband, when he came to London under Costaki Anthopoulos Pacha, who was appointed here on the death of Rústem.

Shortly after their arrival a Government grant was made for the renovation and redecoration of the Embassy. The Ambassadress, who had excellent taste, superintended personally the plans of a great Parisian firm, and the last touches were being put to the vast reception-rooms on the first floor when the Ambassador was suddenly recalled to Constantinople.

As a result of the establishment of Constitutional Government in Turkey, and the deposition of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, there was a shuffling of diplomatic cards, and able men were moved about to deal with the all-important questions of the moment.

So much has been written and read about these national upheavals, which burst like a bomb-shell over Europe, that it would be superfluous to touch upon them here.

On February 19th, 1909, less than a year after his nomination, Rifaat Pacha was received in private audience by King Edward to deliver his letters of recall The Councillor, Djevad Bey, and my son accompanied him on this occasion. He was made Foreign Minister on his return to headquarters after an official tour through Europe. During his short term of office he had been involved in the most startling political events.

The London Embassy, which had become proverbial for the very few changes made in its chiefs, was again face to face with the problem of a new Ambassador.

Just before his departure there were *pourparlers* about a present King Edward was making to the new Sultan Mahomed V.

The Sultan, who attended the Selamlik in an open or closed carriage, was asked whether he would deign to attend the ceremony sometimes on horseback.

He replied in the affirmative, provided that a bay horse could be found with three white spots on his feet, one on each hind foot and one on a fore foot, a white spot between the eyes, and a tail reaching to the ground.

Most of the Ambassadors to the Porte tried to induce their Governments to find a horse similar to the one described. King Edward sent sixty telegrams to enquire at the best studs if such a beast were procurable.

It seemed like a miracle that its prototype was really found in Dublin, in Lord Ribblesdale's stud. It was bought and sent as a royal gift to the new Sultan of Turkey.

Before the charger was shipped, he was trained in London to surprises and unexpected noises, in order that he might not shy at the cheers and vociferations of the Turkish populace. School-children dashed about waving banners in front of the animal, drums and trumpet-calls astonished the poor beast at all sorts of unexpected times, until he was " seasoned " enough to be sent away. He was named Rex Imperator, and was much admired and petted by his new master.

Indeed he proved meek enough when first

ridden in a sort of trial trip by one of the Adjutants, who was told afterwards that he ought to have made the animal show more spirit first, in order to duly impress the populace when he carried his Imperial owner.

Before Madame Rifaat left England I visited some hospitals and workhouses with her, as she intended to try and reform such institutions in Constantinople when she returned there. We went over the Workhouse in Marloes Road, Kensington, and epitomised the salient points of organisation there. It was she who inaugurated the Society of the Red Crescent, which did such good work during the War.

CHAPTER XVI

VAGARIES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON

MY son and I went about a great deal together, as it interested us to note the differences or similarities of social life in Berlin and London, and it amused us to compare notes in midnight chats, so different from those of the old days. He was invited to innumerable balls in the invitations sent to the Embassy staff —the fact of personal acquaintance with the men being evidently a matter little taken into consideration by a great many hostesses.

People seemed to entertain less and less in their own houses, and the personal note was entirely wanting in the huge assemblies that were gathered together in large hotels or dismal empty mansions hired for the occasion. The latter—decorated with weary-looking bunting—were either cold and draughty, as all empty houses are, or overheated, with no discrimination whatever. Servants were engaged for the evening, and the entertainments were overcrowded in spite of all the attendant discomfort. As for the supper-rooms, provisions were provided with a view to quantity versus quality. Voracious appetites were catered for, judging by the patience of people waiting in different relays in queues outside the doors, and their frantic efforts to be borne in when

these were thrown open. One could imagine that food was the main attraction of the evening.

One night we went on from a reception at Stafford House to a ball given in a hired mansion by a newly married peeress. The contrast was indeed most marked.

The Duchess of Sutherland had invited *tout Londres* to meet the Foreign Delegates then in town, and received everyone with her own consummate grace and charm. One felt that the beautiful hostess knew and welcomed her guests individually, and that it was a privilege to have been invited there.

We were sorry to have left early, when later on we struggled upstairs, wedged closely in a mass of perspiring humanity that was surging upwards to greet a hostess who, in issuing her invitations, had sent out unlimited numbers of blank cards to be filled in for the "friends of her friends." She could not have known a tenth part of the people with whom she shook hands.

In the ballroom the actual space left for the dancers was not much larger than a boxing ring. My son looked on with cynical amusement at the efforts of the courageous couples who gyrated round and round in that narrow circle, surrounded by a crowd one felt was absolutely a solid mass of flesh.

Over-tired chaperones occupied the single row of seats placed against the wall, and discussed the fact that in the near future their duties would evidently be dispensed with if hostesses continued to encourage the ultra-modern girl to appear without "encumbrances."

This particular ball, which has remained as typical of the period in my memory, was in a way,

tragic, as the host soon afterwards lost his fortune, and this first ball proved to be the last he gave.

The question of paid chaperones, which was openly discussed by impecunious Society women anxious to gain the wherewithal to regild their family escutcheon, could be regarded purely as a channel for providing introductions to heavily paying guests, and not in any way hampering their movements. It seemed to be taken for granted that people were ever ready and anxious to assist them in this money-making profession, and to include as a matter of course the "paying guest" in all the invitations issued to themselves. When this was not done, the "chaperone" either asked for one, or dispensed with it. One or two well-known women carried the business of social promotion to the extent of finding out new hostesses on the social horizon, and writing to offer them social success in their new venture by appearing at the ball and bringing titled friends with them "for a consideration."

I saw a letter written by a peeress to a foreigner who was arranging a ball during the Coronation season, which ran thus:

"DEAR MADAM,—

I hear that you are giving a ball in town on the tenth of next month. You are no doubt anxious that it shall be a success. I write to offer to come to it, and to bring titled friends with me at ten pounds each. The money transactions are of course a confidential matter.

Please let me know how many people you would like me to bring."

The icily-worded reply refused the offer, saying

that the hostess was accustomed to invite her *own* friends.

Anxious mothers with young daughters about to be launched into the cosmopolis of London Society, realised the dangers lurking there for unsophisticated maidens, yet were unable to disguise the fact that a really nice girl, who relied on her chaperone, and waited for men to take the initiative in the ballroom, often sat about like a fresh little wallflower during her first season. So many young men were spoiled now by the advances and attentions of the ultra-modern girl, that they gave themselves no trouble at all in selecting partners.

Then again, as hostesses frequently hardly knew half their guests, the "unbidden one" was often on the scenes, mixing unchallenged in the motley crowd.

He was always well dressed, as are most adventurers, always ingratiating, and he often found a London ballroom a happy hunting-ground.

A foreign penniless alien aristocrat frankly admitted that his title, which was of little use to him in his own country, where they abounded in proportion to the number of sons in a family, was the means of most pleasant and lucrative "business" in London.

The stock-in-trade of such men consisted of good looks, faultless clothes, and sleight of tongue.

His "clients" numbered lonely women, often rich widows, who were willing to pay well for his accompanying them to parties, provided he devoted himself to looking after them, and introducing them to his friends. He must also be willing to be at their beck and call by telephone

or telegram, during idle hours, and respond with alacrity.

Sometimes all this culminated in marriage, but more often than not the "cavalier," whose business it was to exist elegantly, preferred "running" several clients at a time, and cleverly managing all of them. He usually led a life of luxury and ease at one of the best hotels, gave his Embassy a wide berth, and cultivated to a fine art the habit of silence and secretiveness about his mode of life.

The "unbidden guest" was not always of the male species. A well-known woman who thought it a positive tragedy not to be invited to most of the prominent social functions, went so often with impunity without being invited, that it was rumoured she had lost her head to the extent of appearing at one of the crowded Court balls without having been "commanded."

Later on guests were told to take the invitation card with them there, so such a thing could not happen now.

The underground ballroom at the Ritz was seldom empty during the season. It was perhaps the most attractive place a hostess could choose if she did not wish to use her own house.

Madame de Bittencourt, one of the most stately and beautiful members of the *corps diplomatique* in London, has given more than one large entertainment here. The ball she gave there, when her two daughters first came out, will long be remembered as a brilliant and memorable gathering by the many people who attended it.

We noticed, as time went on, that many odd fads and fancies were indulged in, and that people used little discrimination in following any new

leader. I have known people who have slept on their roof in London to gather strength and inspiration from the stars, others who slept on balconies or in gardens for nerve cures. It seemed to me that London was the last place in the world in which to try this cure, which, of course, is widely enough practised in more propitious climates.

Credulous people, with more gold than common sense, scattered money broadcast among hordes of supposed miracle workers, described as mental healers, who spang up to meet the demands of various new diseases in connection with over-strained nerves.

London was flooded with soothsayers, astrologers, and prophets of all descriptions, who professed to cure the overworked, the underworked, the bored and the alert, the inquisitive and the neurotic.

Traces of age were to be banished by refraining from laughter or tears, from physical exertion, or from vivacity. One woman of my acquaintance had her face "lifted" by incisions near the temples, where the skin was drawn up and neatly stitched together, scars being obviated by special treatment.

During the Indian craze I have been invited to parties where one sat cross-legged on the floor, and used one's fingers instead of knives and forks, in obedience to the tenets of an ancient Indian sage, who held health classes.

Then there was a colour craze when people sought their dominant note, and never wore anything that was not of the tint which was supposed to influence their personality.

At a country house-party I saw a well-known

duchess carry a square ebony frame about with her from room to room.

The centre of the frame held a transparent glass disc filled with fluid of a deep purple colour. She kept her gaze fixed upon it as much as possible, and had her pillow-cases covered at night with purple silk.

Some people studied thought forms and the discussion of auras and one's egg-shaped astral bodies was quite general in certain sets. I heard one lady at a dinner party say that as her neighbour's aura was of bright scarlet, she could not possibly sit next to him.

People who disapproved of occult studies turned to novel forms of religion.

Among the expounders of these was a certain Persian mystic, Abdul Bahar, who appeared in London with various turbaned followers to talk of a diluted form of Pantheism. Many people, chiefly women, hung on his words when he lived for a time in Lady Blomfield's flat in Cadogan Gardens.

Once a week Lady Blomfield presided at meetings there, when she read short prayers and aphorisms of the venerable sage, who proved to us that we are all one, in a different degree with the animal, vegetable, and mineral world.

When the Woman's Movement was at its height her daughter Mary voiced the Suffragist's appeal at the foot of the throne. At one of the Courts she halted before the King and Queen when making her curtsey, and in a loud voice begged for Votes for Women.

The matter of food did not escape the craze for eccentricity. Several people followed the example of Princess Bariatinsky, who, during the time of

her popularity on the London stage, gave extraordinary luncheon parties which advocated her convictions regarding diet. At one of the luncheons to which I was invited, the *plat de résistance* was a plateful of fresh chrysanthemum petals with *sauce piquante*, followed by nut cutlets with salad of lily of the valley blossoms with mayonnaise sauce, roses in Oriental syrup, and violets in Maraschino, crisp biscuits and cheese, and a light red wine.

I felt so ill afterwards that I needed a liqueur brandy to combat this weird combination.

The Princess assured me that she owed her good health to the fact that she began the day with a dish of raw baby carrots and a cup of hay soup. The latter, if properly made, is supposed to contain the acme of condensed nourishment. I tasted it, and thought it like camomile tea with a dash of vinegar in it. She often slept under the stars in a Jaeger sleeping bag, and said that most people are only half alive in shackles of conventional habits.

Some people may say that I went out of my way to know eccentric people in various walks of life, and that these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

I think that individuality and personality are certainly the most attractive study of all. One gets so easily accustomed to luxurious surroundings and food, but never to the eternal surprises people themselves can offer.

Surprises, however, can be as disagreeable as pleasant, but then they can sometimes teach one a salutary lesson. I did not realise how unwise it often is to introduce personal friends to new acquaintances unless one is quite sure of their

loyalty. A well-known man who had been a welcome guest at our house for years, and whom we regarded as an intimate friend, was introduced by me to some people we had recently met. Very soon afterwards the new acquaintance warned me that I was harbouring a snake in the grass, as our "friend" never missed an opportunity of gossiping, and deprecating us both in innuendo and open remarks. After this we never invited him again.

Another acquaintance who was nicknamed "Home Gossip" passed his time in ferreting out and discussing family secrets, and retailing them from one house to another to make himself "interesting."

Perhaps the most annoying people of all are those whom one introduces to one's friends, and who promptly pounce upon them and leave one altogether outside the sphere of their own civilities. Fortunately one does not often meet them, and one can put down their want of courtesy to their lack of worldly wisdom, and not repeat one's mistake.

We often stayed at country houses, and got to know people from a very different point of view to that acquired by meeting them at official parties in London. I have seen Cabinet Ministers playing leap-frog in an empty ballroom, and in the gayest of spirits play "High-cock-a-lorum" to an amused audience after dinner.

There was something interesting in most places —family traditions or legends, or again historical stories of the locality. In the dining-room of H—— Castle I saw an old scrutoire fixed in the wall, and was told it held mysterious manuscripts. The key of the little chest had been handed down

to the eldest son through five generations, with solemn instructions to allow no one else to become acquainted with the contents. It contained also an old folio bound in black velvet, in which he was compelled to write, and it is said that from that moment all happiness and gaiety of spirit left him.

When I asked why people should be allowed to leave their descendants a miserable legacy of mysteries, I was told that nothing will ever combat family superstitions.

In another castle I was shown the room of one of its chatelaines who had committed suicide. The room had remained untouched, and in the middle of it a hooped brocaded silk dress stood upright. It was said to move up and down the corridors, filled by the unhappy ghost who had worn it long ago, and that nobody had the courage to touch the dress or interfere with the arrangement of the room. One night I certainly heard the swishing of skirts and faint footfalls outside my bedroom, and confess I had not the courage to open the door and see for myself whether the ghost had come to pay me a visit or not.

I have copied a few phrases from an old manuscript I found in the family library there, which run as follows: "The angelic world is the metropolis of Eternity. The Tree of Life grows and greens in it, beside the River of Life, which flows here pure as crystal. Mountains exhale aromatic odours. Here is continual summer, cooled by sweet zephyrs, causing the balm of the celestial earth to exhale agreeable scents. Come hither ye who wish not to labour and to suffer." This was marked in red pencil, and I wondered if the poor ghost had studied these attractions before

voluntarily leaving this world of disappointment and change.

Apropos of change, and the mutability of life, I always found consolation in a phrase I saw engraved on a calendar belonging to Madame Inouyé, the Japanese Ambassadress:

"When all changes for thee, nature is still the same, and the same sun rises on all thy days."

Of all the beautiful gardens I have seen at different country places, I loved best that of Ty Mawr in the Welsh hills. The owner, Mrs. Richard Crawshay, is an enthusiastic gardener, and has planned whole fields of flowers which are planted in wide strips, and are so well chosen that a wealth of blossom of one kind or another is available all the year round. I shall never forget my first sight of the lily field in full bloom one July evening. Over four thousand Madonna lilies, twelve to sixteen on a stalk, gleamed like sentinel spirits in the summer twilight. The heavy perfume, the stillness of the tall trees which framed the garden, and the outline of verdant hills enclosing the peaceful valley made an impression that often returns to me when far away from the spot.

The grounds of Ilam Hall in The Dove Valley are also unforgettable. When I wandered with the hostess, Mrs. Bowring-Hanbury, through the portion of the garden called "The Entrance to Paradise," I was not surprised to hear that George Eliot had loved to seek inspiration in so perfect a place, and had written several of her books there. The hills all round seemed laid in velvet to the summit, while the remote untroubled past brooded over the horizon.

When one is surrounded by the beauties of

Nature one has the intimate conviction that the real business of life is to be happy.

As life is so largely a state of mind, even illusion can be real life. Our minds are seed beds and we are bereft of the power to choose the seed. All we can do is to keep the weeds down as much as possible, and cultivate those flowers of the spirit which are the most beautiful and fragrant.

CHAPTER XVII

VISIT TO BERLIN

TWO years had elapsed since we left Berlin, and the prospect of spending a few weeks there in response to invitations of friends, filled us with delight.

It was spring time, and we knew how charming the Tiergarten would look in its dress of tender green, how gay the streets would be with their crowds of pleasure seekers, above all, how interesting it would be to visit as tourists places which were once the framework of our daily lives.

Everything connected with that journey seemed delightful. Coffee and crisp Brödchen had never tasted so delicious as those served at breakfast on the train from Flushing. As we approached Berlin every landmark on the confines of the city brought back childhood's memories to my son, and remembrances of happy days to me.

We were welcomed with open arms by our friends, we revisited spots endeared to us by a thousand incidents, and yet I soon realised what a mistake it is to return, when all the conditions of life have changed, to a place where one has been very happy.

I felt a spectator of the daily life in which I was once participant. I was conscious of a feeling of disillusionment on finding that other people had filled my place. The old adage, "*Qui va à la*

chasse perd sa place," holds a crude enough truth. Nobody is indispensable, and life swings on, gay or *triste* as the case may be, whether we are there or not.

However, as Nietzsche says, " Only that which we have lost is eternally our own." I knew that nothing could ever deprive me of the past, and resolved to call up all my philosophy and live every moment of the present, which so soon becomes to-morrow's past.

There was plenty to see and hear in that beehive of progress.

Judging by the magnificent streets and new hotels which had sprung up, as if by magic, during the short time which had elapsed since our departure, fortunes had been made with remarkable rapidity. The wide asphalted streets, swept and watered nightly and well furnished with paper baskets, looked cleaner than ever. The Friedrichstrasse, the Linden, and the Kurfürstenstrasse were ablaze with light from end to end, and crowded with people going from one place of amusement and from one café to another, until long past midnight. In the western quarter of the city rows of new mansions contained every imaginable luxury which could contribute to ease of life and daily pleasures. Many of the spacious flats contained in the hall their own post office tubes, to convey letters direct to the pillar boxes in the street, cold storage rooms for furs, and electric vacuum cleaners. In addition to magnificent reception-rooms and bedrooms for the family, servants' quarters, which formerly had hardly been taken into consideration, were now spacious and fitted with every comfort. In some cases a servants' library, well stocked with novels, ad-

joined the kitchen, which was invariably tiled and arranged with every convenience.

The theatres were crowded, and were just then giving a series of Shakespeare's plays, which by the way were performed far more frequently in Berlin than in London. We now saw at the Deutsches Theater magnificent productions of *Hamlet, King Lear*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ibsen, of course, was in full swing at the Lessing Theatre, where a new star had arisen among contemporary dramatists in Ernst Hardt, whose *Tantris the Fool* had taken the city by storm. Out of doors, the comfortable old horse trams and the little, open one-horse carriages in which one could amble leisurely from one end of the city to another, had given place to taxis, motor omnibuses, and electric trams, while on all sides one saw people roller-skating in the streets, avoiding the traffic with an agility which seemed little short of miraculous.

As for the young people, I looked in vain for them among the blasé youths and precocious girls who rang the note of independence and progress, and were busy with their love affairs while still at school. The moral tone had slackened everywhere, and "liberty" was tolerated to the verge of licentiousness.

More than ever, dinner parties were on the most luxurious scale. The natives of Berlin had always bestowed much time, thought, and attention on matters concerning food, and now suppers at restaurants after the theatre seemed more like City banquets. One night at the Kaiserhof I watched a wealthy Jew eating steadily for nearly an hour without looking right or left. Among the *hors-d'œuvres* which formed a foundation for

succulent quails, meats, sweets, etc., were enormous raw tomatoes, garnished with solid roses made of butter, of which no less than four were consumed by him before the more serious items on the menu were even looked at.

The spirit of proud economy, which had been so apparent in the old days among the military set, had now disappeared. An impecunious officer would then have walked miles to have been saved tram fares, and been satisfied with the frugal supper of bread, sausage and beer. The consolation afforded him by the fact of his military status compensated him for the fleshpots of the financial and rich professional world. From the cradle he had been taught that a military career was the only one fit for a gentleman. Nothing else mattered, and the Army ruled the Empire.

Now officers looked for wealthy alliances which would bring the luxuries of life within their sphere of enjoyment. Marriages with rich foreigners, wealthy Jewesses, daughters of industrial millionaires were now encouraged at head-quarters.

The rigid class divisions of former days had almost disappeared. As the huge military system expanded by leaps and bounds, more and more money was needed to meet modern requirements. In the new life of luxury and ease officers lost touch with their subordinates, and also lost much of the Spartan spirit of endurance that had characterised the German Army of 1870.

In the meantime the rank and file had been mentally equipped by the same advanced system of education as their superiors, and blind obedience on their part was no longer possible. An officer who did not share the penurious life to which they themselves were condemned, presented to

their discontented gaze the picture of an arrogant worldling, to whom gambling, horse-racing, and fast living were more important than military tactics.

This spirit, which fomented in secret up to the period of the war, was no doubt responsible in a large degree for the final *débâcle* and absolute insubordination of the Teuton Army which astonished friend and foe alike.

Imperial favour was now bestowed on wealthy citizens in proportion to the amount of money which flowed into the Imperial Treasury. The prefix "von" was showered right and left, and the portals of the castle thrown wide open for the entertainment of those who had formerly been held at arm's length from Court functions.

I had long talks with Frau von Moltke about all this. Although most of her leisure was swallowed up by occult studies, and her chief mental interest gravitated round Dr. Steiner and his disciples, she came from a Spartan race of Viking warriors, and deplored this weakening of the fibres of the Army. Also, as a woman of the world, she was no partisan of this razing of Society barriers.

"I am democrat at heart," she said, "in that I respect every individual *per se* in the scheme of life, but education, tradition, and environment will always prevent the mingling of the classes. It may be '*With* us, but not *of* us' by any manner of means."

I asked her if the spirit of occultism had spread in Germany since I had left.

"The majority of people are too busy rushing after distractions to think at all," she replied. "Pleasure made easy, is the cry of the moment."

I found in my intercourse with the Berlin Society woman of the hour that she was most anxious to give one the impression that her life was full of erotic experience and love adventures. Often this was not at all the case. She was a model wife and mother, and did her peccadilloes by proxy, making herself conspicuous in the society of fast women rather than be thought "old-fashioned."

Many of them had grown very morbid and introspective, a characteristic of the women of nations which are rushing towards the summit of prosperity and decadence. Nothing simple now held attraction for them. A wave of hysteria seemed to sweep castle and cottage alike. The very streets seemed to palpitate with it.

It prepared the psychological moment for the launching of a book like Karin Michaelis' *The Dangerous Age*, which appeared a little later on. When the translation of it was flung on the German market, it electrified the entire woman's community.

Twenty-five thousand copies of the book were sold in a week, and meetings were held in Berlin and other cities either to discuss its merits or protest against its contents.

Although great writers, such as Balzac, have written so marvellously about the woman of thirty or even forty years of age, only a woman could accurately portray the psychology of woman between forty and fifty, when the autumn of life changes the alchemy of her individuality.

Many people will doubtless say that at that age she is no longer interesting or attractive, and ought to retire into the backwaters of life and make way for youth. But that is not the question

in point, nor does it meet the truth. Karin Michaelis says:

"Hitherto no one has dared to speak the truth, that woman with every year that passes, becomes more and more 'woman.' She ripens far into the winter of her days."

The hostility between the sexes is voiced thus:

"There is a greater difference between man and woman than between the inanimate stone and the growing plant. I say that on the whole surface of the earth there is not one man who knows a woman *à fond*. Is the truth ever really spoken between man and woman? Men can be frank *vis-à-vis* to themselves and to each other—women cannot."

The novel is the story of a woman who up to middle age lived more or less contentedly with her most worthy, sensible husband. Then she fell in love for the first time, divorced the husband (evidently an easy matter in Norway), and instead of taking up life with the man she loved, and who evidently loved her, fled to some secluded spot in order to escape what she considered the inevitable *débâcle* of middle-aged love. After a time, however, she called him to her side in the following terms:

"Let the years henceforth pass as they will. Let old age come! By that time I shall have planted a forest of memories of you and of happiness. Therein I will wander in peace."

The lover came, but the spell was broken. Absence and separation had destroyed the germ.

Faute de mieux the heroine now gave the despised husband a chance, and hinted that she might return to her home and be happy once more.

But she found that life and absence had been busy once again, and the deserted one had consoled himself with another and a younger wife.

The volume is really a lesson to women not to permit themselves to act on impulse during a time when nerves are strained to a pitch which renders them hardly normal. In a later visit to Berlin I attended one of the lectures about this book, and was amazed at the freedom of speech, the excitement, the intricate discussions.

I wondered why they all could not let *anno domini* alone. Each age has its pleasures, and its consolations, while the history of all times has proved that woman's power to charm is an individual gift, not absolutely dependent on decades.

How quickly the weeks in Berlin flew by! They were not nearly long enough for all we wanted to see and hear. The day before we left we sauntered out to the old part of the city beyond the river, where an ancient churchyard dreamed in peace. The closely packed stones, devoured by moss and time, reared themselves out of the emerald green grass.

Far below, beyond the wall, the river scolded and rushed towards the city, without disturbing this brooding peace.

On our way home we paid a visit to Garmisch and found, alas! that this picturesque little place, formerly so rustic and so restful, was transformed into a tourist resort. The railway from Innsbruck was to be extended to Garmisch, and the villagers already boasted of the Kurhaus which was nearly finished. The "Alpenhof" was bursting with visitors, and hotels on an American scale were in course of construction. Nothing, however,

can destroy the beauty of the little place which holds a beloved memory spot for me. In summer one can revel in the green, dreamy loveliness of the valley nestling at the base of the Zugspitze; in late spring the trees on each side of the quaint streets are a mass of snowy fruit blossoms and flowering chestnuts; in winter the broad frozen Rissersee offers splendid ground for hockey, while the great lonely Eibsee, its transparent green opaqueness hard as steel, is besieged by people ski-ing and rodelling and enjoying themselves healthily in boisterous fashion.

We were glad to get back to England, which now had become "home" for us in every sense of the word, and very soon the visit to Berlin was laid away with more distant memories, and hardly thought of among all the many new interests of life in London.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAST TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO LONDON VISIT TO BERLIN AND SERVIA

THE new régime in Turkey had given rise to much conjecture regarding the choice of the new Ambassador to London. Most people thought, as the old order of things was reversed, and youth had usurped the privilege of age, which hitherto had been all-powerful, that some young man with progressive ideas, on the lines of Enver Bey, would be sent here to represent the spirit of the new era.

Various names were mentioned, among others again that of Hamid Bey, who had been in London so long, and knew English so well.

The Sultan's envoy, however, proved to be His Highness Tewfik Pacha, who had been for many years Minister of Foreign Affairs in Constantinople and also Grand Vizier.

He was a Mahomedan Turk of the old school, dignified, polished, cultured and stately.

He was a consummate diplomatist, and was fully conscious of the transition stage through which his country was passing. He knew how easily it could be shipwrecked on the waves of passion and prejudice which were tossing on the political horizon.

There was a certain amount of consternation at the London Embassy when a telegram arrived

on a Sunday morning to say that the Ambassador, with his wife and family, would reach town that day instead of a few days later as had been expected.

The Councillor was most anxious that suitable meals should be prepared, and every comfort ready to greet them on their arrival. His imperfect English was supplemented with marked gestures to impress upon the butler the necessity of having everything ready.

The man listened to him for some time in a respectful, impassive manner, then quietly replied:

"I understand perfectly well what you *want*, sir; the thing is you can't have it. It is Sunday."

This settled the matter, and meals at an hotel were decided upon as a solution of the difficulty.

Madame Tewfik Pacha was an Austrian, and she and her daughters, who were extremely intelligent and charming, learned to speak English perfectly during the few years they were in London.

The first large entertainment at the Embassy in Portland Place was in connection with the celebration of the first anniversary of the Turkish Constitution, which took place on July 21st, 1909.

The grey-and-silver drawing-room and the reception-rooms which Madame Rifaat Pacha had arranged with so much taste were now used for the first time to entertain sixteen Delegates from various Turkish provinces, deputies of the first Turkish Parliament, who came to London to celebrate the occasion at the seat of the "Mother of Parliaments."

The picturesque Ottoman flag, the white crescent and star on the scarlet background, was in full prominence. Palms and exquisite flowers filled all the fire-places and decorated the rooms. Oil paintings of the Sultans were hung upon panels of Oriental silk, and the smaller reception-rooms were bright with scarlet and gold draperies, while the buffet was placed in the former billiard-room. The reception was attended by all the prominent members of the Ottoman colony in London—and by several prominent English statesmen. There was a dinner party in the evening, and everything was done on the most lavish scale.

The King and the British public marked their approval of the lightning work which had suddenly changed the main features of Government administration in Turkey, and placed the country abreast with the march of progress.

The Ambassador presented the Delegates to the King and Queen in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, with their suites, were present at the ceremony.

Talaat Bey, President of the Turkish Chamber, delivered a message of greeting from Mahomed V, to which the King graciously responded.

The enterprising Sixteen were shown as much of the sights of London as was possible during their short stay. They were taken to see the King's inspection of the London Fire Brigade, they were conducted to the Tower, the British Museum, and the National Gallery. They were greatly impressed by the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, the Horse Guards, and Downing Street.

The Reception Committee, under Lord Onslow, arranged a large public dinner at which they were the guests of honour. At this banquet Lord Curzon of Kedleston made a powerful speech calculated to cement the goodwill and understanding which then existed between England and Turkey.

On July 29th a luncheon was given for them by the Government at the House of Commons, when Sir Edward Grey spoke at length about the amity and mutual interests which bound the two nations together, and of the friendly terms on which they had been for so long. He hoped that the alliance would prove a durable one, no matter what political unrest the future might hold.

The following year another Turkish Mission was sent to London, but this time on a most melancholy duty, as the members of it represented their country at the obsequies of King Edward.

Reports about the imposing ceremonies, described at length in the chronicles of the day, were sent to head-quarters. They summarised much that appeared in the English press, which dwelt on the character and personality of the great Monarch who had passed away, upon his phenomenal memory, his immense power of observation, and above all on his own personal influence which, owing to his kind and genial intercourse with his subjects, had made the Court the centre of national life. Eulogies of Edward the Great and Alexandra the Beautiful will always be found in the Turkish archives.

The Coronation festivities in the following year brought foreign representatives and special envoys to London from every quarter of the

globe. Turkey sent the heir to the throne, Prince Youssouf Izzedin, who arrived in London with a large suite. Lady Wantage's mansion in Carlton House Terrace was placed at their disposal —and the most luxurious paraphernalia in gold for toilette and for cooking were unpacked here.

We watched the Coronation procession on the balcony of this house, with Madame Tewfik Pacha and her children.

A large dinner party for men was given at the Embassy while Prince Youssouf Izzedin was in London, and he attended the Court functions in connection with the Coronation. He was greatly impressed by all he saw, and said that friendship with England ought to be cultivated by every possible means, as it meant national safety for Turkey.

When he left London the Ambassador and my son accompanied him and the suite to Dover, and saw them embark on the homeward journey.

His premature death was much deplored by all statesmen. A Turkish proverb says: "Await the evening to say if the day is good," and the rumoured violent end of Prince Youssouf Izzedin reminds one of another Eastern aphorism: "Though your enemy be no bigger than an ant, suppose him as large as an elephant," and also of a third Eastern proverb: "Though thy tongue be boneless, it breaks many bones."

In 1912 my son and I passed through Berlin *en route* to Belgrade and Constantinople.

In the German capital notable changes were apparent. The "Mother of thought" had been caught up in the whirlwind of trade and material

interest that was rushing over the Old World from America.

People seemed stimulated *to do* rather than *dream*. There seemed no productive leisure in which literary and artistic men could leaven the intellectual life of the period.

Standards of education had shifted. The classical side as represented by the Gymnasien and the modern side as represented by the Real Schulen were now given equal importance, whereas a few years previously superiority was accorded to the former.

The diminishing attendance at the Gymnasien proved that the youth of the day trained preferably in practical grooves of modern thought, science, and modern languages, to enable him in future to keep abreast with the times.

We heard that brutal methods accompanied this instruction. A dull scholar was frequently rendered almost idiotic by terrific boxes on the ears, or by having his head banged repeatedly against the wall. Another charming method of "waking up a boy" was to take him by the wrist and knock his elbow on the desk; caning on the hand was a trivial detail; the English system of chastisement in schools did not exist.

The drama did not escape the waves of realism. Obvious themes were in demand, and amusements which did not tax an overtired brain. Hauptmann was spoken of as a paling genius, his *Sunken Bell* and *Pippa Dances*, which formerly charmed the public with their transcendental beauty and idealism, made way for the lighter works of Arthur Schnitzler and similar authors. Favourite plays just now were: *Abschieds Souper* and *Liebelei* with their light French-Viennese-

Jewish wit. The overworked brain of the money-maker turned to them for recreation. Another favourite play was *Moral*, by Ludwig Tome. The theme turns upon the power of the German police, and the work of a Vigilance Society for the protection of public morals. *Moral* was translated into English and played frequently in America. Wedekind's remarkable play, *The Awakening of Spring*, daringly discussed the question of the advisability of keeping youth in ignorance of the fundamental laws of sex.

The author showed the craving for beauty, love, and poetry which ever lies in the heart of the young, and the distorted forms it may assume when handled by scholastic tyranny and convention. He broke a lance for romance combined with realism, his hero and heroine, both mere children, innocently followed the sex call of nature, with inevitable disastrous results. The play was given in a large, square hall—the Kammerspiele, in which most ultra-modern plays were performed which the more stereotpyed theatres hesitated to produce. *The Awakening of Spring* evoked passionate discussion in all classes of thought; at the performances of it one sometimes saw clergymen with their adolescent sons, and mothers with their flapper daughters, while on the other hand, other parents cast up their eyes in horror, and said the play was a disgrace to the nation. In the little theatre Unter den Linden translations of Bernard Shaw's plays and Gorki's *Lower Depths* were performed to crowded audiences.

In the matter of private entertainments the Jewish financiers were very much to the fore, and the whole of the Court set went to their

parties, while the hosts boasted that now they were admitted to the intimacy of the All-Highest. The reign of Pluto was supreme.

Militarism closely ran the gauntlet with finance, and had become more aggressive and imbued with its own importance. Officers swaggered on the pavements, making female pedestrians step off the kerb to allow them to pass. The brutal methods of the officers towards their men were even discussed with a certain amount of head-shaking at some of the dinner parties.

The majority of the sheltered girls of the upper classes had also broken old traces, and were more emancipated than even girls in England. Mothers and chaperones were voted as bores, and girls went out alone and had their own latch-key. The more seriously-inclined of them followed the same course of study as their brothers, they competed for the Abiturien examination, followed the University courses, and entered the professional lists. Those who had private means flew away from the parental nest and lived in rooms or a flat of their own. The question of sex was one upon which they held views which brooked no interference from their elders.

Just before the War the whole mental and moral tone in the German capital was strained to breaking point, and one can only wonder in what direction all this would have led if the cataclysm of the great War had not forced it into spontaneous combustion.

My son and I discussed all this while, after our most crowded fortnight, we were safely in the Orient express on our way to the Serbian capital.

We arrived at the main station in Belgrade

about midnight, and the first impression we gained of it was an almost terrifying one. Our luggage was piled on a little open carriage which turned from the station towards a steep hill, which was in complete darkness save for the glimmer of an occasional lantern hung here and there. The street was so badly paved and we were jolted to such an extent that I wondered if we would ever reach our hotel in safety. When at last we arrived there, we thought the driver must have made a mistake. It was the chief hotel of the city, and boasted as dining-room a large bare saloon with sanded floor, in which people of all denominations were eating, drinking, or playing cards at the numerous square, wooden tables. Comforts in the bedrooms were non-existent, and when our Minister came to see us next day and invited us to go to the Legation, we were only too delighted to accept.

Our stay in Belgrade stands out in remembrance, vested with the added interest given to it by the War.

The wielders of the olive branch in smaller, less-conspicuous States jumped suddenly into prominence when the muffled drums of war echoed in sinister warning from the Balkan States to the extreme south-east of Europe.

Ali Fuad Bey, my husband's former colleague in Berlin, and one of our best friends, was now Turkish Minister here. We were much interested to find all our family portraits in a place of honour in one of the reception-rooms, and a large signed photograph of Mrs. Patrick Campbell on one of the tables.

"You remember our happy evenings spent with this most charming of ladies?" he said, point-

ing to the photograph. "What unforgettable hours!"

The guests we were invited to meet included several foreign diplomats and the whole of the Turkish Legation personnel. Three Turkish ladies were present, the wives of secretaries, in European dress, with no hint of yashmak or feridgé. None of them spoke anything but Turkish, yet all were very vivacious and full of gesture, conversing freely, and getting the male members of the Embassy to translate their remarks. After dinner, music and bridge helped to make the evening pass pleasantly.

Fuad Bey told me that his post in Belgrade would probably not be of very long duration, owing to the clouds on the political horizon. Great importance was bestowed on the maintenance of Turkish supremacy in the provinces, which the Turks had won by the sword, yet were less able to maintain than to acquire.

Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro, all once under Turkish suzerainty, were struggling for independence, and the Balkan States, once in an attitude of jealous defensiveness towards each other, were to make common cause in demanding independent rights.

Bulgaria, until 1908 a political division of Turkey, asserted as its first leader of independence Prince Ferdinand, whom we had met under such interesting circumstances both in Berlin and in London, and who sprang later into such prominence. *Pourparlers* between Bulgaria and Serbia by the Turkish Ministers accredited to their capitals, were accompanied with more flowery language and suavity of manner than that

employed by the representatives to the Great Powers.

At the time of our visit Serbia was beginning to express its demand for a sea-port. Covetous glances were being cast on Salonika, the Marseilles of the East. Its capital seemed still to be palpitating from the effects of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903. For three years from that time England had refused to be diplomatically represented there, and it was only when King Peter came to the throne in 1906 that Sir James Whitehead again took up the diplomatic threads, and was succeeded by Sir Ralph Paget in 1910. As the Kingdom of Serbia only dated from 1882, when Milan I was proclaimed King, it was still over anxious to assert itself. Fuad Bey told me that his post in Belgrade was considered a most important one by the Turkish Foreign Office, and that more tact was required in his diplomatic work here than was needed anywhere else. He drove us several times through the charming country surroundings of the city, and but for the wretchedness of the roads these drives would have been very pleasant. But road making is evidently not much practised in Serbia, for the carriage bumped up and down with such energy, that I was forcibly reminded of Mdle. Olga's exclamations on our drive to Tahsin Pacha's harem. It was more pleasant to halt at the summit of verdant slopes, and watch the blue waters of the Danube flowing at the foot of the Belgrade Hills, while our friend chatted to us about his life here and the necessity for keeping "*La dragée haute, et la porte entr'ouverte.*"

He laughed when I asked him whether he spelt

"*Porte*" with a small or a capital letter, and replied, "*C'est selon!*"

Of course he has long since left Belgrade, where his genial bonhomie, and his broad-minded views of life and people in general, earned him many life-long friends.

CHAPTER XIX

LAST VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE: FINAL NOTES

WE left Belgrade in a slow train which was to reach the Turkish capital by a circuitous route. Thus we had every opportunity of studying the landscape, of admiring rugged gorges and rushing rivers, of watching the sun set on verdant plains where picturesque figures in multi-coloured dress and sheepskin cloak stood sentinel over flocks and herds. Or again, when the train halted at any of the stations, we could buy bouquets of field flowers from dear, shy little children who proffered them, or sweets and postcards from more clamorous vendors. Sometimes, too, we broke the bread of friendship with a gipsy or two. One of those wandering mystics, who are to be found in outlying parts near the Turkish capital, broke an egg on the ground, sprinkled poppy seeds over it, and with meaning glances to us both, spoke as follows —my son translating the sentences as they fell from her lips: "Frank woman, with a head like a bookcase, your destiny is to wander. Your restlessness will cause you to build up, only to destroy—to pitch your tent in one place after another. Your end will be far from your native land, you will lose every one of those who are nearest and dearest to you. This journey you are now taking with the Effendi is a useless one. You

will shake the dust of the city from your feet, and return very soon. And *you*, Effendi," turning her burning gaze on my son, " your life's flame is leaping up . . . up, and——"

But I clutched my boy by the arm, and turned away with an impulse which forbade my listening any more. I threw her some money, and in response to my boy's expostulations that I ran away at the psychological moment, replied that she talked nonsense, as this journey would probably mean a stay in Constantinople of many months. The fact is, I was *afraid* of what she might say, if discussing his future. In this land, sacred to miracle, there always seems to be a mixture of the supernatural with the historical. This gipsy had a way of looking at one as if her soul had just fathomed a great secret. I caught her glance as I turned away from her, and she put her finger over her lips, and shook her head mournfully.

I wished we had not spoken to her, but when I looked at her for the last time from the window of the railway station, her spirit seemed attuned to the wide, luminous calm of earth and sky, and peace slid into my heart once more. Her abstract gaze proclaimed the possession of something that could never be spoiled or broken—something caught from the very heart of Fate.

We were not meant to think and brood too much over things. Thought is often a malady which poisons all energy and health. I resolved to take life simply now, and as it came.

We reached Constantinople about six in the morning and were kept for an hour in the Custom House while our passports and luggage were examined, the latter in spite of our *laisser passer*.

An avalanche of words in French, German, English, and Turkish fell upon us the moment we got into the street, and we were literally *thrown*, bag and baggage, into one of the waiting carriages, the driver of which was more masterful than the rest.

We had rooms in an hotel in the Rue de Pera, and my boy was very interested at this glimpse of life in a spot where perhaps his duties would force him to remain for some time, if he worked at the Foreign Office here. This would mean that he decided to continue in the career and qualify at head-quarters.

After we had been there a few weeks he told me that he saw no chance for him of either happiness or advancement unless he returned to England and took up some other form of work. A diplomatic career for foreigners in Turkey was a thing of the past. We observed many things which probably the Europeans who lived in Turkey noticed less than the new-comers.

A spurious kind of Western progress, based chiefly on German lines, had been grafted on the native life, and the Turks seemed palpitating with a constant apprehension of danger, and animated with defiant mistrust. One afternoon we were in a crowded hall at a cinema performance, when suddenly the electric light went out. After an interval of a few seconds it went up again, and we saw that nearly every man in the hall had a revolver in his hand.

Whilst strolling through the bazaars, or on entering Turkish cafés, my son met looks of dislike, and heard muttered curses against foreigners. The old Turkish friends whom we visited, strongly advised my son to return to

England. A number of old Ottoman families were preparing to leave Turkey and migrate to Switzerland, where they intended asking for naturalisation; they were selling houses, lands, and jewels, and realising as much of their possessions as possible.

We met Yvette Guilbert in the bazaars one morning, when we were looking for rugs and Oriental embroideries. She told us her stay in Turkey interested her very much, and that her songs were greatly appreciated here.

She laughed when I told her what had happened in the Sultan's harem when Sarah Bernhardt stood up to declaim portions of *Phèdre* to the ladies there. Many of them drew their mantles over their heads and rushed away, others stood up trembling, and pointing fingers to avert the Evil Eye, while others frankly gave themselves over to audible lamentations.

Many European celebrities had visited the capital and the harem since then, and the inmates were no longer as ingenuous as before.

As soon as my son had finally decided to leave, we tried to go at once, but again found that it was easier for us to enter the capital than to leave it. Friendly influence was again brought to work on our behalf, and it was with a feeling of positive relief that we felt the train rumble out of the station to bear us homewards.

After our return to London my son handed in his demission to the Ambassador and identified himself with the country in which he had been born, and which had claimed all his sympathy and convictions.

During his five years' experience as attaché in the Turkish Embassy in London history had been

made with surprising rapidity, and the old order of things had passed away.

He had served under three Ambassadors, accredited to King Edward and to King George. Looming over this brief space of time hung the tragedy of the Balkan War, with all its unrest and political difficulties in matters connected with the Near East. He had worked during the time of the deposition of Abdul Hamid, the declaration of the Turkish Constitution, and the feverish zeal of the New Administration with its insistent cry of "Turkey for the Turks."

He experienced the exuberances of a great national awakening, the attempts to Ottomanise all non-Turkish elements, and to make the Turkish language compulsory for Arabs, Armenians, and Albanians.

The Committee of Union and Progress, in trying to lift their country out of the influence of despotism, had to contend with all the exaggerations and extremes of a transition stage.

The Koran ordered nations to march with the centuries, but standards of progress in the twentieth century seemed to be matters of explosion. Two years before the outbreak of war the knell had sounded for the passing away of all the tolerance, the peace and the mutual understanding that had existed between Turkey and England when, as a little child, my boy had wandered in and out of the stately rooms in Bryanston Square.

When Tewfik Pacha left London, almost the last words he uttered when bidding it farewell were: "This is probably the last Turkish Embassy to London."

The aged diplomat realised to the full the

misfortune brought upon his native land by the rupture with its best and most faithful friend. Time alone will prove whether his surmise was correct.

After the outbreak of war my son volunteered for the British Army and was called to the colours. But he responded to a Higher Call, and in the flower of his youth passed into that Silent Land where nationality and prejudice count no more, and where wars and rumours of wars have ceased.

How many mothers—who never forget—must now turn in freemasonry of grief to face a desolate world in this land of partings and meet the supreme problem of the great "Why."

Summer flowers adorn, or winter snows enshroud the graves of our dearest ones in God's Garden, as we grope for that moral support in suffering which so many of us need far more than any material help.

For so many of us something is broken which in this world can never be mended, and the word "to-morrow" seems empty of personal happiness. With the clairvoyance which loneliness gives, we know that the world, if it can give us nothing more, can also take nothing else away which can touch the depths of grief. We realise that the dead hold us closer than the living, and are with us always, clear in the amber of memory untouched by the world's blight.

We treasure tokens of the past, and garner them close for the barren years that yield but memory, until they become invested with the sweet sadness of an autumn day, which breathes of the melancholy of things that pass, and of summers unfulfilled. Then we gather in the

distillation of the years, and make the flowers of long ago bloom once again in the Garden of Recollections.

Only forgetfulness divides, and the hearts we seek are seeking ours.

In looking back alone over the eventful years of the past, the following lines swing through my brain :

"Le livre de la vie est un livre suprème
Qu'on ne peut ouvrir ni fermer à son choix.
On voudrait revenir à la page que l'on aime,
Et la page où l'on meurt est déjà sous le doigt."

INDEX

A

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, 91, 199
Abdul Bahar, Persian mystic, 256
Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey—
  attempt on life of, 190, 220
  courage of, 190
  deposition of, 247, 287
  description of, 201, 202
  his fondness for animals, 184
  his love of music, 184
  picture painted of, 5, 6
  and Princess Brancovan, 184
  suspects all European Powers except Germany, 190
  visits to Medjidieh Mosque, 196, 200
  watches march past of troops, 201
Abdy Bey, Turkish Military Attaché in Vienna, son of Reouf Pacha, 133, 222
Academy, private view at, 67, 68
Acropolis, the, 211
Albani, Mde., 13, 70
Alexander II, Czar of Russia, 5, 18, 92, 126
Alexander, King of Serbia, 281
Alexandra, Queen—
  at Austrian Embassy, 33
  at ball at Londonderry House, 61
  at Drawing Rooms, 10, 12
  eulogized by Turkey, 274
  and German Emperor and Empress, 38
  at Jubilee in 1887, 16
  Turkish delegates presented to, 273
Alexandra Feodorovna, ex-Czarina of Russia, 17, 18
Aley, Syrian village, 203, 204, 210, 214
Ali Bey, brother of Secretary at Turkish Embassy, 71–74, 80, 81
Ali Nizami Pacha, head of Special Turkish Mission, representing Sultan at 1887 Jubilee, 15
Alphonso, King of Spain, visits Berlin in search of wife, 138
Alsen Strasse in Berlin, Turkish Embassy transferred to, 138, 142
Alvarez, artist, 13
Andersen, Hans Christian, 171
Anderson, Sir Percy, 89
Aosta, Duke of, 32
Aosta, Duchess of, 32
Arabs, dreaming of emancipation from Turkish yoke, 205
  their proficiency in English language, 206
Aristide, cook to Rustem Pacha, 1
Arnoldson, Sigfrid, Swedish singer, 13
Augusta Victoria, ex-Kaiserin—
  attends wedding of Crown Prince, 179, 180
  at Court functions in Berlin, 122, 126, 127
  her visit to London in 1891, 36–38
"Austru," scorching wind prevalent in Roumania, 188
Averescu, Mde., wife of Roumanian Military Attaché in Berlin, 154, 178, 179

B

"B," Swedish Countess, friend of Rustem Pacha, 49
Baalbeck, site of ancient ruins of sun-worshippers, 209, 211

Babda, 203
Bairam, Mahommedan Festival of, 77, 78
Bancroft, Sir Squire, 68
Bancroft, Lady, 68
Barett, Miss, "Lucien's" governess, 97
Bariatinsky, Princess, 256, 257
Barrington, Mr., 89
Barry, Rev. Canon, 86
Bashford, Mr. John, English newspaper correspondent in Berlin, 136
Bassewitz, Count, 104
Bassewitz, Countess, 104
Bavaria, Crown Prince Louis of, 171
Begas-Parmentier, Mde., painter, 167
Beit-Eddin, Palace of, residence of Governor-General of Lebanon, 75, 207
Beldiman, M., Roumanian Minister in Berlin, 142
Beldiman, Mde., 142, 146
Belgrade, 278
Berlin—
  artistic circle in, 166–176
  Christmas in, 118
  Court functions in, 120–132
  cult of housekeeping in, 105–107
  domestic service in, 97, 98, 157
  education in, 99–102
  Embassies in, 135–142
  espionage upon Embassies in, 144
  further impressions of in later years, 262–270, 275–278
  impressions of, 96, 99
  luxury in, 150–152
  social life in, 129–134, 159–162
  spiritual séances in, 109–118
  status of Jews in, 123
  traffic in, 99
Bernhardt, Sarah, 70, 286
Beroldingen, Countess von, 159
Besant, Mrs., 31
Beshik Tasch, 220
Bethusy-Huc, Countess, daughter of General von Moltke, 108
Beyrout, 181, 182, 196, 203, 206
Bille, M. de, Danish Minister in in London, 88
Bittencourt, Mde. de, 254
Blavatsky, Mde., 31
Blomfield, Lady, 256
Blomfield, Mary, suffragist, 256
Bourtouline, General, of Russian Embassy in London, 12
Bowring-Hanbury, Mrs., 260
Braddon, Miss, 68
Brancovan, Princess, 183, 184
Brockdorff, Countess, chief lady-in-waiting to ex-German Empress, 120, 121, 126, 132 and footnote
Brown Potter, Mrs., 46
Bruce, Marshal, 90
Bryanstone Square, 1, 70, 90
Bucharest, 182, 183, 188
Buckingham Palace, State functions in Victorian days at, 8–15
Bülow, Prince von, 142, 167
Bülow, Princess, 131, 137, 142, 151
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 40, 90
Burnaby, Colonel, 3
Bury, Mdlle. Blaze de, 27
Butt, Clara, 13
Buzzi, Dr., fashionable physician in Berlin, 156

C

Calvé, artist, performing at State concerts in London, 13
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, 167, 279
Campbell, Praed. *See* Praed
Cambridge, Duke of, 26, 86
"Carmen Sylva." *See* Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania
Castel Pelesh, summer residence of "Carmen Sylva," 188
Caux, Marquise de. *See* Mde. Adelina Patti
Cavendish, Lady Edward, head of household at British Embassy in Berlin, 135
Charlotte von Meinigen, Princess, sister of ex-Kaiser, 161
Chefakat, the, Turkish Order of Mercy, 40, 41

Chekib Bey, second Secretary at Turkish Embassy in London, 2
C emlan, 181, 202, 208, 212, 213
Chevet, French caterer, supplied dinner for Turkish Embassy in London, 14
Chichnichu, Roumanian lake, 185
"Cholera Frau," the, German fortune-teller, 110, 111
Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince, 86
Churchill, Lady Randolph, 68
Clarence, Duke of, 80, 207
Clarke, Mrs., "Tea-leaf Sibyl," 66, 67, 242
Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice, 68
Colquhoun, Sir Patrick, 54, 55
Constantinople, 182, 189, 191, 196, 203, 284
Cornwallis-West, Mrs., 68
Cornwallis-West, Miss, her marriage with Prince Pless, 10
Costaki Anthopoulos Pacha, succeeded Rustem Pacha as Turkish Ambassador to London, 8, 92, 93, 247
Cottenham, Countess of, 55
Councillor to Turkish Embassy in London and Berlin, husband of author—
advice to Ali Bey, 73
his affection for Rustem Pacha, 83
appointed Councillor of Turkish Embassy in Berlin, 92
career of, 2, 3, 18
as Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, 139
consults Dr. Buzzy, 156
death of, 215
descent of, 2
dislike of changed atmosphere at Berlin Embassy under Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, 140–142
his farewell to Rustem Pacha, 86
and Ferdinand of Bulgaria, 124–126
his friendship with M. Waddington, 15
his ill-health due to overwork, 85, 86
at Naval Review in 1887, 20
his views on occult science, 18, 30
visits Kainzenbad for rest-cure, 182
his work at Embassy in Berlin, 95, 96
Cramm, Baron von, Minister for Brunswick in Berlin, 152
Crawshay, Mrs. Richard, owner of Ty Mawr, 260
"Crivets," arctic wind blowing for three months annually in Roumania, 188
Currie, Sir Philip, British Ambassador in Constantinople and Rome, 41
Currie, Lady, 44, 45 and footnote
Curzon, Lord, of Kedleston, 89, 274

D

Damascus, 203
D'Aubigny, Countess, wife of Councillor of French Embassy in London, 20, 27, 34
Davies, Ben, 13, 129
Deep, seaside village on Baltic, 162
Derenburg, Prince, sent to Russia, 149
Deym, Countess, wife of Austrian Ambassador in London, 33, 37
Dolgorouky, Prince, Governor-General in Moscow, 17
Dönniges, Helene von. *See* Princess Racowitza
Donop, Baroness von, daughter of Baroness de Reuter, 63, 64
Draga, Queen of Servia, wife of King Alexander, 281
Drawing-room in Victorian days, description of, 8–11
Drummond-Hay, Mrs., wife of British Consul at Aley, 214
Druses, sect in Syria, 205

E

Eames, artist, performing at State concerts in London, 13
Eberlein, sculptor, 172, 173
Eberlein, Frau, 172, 173
Edward VII—
  at Austrian Embassy in London, 33
  entertains ex-German Emperor and Empress, 38
  eulogized by Turkey, 274
  funeral of, 274
  opens Imperial Institute, 21
  presents charger to Mohammed V, 248
  receives Rifaat Pacha in private audience, 247
  Turkish Delegates presented to, 273
Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," 186–189
Elpons, General von, "Military Host" to Turkish Cadets, 133
Eugénie, Empress, 32
Eulenberg, von, Court-Marshal in Berlin, 142
Eyoub, Turkish village, 194

F

Fane, Violet. *See* Lady Currie
Fanö, Danish seaside resort, 163
Ferdinand, ex-King of Bulgaria, 28, 124–126, 280
Ferid Pacha, Grand Vizier to Sultan Abdul Hamid, 220, 222
Ferrerez, M. de, Italian Ambassador in London, 88
Florence, Rustem Pacha stays there, 3
Florian, Count de, 34
Florian, Countess de, 34
Franz, factotum to Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, 178
Freige, Marquis, 208
Friedländer-Fuld, Herr Fritz von, known as "Coal King" in Germany, Dutch Consul in Berlin, 130, 131, 136
Friedman, actor, second husband of Princess Racowitza, 171
Fuad Bey, Ali, Turkish Minister in Belgrade, 119, 279, 280, 281
Fuad Pacha, 3 91

G

Gadban, Mr. Paul, Turkish Consul-General, 79
Gambatti, Signor, pianist, 32
Garmisch, 182, 269
George V, 86, 179, 207, 273, 287
George, King of Greece, 62
Gersdorff, Fräulein von, 120
Ghalib Bey, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin—
  entertainments of, 103
  his kindness to "Lucien," 119
  makes Embassy centre of family life, 119, 140
  pays State call on ex-Kaiser, 120
  superseded at Berlin, 139
  visits Constantinople on account of financial difficulties at Berlin Embassy, 139
Ghazi Moukthar Pacha, 3
Giers, M. de, 90
Gladstone, W. E., 7, 51, 62, 68
Gladstone, Mrs., 68
Glenesk, Lord, 88
Goldsmid, Lady, 22, 64
Golz, General von der, 143
Golz, Mde., von der, 143, 146
Greenaway, Kate, 68
Greindl, Baroness de, wife of Belgian Minister in Berlin, 104
Grey of Falloden, Lord, 274
Grünhoff, Baroness, 117
Guilbert, Yvette, 286

H

"H.," Mrs., 75
Hahnke, General von, 143–145, 147

Hamid Bey, first Secretary to Turkish Embassy in London, 2, 7, 46, 59, 246, 271
Hamilton, Lord George, represents Queen Victoria at funeral of Rustem Pacha, 89
Harem, daily life in, 217–219, 223, 224
Hartz Mountains, the, 162–164
Hatzfeldt, Count, German Ambassador in London, 36, 41, 42, 88
Hatzfeldt, Countess, 42
Hatzfeldt, Count Herman, son of German Ambassador, 42
Hatzfeldt, Countess Baby, daughter of German Ambassador, 42
Hawksley, Mr. Bourchier, legal adviser to Turkish Embassy in London, 91
Hegerman-Lindencrone, Mde. de, wife of Danish Minister in Berlin, 153
Hegerman-Lindencrone, Mdlle. Frederike de, 153
Heligoland, German boys taught value of, 101
Heliopolis, 209
Herkomer, Sir Hubert, 68
Heurtel, Mde., 34
Hobart Pacha, widow of, 222
Hobe, Mde. de, wife of Aide-de-Camp to Sultan of Turkey, 69
Hoffnung, Mr. Sidney Francis, Chargé d'Affaires to Queen of Sandwich Islands, 22
Hohenlohe, Prince, 142
Horan, Plain of, 210
Humbert, King of Italy, 32, 128
Hume, conductor of occult séances in St. Petersburg, 18

I

Ihne, Herr von, ex-Kaiser's favourite architect, 153
Ihne, Frau von, 153
Ihsan Bey, 216, 217, 219, 228
Ihsan Bey, Mde., 217, 223, 226
Ilam Hall, country seat in Dove Valley, 260
Imam of the Turkish Embassy in London, 2, 78, 79
Imperial Institute, opening of, 21
Inouyé, Mde., Japanese Ambassadress in London, 260
Ismail Pacha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, 28, 46
Izzedin, Prince Youssouf, 275

K

Kadaeff, anarchist, murderer of Grand Duke Serge of Russia, 18
Kainzenbad, 182, 209, 234
Kaiser, ex-. *See* William II
Kaiserin, ex-. *See* Augusta Victoria
Kapiolani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, visits England for 1887 Jubilee, 22
Karolyi, Countess, wife of Austrian Ambassador in London, 33
Kendal, Mr., 68
Kendal, Mrs., 68
Kennedy, Miss Nina, fashionable fortune-teller, 65
Kensal Green, burial-place of Rustem Pacha, 88
Kimberley, Lord, 88
Kirschner, Fraulein, "Ossip Schubin," novelist, 167, 168
Koch, Herr, Director of Deutsche Bank, Turkish Consul-General in Berlin, 130, 164
Koch, Frau, 164
Konarska, Countess de, 149
Königsmark, Count Hans von, married widow of Mr. John Bashford, 136
Koralewski, Frau, spiritualistic medium, 113–116
Koweit, Sheikh of, 205
Krause, Herr von, wealthy banker in Berlin, 131, 137
Krüse, sculptor, 168

L

Landi, Mdlle., performing at State concerts in London, 13

Lanza, Count, Italian Ambassador in Berlin, 131, 137
Lara, Mr. Isidore de, 64
Lascelles, Lady, wife of British Ambassador in Berlin, 103, 104, 135
Lassalle, Ferdinand, 170, 171
Lebanon, Governorship of, 3, 15, 32, 181
Lebanon hills, the, 204
Lecky, W. E. H., historian, 33
Leinster, Duchess of, 12, 13
Leipziger Platz, Turkish Embassy in Berlin situated in, 95, 138, 139
Lenbach, painter, 172
Lerchenfeld, Count, 143
Lichnowsky, Prince, his praise of England and everything English, 107
Liliokalani, Princess, sister of Queen of Sandwich Islands, 22
Lincoln, Mr., American Minister in London, 39
Lippe, Count, 240
Lloyd, Edward, 13, 70
Londonderry, Marchioness of, 61
Loucadou, General von, 142, 147
Lowther, Miss Aimée, 55
"Lucien," Attaché to Turkish Embassy in London, son of author—
  as Attaché to Turkish Embassy in London, 242, 286, 287
  attends funeral of Rustem Pacha, 89, 90
  childish days at Turkish Embassy in London, 1, 2, 4, 6, 7
  completes studies in Berlin, 235
  death of, 287
  education of in Berlin, 96–102
  experiences as Attaché at Turkish Embassy, 286, 287
  at funeral of Etienne Musurus Pacha, 245
  gipsy's prophecy respecting, 284
  godson of Rustem Pacha, 1, 4
  interview with Tewfik Pacha, 191, 192
  joins British Army at outbreak of War, 287
  leaves Turkish Embassy, 286
  and Moustapha Bey, 185
  Order of Medjidieh bestowed upon, 244
  re-visits Berlin, 262–270, 275–278
  presented to King Edward VII, 243
  takes part in social life in London, 250–261
  tour in East with his mother, 183–234
  his visit to Serbia, 278–284
Lwoff, Princess, 167

M

Macartney, Sir Halliday, Scottish Councillor of Chinese Legation, 34, 35
Macartney, Lady, 35
Magic Pool at Eyoub, the, 194, 195
Makart, Hans, painter, 172
Malcolm, Khan, Prince, Envoy to Shah of Persia, 23
Malcolm, Princess Sultane, 23
Mandrake roots, given to Queen Victoria, 81, 82
Manners-Sutton, Mrs., sister to Colonel Burnaby, 3
Mansion House, banquet at, 25
Marini, Count de. *See* Rustem Pacha
Marini, Countess de, mother of Rustem Pacha, 50
Maronites, sect in Syria, 205
Mary, Queen, 179, 273
Mascagni, artist, 63
Maud, Queen of Norway, 33
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Grand Duke of, 179
Mecklenburg, Grand Duchess Anastasia of, 179
Mecklenburg, Princess Cecilia, wife of ex-Crown Prince, 179, 180
Medjidieh, grand cordon of, 40, 87, 244
Medjidieh Mosque, the, 200, 201
Meersch, Mdlle. van der, 67

Melba, Mde., 167
Michaelis, Karin, writer, 267, 268
Milan I, King of Servia, 281
Millais, Sir John, 62
Minden, 173, 174
Mitford, Hon. John, son of Lord Redesdale, married daughter of Herr von Friedländer-Fuld, 131
Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey, succeeded Abdul Hamid, 248
Moltke, General von, 106, 108, 109
Moltke, Frau von, 106, 108, 113–116, 266
Moustapha Bey, 185
Musurus Pacha, 183
Musurus Pacha, Etienne, Turkish Ambassador to Court of St. James, 242–246
Musurus, Mde., wife of Etienne Musurus Pacha, daughter of Sir John Antoniade, 243

N

Nachez, Tivadar, famous violinist, 64
Napoleon, Prince Jerome, 32
Naval Attaché at Turkish Embassy in London, the, 2
Naval Review at Spithead in 1887, 19, 20
Nemisch, Countess, at Austrian Embassy in Berlin, 135
Nicholas II, ex-Czar of Russia, 17, 18
Nicolini, M., husband of Mde. Adelina Patti, 63
Nubar Pacha, at 1887 Jubilee, 16

O

"O.," Mr., Foreign Office official, 27
O'Conor, Lady, wife of British Ambassador in Constantinople, 41
Olga, Mdlle., 225, 226
Onslow, Lord, 274
Orleans, Princess Clementine, of, mother of ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, 28
Orloff-Davidoff, Count, 57
Orsova, 189, 234
Osman Nizami Pacha, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, 16
Ostensacken, Count, Russian Ambassador in Berlin, 138, 142
Ostensacken, Countess, 138
Ottoman Navy, the, 2, 20
Ottoman Treasury, the, 199

P

Paget, Sir Ralph, British Minister in Belgrade, 281
Pallandt, Baroness de, 31
Parin, artist, 240
Pariser Platz, French Embassy in Berlin situated in, 137
Patti, Mde. Adelina, 63
Paul I, Czar of Russia, 18
Pepys, Lady Mary, 55
Persia, Shah of, his visit to England in 1887, 23
Peter, King of Serbia, 281
Plançon, artist, 13
Plassy, on board the, at Naval Review in 1887, 20
Plessen, General von, his conversation upon English Kings, 142–144, 147
Poirré, Mde. Maronisma, 57
Posadowski, Countess, wife of German Minister of Interior, 105
Potsdam, 178
Praed, Mrs. Campbell, 30, 82
Primrose, Lady Margaret, 62
Primrose, Lady Sybil, 62
"Prophet's Banner," the, in mosque at Eyoub, 194.
Puttkammer, Baroness Marie Madeleine von, poetess, 168, 169
Puttkammer, Frau von, 103

R

Racowitza, Prince, 170, 171
Racowitza, Princess Helene, 170–172, 238

Rabes, painter in Berlin, 236
Ramadan, Mahomedan fast of, 77, 78
Rangabe, Mr., Greek Minister in Berlin, 153
Rasputin, 18
Ratibor, Princess, 161
Ravogli, Guilia, performing at State concerts in London, 13
Recke, von der, Minister, 147
Reouf Pacha, hero of Plevna, 133, 216, 217, 219
Reszke, Edouard de, 13
Reuter, Baroness de, 63
Reuter, Gabrielle, novelist, 168
Rey, Baron, one of Napoleon's generals, 12
Richthofen, Baron von, German Foreign Minister, 149
Richthofen, Countess von, 149
Riesenkamp, General de, father-in-law of Rifaat Pacha, 247
Rifaat Pacha, Councillor of Turkish Embassy in Berlin and London, later Ambassador in London, 92, 246, 247
Rifaat Pacha Mde, 247, 249, 272
Ripon, Marquess of, Colonial Secretary, 36
Robertson, Sir J. Forbes, 167
Roose, Dr. Robson, medical adviser to Rustem Pacha, 83
Rosebery, Earl of, 61, 88
Roustan, Admiral, French Naval Attaché at Naval Review in 1887, 20
Rothe, Anna, flower medium tried for Black Art in Berlin, 116–118
Ruata, M. de, Spanish Ambassador in Berlin, 138
Ruata, Mde. de, 138
Rubinstein, pianist, 167
Rustem Pacha, Count Lucien Antoine Chimelli de Marini, Turkish Ambassador in London, 1886–1895—
his adventure with a bear, 4, 5
as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, 5
appointed Turkish Ambassador to London, 3
bestows the Chefakat on author, 41
career of, 3, 91, 92
contemplates matrimony, 43, 48, 52
and Count Hatzfeldt, 41
at country houses, 30, 50, 51
at Court functions, 11
death of, 66, 86
declining health of, 83–86
domestic experiences of, 57, 76
his efforts to maintain friendly relations between England and Turkey, 84
entertainments given by, 14, 15
entered Turkish service under Fuad Pacha, 3, 91
eulogized by Marquess of Salisbury, 87
his friendship for M. and Mde. Waddington, 39
as Governor-General of Lebanon, 3, 15, 52, 206
home life of, 1, 4, 6, 7
his impressions of English women, 52, 53
his intimate friends, 43, 44
last illness of, 86
his love of young people, 55
and "Lucien," 1, 4
at Mansion House banquet, 26
at Naval Review, 19, 20
obsequies of, 87
official routine of, 7, 8
origin of, 91
powers of mind of, 6
and Queen Victoria, 51
and questions of precedence, 28, 29
his reminiscences, 48–50
in Society, 47

S

Sackville, Lady Mary, 55
St. George's Church, English Church in Berlin, 136

St. James's Church, Spanish Place, funeral of Rustem Pacha takes place there, 88
St. Petersburg—
Turkish Embassy in, 8
séances held there, 18
Salisbury, late Marquess of, 14, 28, 51, 87
Salisbury, late Marchioness of, 10, 14, 28, 36
Samos, 203
Sanderson, Sir Thomas, 88
Sandison, Lady, wife of chief dragoman of British Embassy in Constantinople, 68, 69
Santley, singer, performing at State concerts in Lodonn, 13
Savoy, Princess Clothilde of, 32
Schelsinger, Frau, 111–113
Schewitch, Baron Serge von, third husband of Princess Racowitza, 171
Scholl, General von, 147
Schönborn, Count, 240
Schulz, Director, relative of Von Tirpitz, 100
Schwabach, Herr, British Consul-General in Berlin, 129
Schwabach, Frau Léonie, 129
Selamlik, the, 6, 190, 200, 208, 220
Serge, Grand Duke, uncle and brother-in-law to ex-Czar Nicholas II, 17, 18
Serge, Grand Duchess, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, sister of ex-Czarina, 16, 17, 33
Sergeant, Capt., 31
Seymour, Capt., Queen's Messenger, 12
Sieges Allee, in Berlin, 100
Simonetti, Signor, violinist, 32
Sinaia, in Roumania, 188, 189
Sinnett, Mr., 30, 31
Smyrna, 216
Socialist Party in Germany, the, 158
Solvyns, Baron, Belgian Minister in London, 84
Spencer, Lady, 68
Spithead, Naval Review at, in 1887, 19
Spring-Rice, Sir Cecil, Ambassador to U.S.A., marries only daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles, 135
Spring Rice, Lady, 104, 135
Staal, M. de, Russian Ambassador in London, 88, 90
Staal, Mde. de, Russian Ambassadress in London, 37
Staal, Mdlle. de, 57
Stafford House, reception at, 251
Stamboul, schools at, 2
Stone, Marcus, 68
Studt, Frau, wife of German Minister for Education, 105
Superstitions of Arabs, 206, 207
Sutherland, Duchess of, 60, 251
Synge, Mr. R., Foreign Office official, 89
Szögeny, M. de, Austrian Ambassador in Berlin, 135
Szögeny, Mde. de, Austrian Ambassadress in Berlin, 120, 135

T

Tahir Pacha, 91
Tahsin Pacha, first Secretary of Abdul Hamid, 86, 225
Tahsin Pacha, wife of, 225, 226, 227
Talaat Bey, President of Turkish Chamber, 273
"Temena," the, salutation of ceremony, 4, 191
Tewfik Pacha, Turkish Foreign Minister and Grand Vizier, later Turkish Ambassador to London, 191–193, 222, 271
Tewfik, Mde., wife of Turkish Ambassador in London, 272, 276
Tewfik Pacha, Ahmed, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin—
admires Frau von Warmbühler, 177
his dinner parties, 142–147
endeavours to win Kaiser's approval, 140
Ferid Pacha's opinion of, 221
his fondness for painting, 236

his friendship for prominent members of Military Staff in Berlin, 141
home life of, 178
his partiality for military methods, 140
sent on special mission to Berlin, 139
Turkish Minister in Belgrade, 139
Tewfik, Mde., wife of Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, 140
Tewfik, Pervine, daughter of Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, 140, 178
Tewfik, Nessoun, daughter of Ahmed Tewfik Pacha, 178
Thalia, 209
Tome, Ludwig, playwright, 277
Tornielli, Countess, wife of Italian Ambassador in London, 29–32
Tosti, Signor, at Italian Embassy in London, 32
Ty Mawr, country place in Welsh hills, 260

V

Validé, Hamoum, the, 229, 231
Vaughan, Kate, actress, 46
Velics, Mde. de, at Austrian Embassy in Berlin, 135, 154
Verdy du Vernois, General von, 147, 151
Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, 32, 92
Victoria, Queen—
at Drawing-rooms, 10
entertains Duchess of Aosta, 32
Jubilee of in 1887, 15, 16
lays foundation stone of Imperial Institute, 21
mandrake roots given to, 81, 82
present at garden party at Marlborough House, 38,
and Rustem Pacha, 51, 86
Victoria, Princess Royal of England, German Empress, 16
Victoria, Princess, 33, 273
Victoria Luise, Princess, 127
Villaume, Lt.-Gen. von, 147

W

Wachtmeister, Countess, 31
Waddington, M., French Ambassador in London, 14, 15, 39
Waddington, Mde., French Ambassadress in London, 22, 33, 39
Wales, Prince of. *See* Edward VII
Wales, Princess of. *See* Queen Alexandra
Walford, Mrs. L. B., 68
Wantage, Lady, 275
Warmbühler, Frau von, wife of Minister for Wurtemberg in Berlin, 177
Waspy, Countess d'Aubigny's dog, 34
Watson, Mr. Grant, Turkish Consul-General in London, 79
Wedekind, playwright, 277
Wedel, Count von, 147
Werner, Anton von, artist, 236
Westminster, Cardinal Archbishop of, at funeral of Rustem Pacha, 89
Whistler, artist, 68
White, Lady, widow of former British Ambassador in Berlin, 117, 177
Whitehead, Sir James, British Minister in Belgrade, 281
William II, ex-German Emperor—
as art critic, 166, 173
attends spiritualistic séance, 109, 110
attends wedding of ex-Crown Prince, 179, 180
his bust on wall of Acropolis at Baalbeck, 212
at Court functions, 122, 124
his displeasure at popularity of Crown Prince, 149
and Ferdinand of Bulgaria, 124
festivities in Berlin on his birthday, 134
godfather to son of Frau von Warmbühler, 177
his intimacy with Herr von Friedländer-Fuld, 131

intimate friends of, 153
his manner in public to Kaiserin, 132, 133
orders faith-healing to be punished by law, 110
his portrait painted by Princess Lwoff, 167
his surprise visits to Turkish Embassy, 133
his visit to England in 1891, 36–38
William, ex-German Crown Prince, 149, 179
Woods, Sir Henry, 216
Woods, Lady, 216

X

"X," Lady, friend of Rustem Pacha, 49

Y

Yildiz Kiosk, 184
York, Duke of. *See* George V

Z

Zuluetta, Mde. de, 20

BOOKS BY CHEIRO

PALMISTRY FOR ALL

With upwards of 70 Illustrations. Sm. 8vo. 2s. net.

CHEIRO'S GUIDE TO THE HAND

A Practical Book on Palmistry, Based on the System and Experience of Cheiro. In which it is shown that the lines of the hand have a Normal and Natural Position. Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?

A Book That Will Bring You Success. Your Character Told, Your Tendencies Explained, Your Future Indicated. With Engravings Illustrating Life's Mysterious Triangles. Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HAND

A Complete Practical Work on the Sciences of Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy, containing the System and Experience of Cheiro. With 100 Illustrations. Cr. 4to. Fifteenth Edition. Price 10s. 6d. net.

CHEIRO'S MEMOIRS

Containing Interviews with such Celebrities as King Edward VII., Gladstone, Parnell, Stanley, Oscar Wilde, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Russell of Killowen, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mark Twain. With 22 Illustrations. Popular Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 York Street, St. James's, S.W. 1.

"THE MOST SENSATIONAL NOVEL OF RECENT YEARS."

HELEN OF FOUR GATES

A novel by an ex-Mill Girl. The most sensational novel of recent years (Weekly Dispatch). Eighth Thousand. 5s. net.

FIRST REVIEWS ARE SENSATIONAL.

WESTMINSTER GAZ.	"An extraordinarily powerful book."
OBSERVER	"A remarkable first novel; a really powerful story."
TIMES	"The remarkable thing about this novel is its power."
PUNCH	"The power of its telling takes away our critical breath."
MANCHESTER GDN.	"The book is a remarkable one. . . . Helen is a creation."
OUTLOOK	"There is no getting away from the sheer power of the book."
DAILY TELEGRAPH	"There can be no doubt about its dominating power or the intense vitality of its realism."
Mr. MAX PEMBERTON in WEEKLY DISPATCH	"A great novel . . . an epic. . . . Martin's farewell is one of the greatest things in modern fiction. . . . Only Mr. Thomas Hardy among living authors could surpass it."

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 York Street, St. James's, S.W. 1.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

An Airman's Wife

SIXTH THOUSAND. 6/- net

SOME PRESS OPINIONS:

FLIGHT	"Get the book."
DAILY MAIL	"The book of the hour. . . . A literary sensation."
WESTMINSTER GAZ.	"Has a very real beauty."
SPORTING LIFE	"A book of the moment, sure to be widely read and appreciated."
FIELD	"We know of no better book on modern flying; but it is the human touch of passion that is the finest quality of all these absorbing pages."
SKETCH	"The most tense, true and touching story I have read for a long time, and not only will it be thrilling reading to the wives and fiancées of flyers, but also to all those who are interested in what is happening over there and above there."
GLOBE	"Makes an irresistible appeal to all who truly love or have loved until death severed the tie."
SUNDAY EVENING TELEGRAM	"Far and away the most interesting book I have read lately. . . . A beautiful picture of the delight of young love."
DAILY CHRONICLE	"A book of bright quality. It reads swiftly, delicately, truly, as from warm, beating hearts."
BYSTANDER	"If you want to be let into the secrets of the Youngest Service read 'An Airman's Wife.'"
SPECTATOR	"A poignant account of the thoughts and fears of a war bride, fears which in the last chapter are only too well justified."
PALL MALL GAZETTE	"The Author has achieved a distinct success."

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., Publishers, 3 York St., St. James's, S. W. 1

SIXTH EDITION (10,000 COPIES) IN 15 DAYS.

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NAVVY. By PATRICK MACGILL, the Writer whose work is compared with that of Rudyard Kipling and George Borrow. Price 6/- net. Inland Postage, 5d. extra. Fifth Edition.

MANCHESTER GDN.	"A grand book."
GLOBE	"A living story."
STANDARD	"A notable book."
SATURDAY REVIEW	"An achievement."
BOOKMAN	"Something unique."
OUTLOOK	"A remarkable book."
BYSTANDER	"A human document."
COUNTRY LIFE	"A human document."
TRUTH	"Intensely interesting."
EV. STANDARD	"A thrilling achievement."
D. TELEGRAPH	"Will have a lasting value."
PALL MALL GAZ.	"Nothing can withstand it."
SPHERE	"The book has genius in it."
ENGLISH REVIEW	"A wonderful piece of work."
GRAPHIC	"An enthralling slice of life."
ATHENÆUM	"We welcome such books as this."

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 York Street, St. James's, S.W. 1.

FIFTH EDITION.

THE RAT-PIT

By PATRICK MACGILL, Author of "Children of the Dead End." Crown 8vo, 6/-. Inland Postage 5d. extra.

THE CRITICS SAY:

NEW STATESMAN	"A work of Art."
ATHENÆUM	"A powerful novel."
TATLER	"A wonderful writer."
DAILY TELEGRAPH	"A poignant piece of work."
STANDARD	"A book impossible to ignore. . . "
GLOBE	"I would not have missed reading it for much."
NATION	"The *Rat-Pit* takes a place of its own in contemporary literature."
DAILY NEWS	"It is a book like the *Rat-Pit* which makes one so impatient of the futility of the average novel."
TRUTH	"Norah Ryan is a real masterpiece. Dostoyevsky might have created her. Mr. MACGILL has got the real stuff in him. He will go far."

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 York Street, St. James's, S.W. 1.

A NEW HUMORIST

A DOMINIE'S LOG

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

By A. S. NEILL, M.A. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

SOME EARLY REVIEWS

EVENING NEWS.—"Most decidedly a book to buy."

EVERYMAN.—"A delightfully unconventional schoolmaster."

TIMES.—"It is to be hoped that we have not heard the last of the author."

GRAPHIC.—"If you want to know what might be done buy 'A Dominie's Log.'"

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"A bright and lively account of a Scottish schoolmaster's life."

BOOKMAN.—"A book that is delightful as well as profitable to read. No one who begins it will leave it half finished."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Nothing better worth half a crown has come one's way in these times of economy."

A DOMINIE DISMISSED

By A. S. NEILL, Author of "A Dominie's Log." (2nd Edition.) Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. Inland Postage 4d. extra.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD., 3 York Street, S. James's, S.W. 1.

00060432

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018